

PLAYBOY

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**GEORGE C. SCOTT
INTERVIEWED:
A PROBING
CONVERSATION
WITH THE
LAST ANGRY
MAN IN SHOW
BUSINESS**

Bunny Birthday

A Pictorial
Celebration of
20
Glorious
Years

**GALA
CHRISTMAS
ISSUE**

**SEX
STARS
OF 1980**

**THE
ANATOMY
OF DESIRE:
WHEN YOU'RE
HOT, YOU'RE HOT—
AND HERE'S WHY**

**CONTEMPORARY
MASTERPIECES
OF EROTIC ART**

**DICK GREGORY'S
EXCLUSIVE REPORT
FROM INSIDE IRAN**

**HOW TO DRESS
TO SEIZE POWER**

**PLUS:
NEW SCI-FI
FROM**

**PHILIP K. DICK
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THOMAS BERGER
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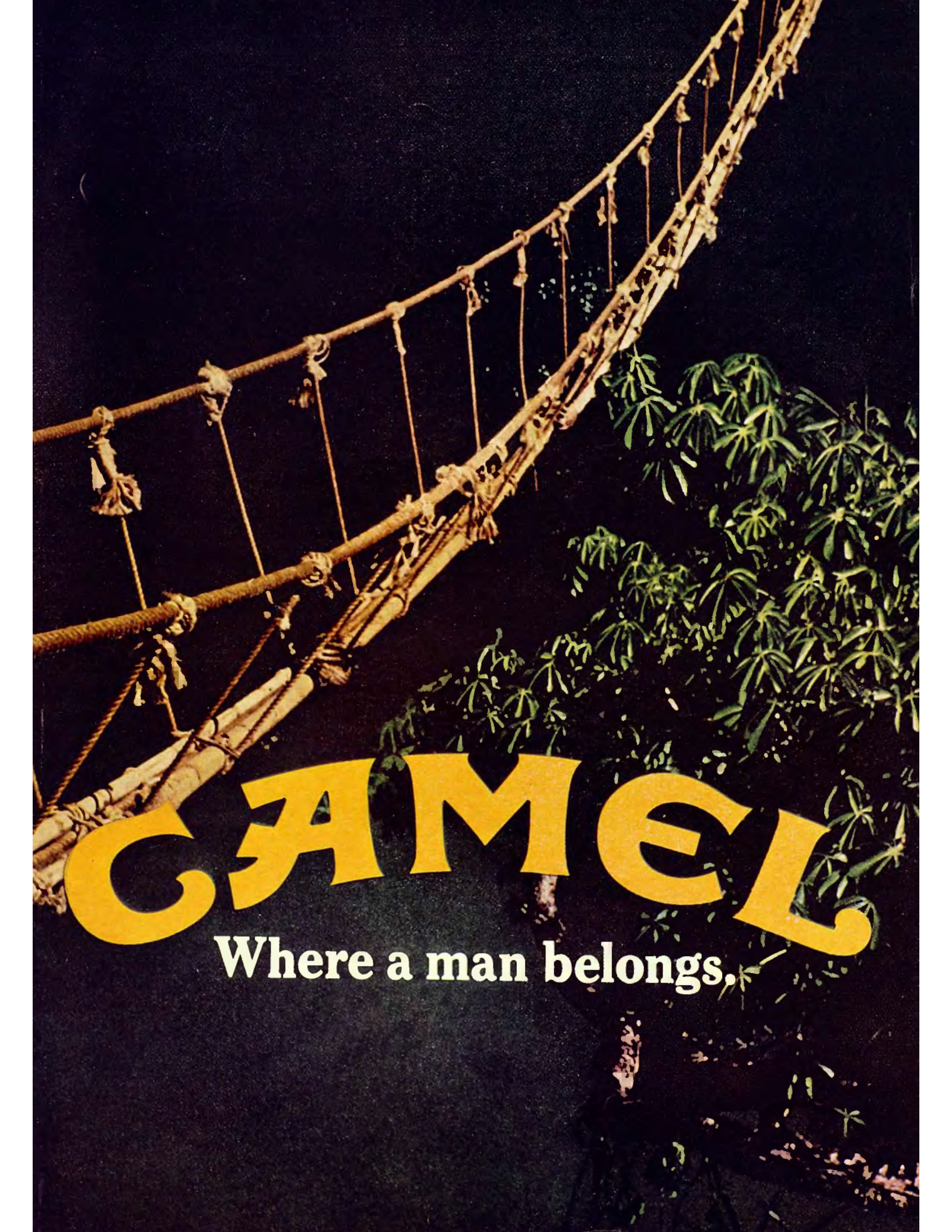


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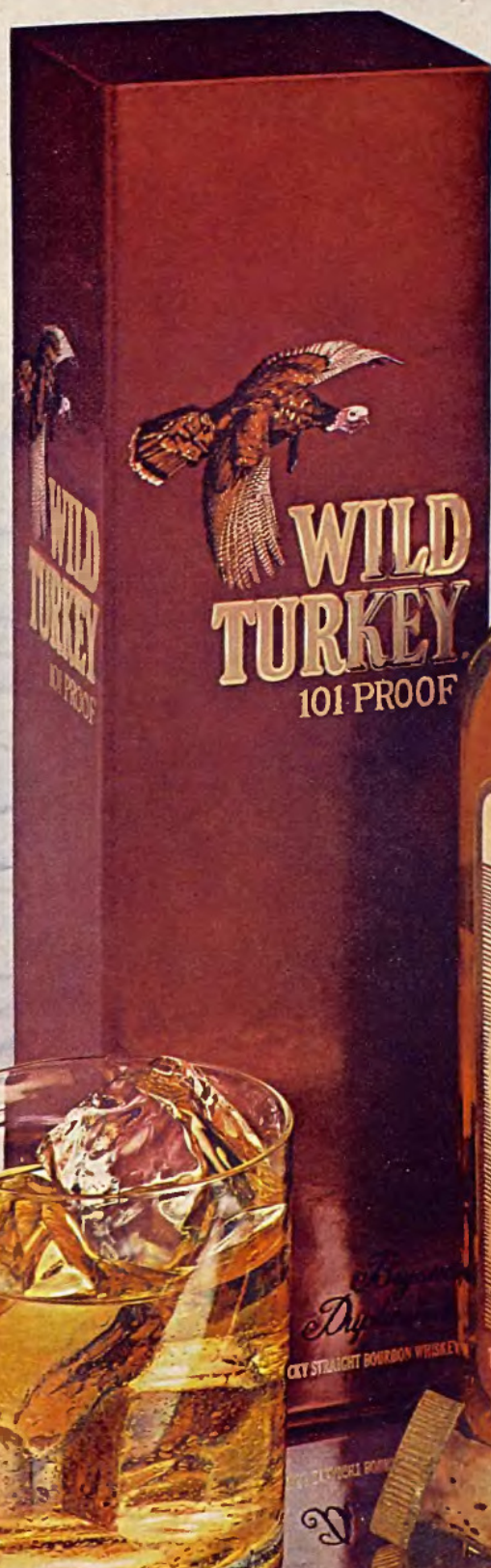
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PLAYBILL

AROUND CHRISTMAS, everybody talks about the joy of giving, and for us, it's true. We try to give you the best holiday reading in America and we find that it's fun, a lot like shopping for just the right gifts for an old friend. But there's nothing wrong with admitting the obvious: that we all enjoy the gifts that come to us as well. Throughout the years, the December issue of *PLAYBOY* has always been one of our biggest sellers. And, frankly, we get a kick out of that. It's like our readers' Christmas present to us. Our only wish is that we could see the smile on your face when you open our package this year. There are pages and pages of luscious color pictorials, fiction by **Thomas Berger**, **Philip K. Dick** and **Sean O'Faolain**, a hot *Playboy Interview* with **George C. Scott** and our usual line-up of great articles. In fact, if it isn't too immodest to say so, we have everything your heart could desire.

Which brings us to *Desire*, Senior Staff Writer **James R. Petersen's** report on everything science has discovered about why we want what (or whom) we want, not to mention when and how we want it. Petersen's motivation for writing the article stems from his eight-year stint as the *Playboy* Advisor. "I'd been to massage parlors, topless-bottomless bars, Plato's Retreat, and so on, all for *PLAYBOY*. It's a dirty job, but somebody's got to do it. One day I sat down and did an accounting of all the sexual experiences I'd ever had. It wasn't score-keeping but a search for answers about myself. By objectively seeing patterns of what I really wanted sexually, and why I've done some of the things I've done, I discovered revealing things about myself. Out of that revelation came the desire to understand desire."

If anyone ever tried harder than Petersen to understand desire, it's Holden Caulfield, the hero of **J. D. Salinger's** classic novel, *The Catcher in the Rye*. Of course, Holden's problem was that he wasn't exactly sure *what* he desired. Now, nearly 30 years after Salinger's character first fumbled his way onto the best-seller lists, Contributing Editor **David Standish** has brought him up to date with "an affectionate parody" called *Holden Caulfield at Middle Age*. And we think you'll be happy to know that ol' Holden is *still* a little crazy after all these years.

Another person who's never been your average Joe (and proud of it) is **George C. Scott**, veteran actor and terror of Hollywood. *PLAYBOY* interviewer **Lawrence Grobel** spent 14 days over a period of two months in Connecticut and California taping the mercurial Scott. Grobel reports that "Scott was overweight and drinking heavily when I met him for our first session at his home in California. But by the time we finished the interview eight weeks later, he had changed. He had lost ten pounds on a strict diet—no booze, no red meat—to get in shape for a play, *Tricks of the Trade*, which he and his wife, **Trish Van Devere**, will be doing on Broadway when this issue appears."

Dieting is one thing, but fasting, particularly the way humanist and civil rights activist **Dick Gregory** does it, is another. Gregory spent several months in Iran fasting for a peaceful end to the hostage crisis. While he was there, he gained a unique perspective on that crisis, and also had an audience with the **Ayatollah Khomeini**. *Chicago Tribune* Washington correspondent **Barbara Reynolds** stayed in close touch with Gregory and together they wrote *Inside Khomeini's Iran*. As we go to press, Gregory has returned to the U.S. weighing 98 pounds and the hostages are still captives.

Speaking of captives, imagine yourself locked in a two-by-six-foot box, half awake and bound for a journey through space that will take ten years. That's precisely the horror **Philip K. Dick's** tragic hero faces in *Frozen Journey*, illustrated by **Pater Sato**. This is the first *PLAYBOY* appearance for Dick,



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STANDISH



GROBEL



GREGORY



REYNOLDS



DICK



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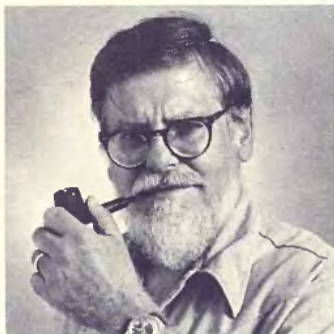
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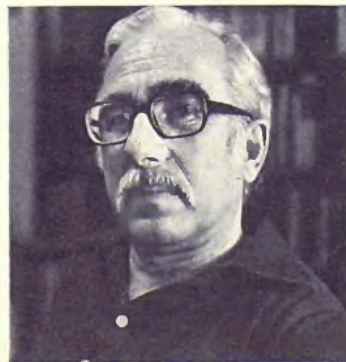
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the renowned science-fiction author of more than 30 novels (his best known is *The Man in the High Castle*). For fantasy, try *Tales of the Animal Crime Squad*, by **Thomas Berger**, author of *Little Big Man*. It's a story (illustrated by **Will Northernner**) that disproves the adage that dogs are man's best friends. To complete this month's gift-wrapped fiction collection, we have a love story (of sorts) by **Sean O'Faolain** (illustrated by **Mel Odom**), *May I Have Some Marmalade, Please?*

You'll find our own love story in this issue—two of them, in fact. One of them delineates our ongoing affair with the Femlin, the tiny female elf you see every month on our *Party Jokes* page. It's been 25 years since she first leaped, full blown, from the pen of artist **LeRoy Neiman** onto the pages of *PLAYBOY*, and we think she and Neiman deserve some special attention. *Happy Anniversary, Femlin* is one way of showing appreciation for all Neiman's little lady has done for us over the years. (We also honored her, and Neiman, at a Femlin's 25th Birthday Party last October at Magique, Manhattan's newest celebrity disco/watering hole.) Our second love story revolves around those ladies who make the Playboy Club such a nice place to visit. The Club is 20 years old this year, and in *Bunny Birthday*, a pictorial essay compiled by Senior Editor **Gretchen McNeese**, we salute the thousands of beautiful women who have worn the cottontail over the past two decades.

From love we move along to outright erotica, but *classy* erotica, mind you. *Contemporary Masters: An Erotic Portfolio*, a selection of works from *20th Century Masters of Erotic Art*, by **Bradley Smith** (Crown Publishers), includes *Reflections on Erotica*, a short essay by **Henry Miller**. *20th Century Masters* is this month's main selection of the Playboy Book Club.

Most of us see more erotica on the screen—either the large or the small—than on museum walls. Hence our annual survey of those who make our hearts beat faster, *Sex Stars of 1980*. **Jim Harwood** gives you a run-down on who's who in the package, put together by **McNeese**, Contributing Editor **Bruce Williamson**, West Coast Photography Editor **Marilyn Grabowski**, Senior Art Director **Chet Suski** and Assistant Photography Editor **Patty Beudet**. One sexy lady whose star is definitely on the rise is actress **Linda Kerridge**. Linda looks an awful lot like **Marilyn Monroe**, as you'll see in our pictorial on her, *Double Take*, photographed by Staff Photographer **Richard Fegley**. If Linda follows in Marilyn's footsteps, she'll probably marry **George Brett**, the **Joe DiMaggio** (hittingwise) of our time. Linda and George haven't met each other yet, but you can still say you saw it predicted here first. And while we're on the subject of predictions, don't forget, all you college-basketball fans, that this is the month when our peerless sports prognosticator **Anson Mount** brings you *Playboy's College Basketball Preview*, along with *Playboy's 1980-1981 Preview All-America Team*. If you don't think anybody can really predict the future, save this issue and check Mount's predictions against the standings at the end of the season. *We'll bet you'll never bet against Anson again.*

The goodies (we want your stocking to be brim full, you know) keep coming this month. Not the least of them is *The Emperors' New Clothes*, by Fashion Director **David Platt** (photographed by **Anthony Edgeworth**), a guide to dressing for success. Success, of course, calls for a toast. And in the winter, nothing could be better than a hot drink. If nogs, grogs and toddies appeal to you, you can learn how to make great ones from *Warm Regards*, by **Emanuel Greenberg**, illustrated by **Jon Whitcomb**. If you are tempted to celebrate with more expensive, rare and exotic substances, hold off until you read a *Playboy Forum* essay on *The Free-Base Fad*. After all, we want you to have a *safe* Christmas, as well as a merry one. To guarantee some yuletide yoks, we prescribe a dose of *Playboy's Christmas Cards*, by **Tom Koch**. To really round out the issue (rounder, firmer and more fully packed you won't find, good buddy), there's our December Playmate, *Golden Girl* **Terri Welles**, photographed by our man **Fegley**. In all, how's that for a Christmas package?



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vol. 27, no. 12—december, 1980

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COVER STORY

In honor of the 20th anniversary of the Playboy Clubs, Executive Art Director Tom Staebler and Senior Art Director Len Willis have positioned the occouterments of the basic Bunny outfit to resemble our very own Rabbit. You might call it a bunnyrabbit. We thought it was cute. But not as cute as the 14 pages of real Bunnies you'll see in *Bunny Birthday* (page 144). You'll wish you were Peter Cottontail.

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HOLDEN CAULFIELD AT MIDDLE AGE—parody DAVID STANDISH 234

The last time we saw ol' Holden, he was a whacked-out adolescent. Years later, he's proof that while you can take a nut off the funny farm, you can't take the "funny" out of the nut.

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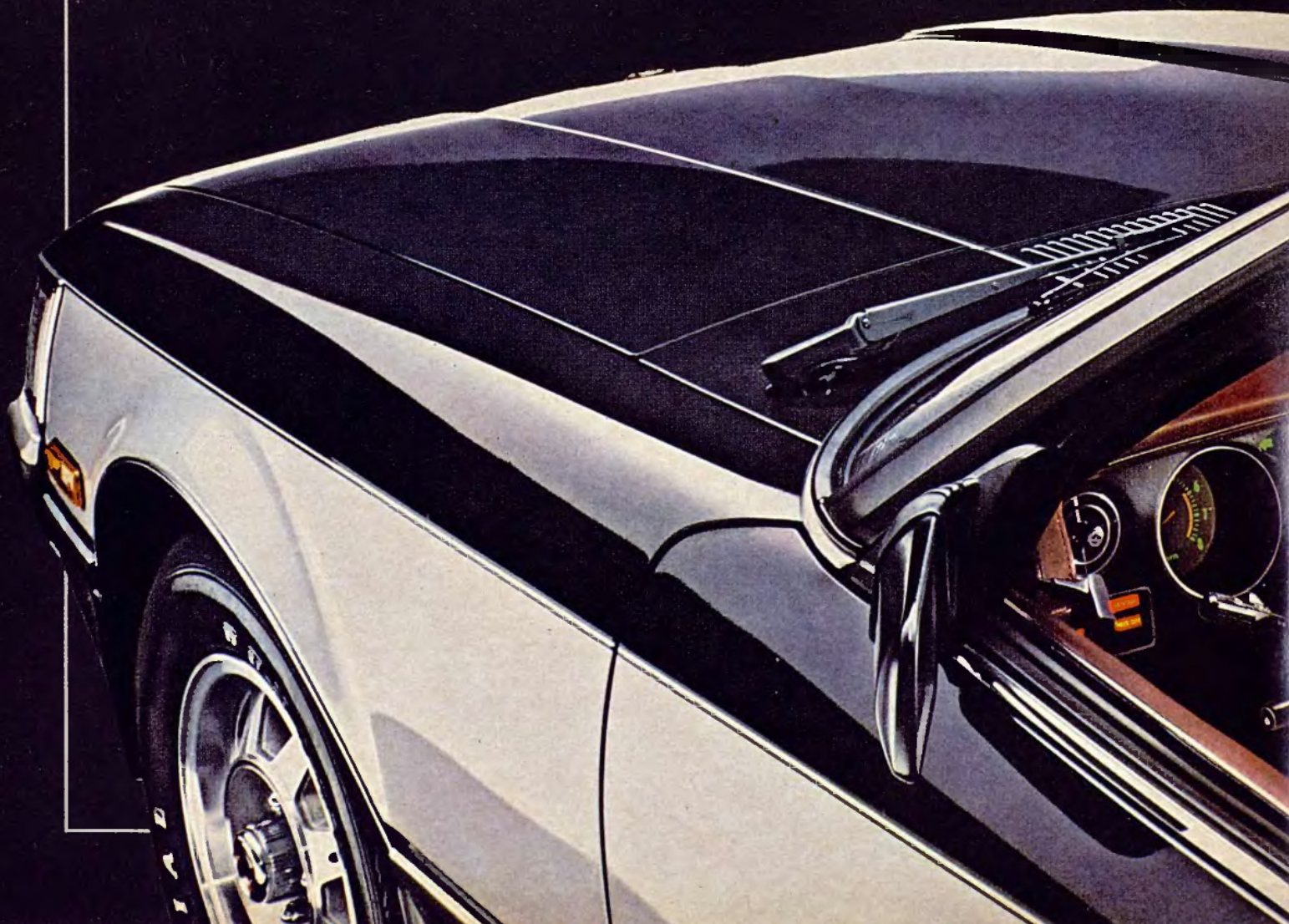
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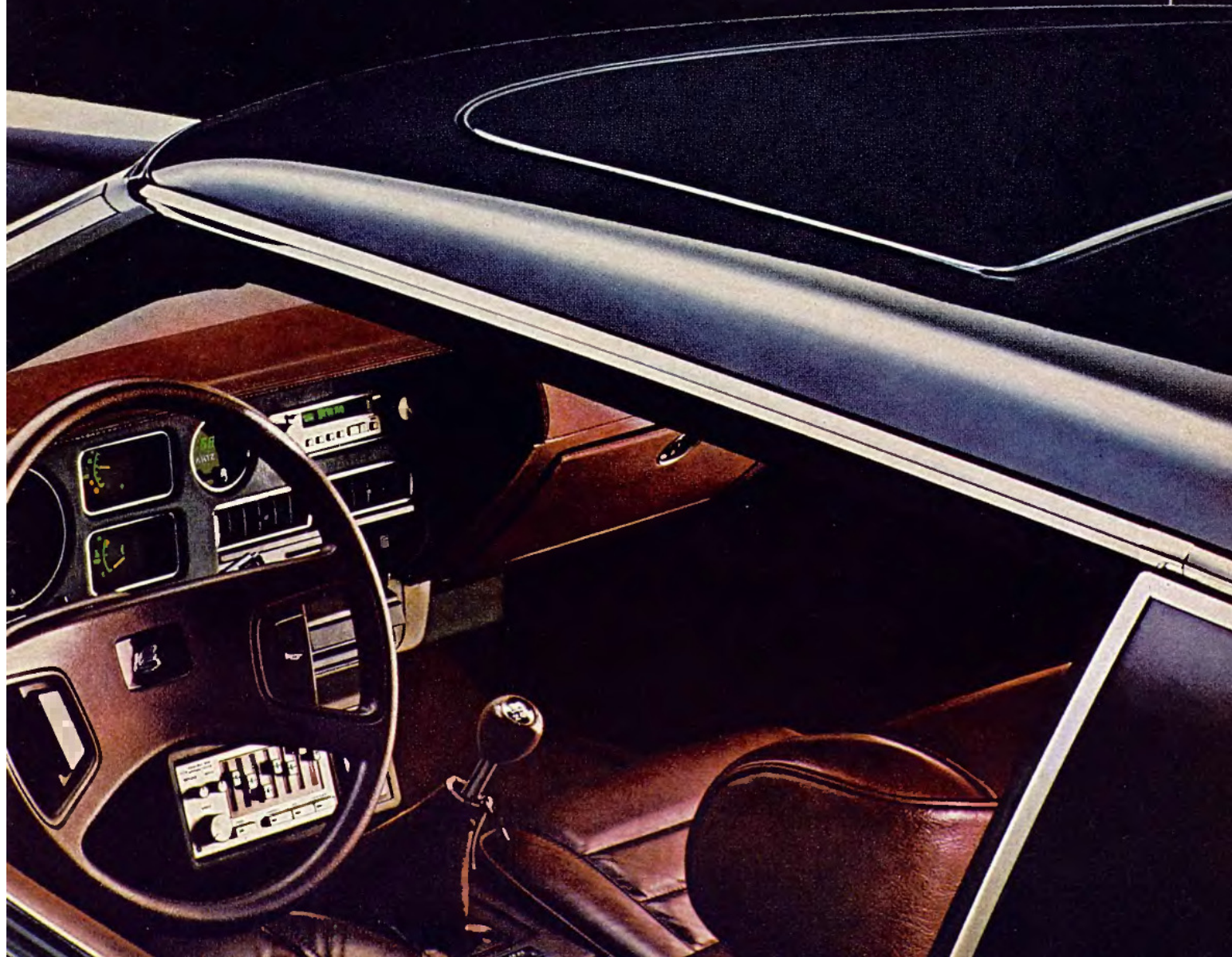
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THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

in which we offer an insider's look at what's doing and who's doing it



Above, Hef hugs a longtime friend, actress Ursula Andress, beaming with what may be pride—she recently gave birth to a baby boy, whose father (Harry Hamlin) is barely visible at right.

FOURTH ANNUAL MIDSUMMER JAMMIE JAM: A NIGHTIE NIGHT TO REMEMBER

In Hollywood, most traditions die fast. Not so Hugh M. Hefner's Midsummer Night's Dream pajama party at Playboy Mansion West, a significant holiday on the L.A. party circuit. At this year's bash, a record 500 guests turned out, wearing sleepwear, natch—it's required dress for the event. Below, a tent over the pool area creates an arena for pajama games.



At left, Hef checks in with Patty Hearst, in her gridiron nightshirt. Patty's currently completing her autobiography. At right, Cicely Tyson and producer James Komack, who arrived with his wife in matching neck braces after an auto mishap. Komack, who created *Welcome Back, Kotter* and *The Courtship of Eddie's Father* for TV, is producing his first theatrical film, *Fool Proof*.



LIFE IS A CABARET AT L.A. CLUB

Above, Hef shows up to reopen the renovated Cabaret of the Los Angeles Playboy Club. Check out the Bunnies—the Club's not the only thing that's changed. The new frilly costumes are worn only by Bunnies in the Cabaret show lounges soon to be a feature at most Playboy Clubs.

OK, BACHELOR NUMBER ONE, WHAT'S YOUR IDEA OF A DREAM DATE?

June 1980 Playmate Ola Ray toasts superstar George Benson in a promotional film for George's new album, *Give Me the Night*, which is the first release from producer Quincy Jones's Qwest label.



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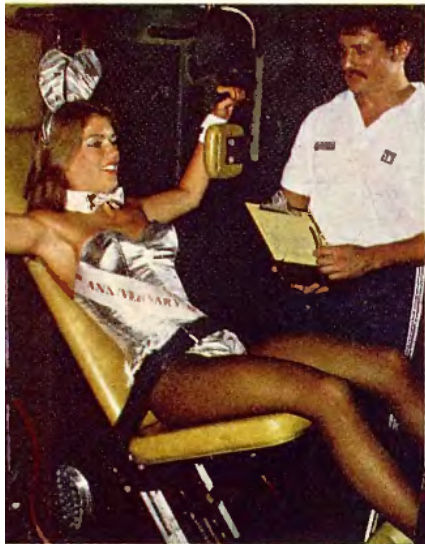


90

THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

DANITA JO SHAPES UP

Twentieth Anniversary Bunny Danita Jo Fox and fitness expert Mark Rawhouser, below, test Nautilus gear at grand opening of the Lake Geneva Playboy Resort's \$1,500,000 Fitness and Racquet Center, which features a fitness-monitoring program to reduce health risks.



PLAYMATE UPDATE: UNIQUE MONIQUE TURNS IN A JOB WELL DONE

In *Motel Hell* (above), 1979 Playmate of the Year Monique St. Pierre embarks on a kinky sex holiday at an inn whose host uses guests (including September 1978 Playmate Rosanne Katon, to her left) to, uh, beef up sausage production at his packing house. Here again, Monique as Playmate, right.



GOOD SPORT

Roger Kahn peers over E. P. Dutton's *Best Sports Stories* annual, which includes his May 1979 PLAYBOY article, *Past Their Prime*, a look at aging athletes. Kahn also wrote the recently released Playboy paperback *But Not to Keep*.



WHEN IN ROME...

When Mel Brooks humbly accepted the task of filming *The History of the World Part I*, he enlisted a little help from his friend Hef, who plays himself at the annual Temple of Eros orgy in ancient Rome. Here's Hef on the set beside photography director Woody Omens.



AND NOW, FROM THE FLOOR...

Among the celebs (Willie Nelson, Lauren Bacall) at the Democratic Convention, who was most often interviewed? Some say Illinois alternate delegate Christie Hefner (above), who headed up the drive for a liberal plank on abortion.

JAPANESE YEN FOR PLAYMATES

East met West and liked what it saw when eight Playmates showed up for PLAYBOY Japan's fifth anniversary. Flanking hosts of *The 11 PM Show* (Japan's *Tonight*) are, from left, Michele Drake, Sylvie Garant, Candy Loving, Liz Glazowski, Vicky McCarty, Denise McConnell, Louann Fernald and Missy Cleveland.



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OLD-FASHIONED LOVE?

I have been an incurable romantic since the day I was graduated from grammar school and gave a red carnation to my first love. After reading *We'll Take Romance!*, by John Sack (PLAYBOY, September), I can do nothing but celebrate its return to popularity. I have known many women who have sparked a romantic spirit within me, but my romances have been few. Yet each of those few has filled a treasure chest of unforgettable memories: the kind of memories that will not age with time. In the words of that formidable romantic of our century, "Here's looking at you, kid."

Ronald R. Basta
Chicago, Illinois

We'll Take Romance! is quite inspirational. I've always enjoyed your articles, but this one came when I needed it most. My wife and I were going to get a divorce; then I woke up, realizing that most of what had or hadn't happened was on my own shoulders. So I asked her back. As I read your essay, it occurred to me that I'd taken the romance out of our marriage. It has given me some new ideas and made me aware of the importance of romance in a marriage. Thank you, John Sack, and thank you, PLAYBOY, for your fine magazine.

John P. Kirkpatrick
Barstow, California

Beautiful! That PLAYBOY should give us a little romance along with its usual mix of intelligent and witty reading and outstanding visual entertainment surely serves to help us all understand and enjoy our fellow man (and woman) to the fullest. "Love," "Romance"; careful, PLAYBOY, those are powerful words that still scare the hell out of a lot of us. To show that such old-fashioned relationships are still worth

the time and trouble and the joy and the ecstasy—for this I commend you.

Dan Davidson
Brownsville, Texas

I was extremely pleased to see that Jon Whitcomb had illustrated your essay on romance. For many years, I have admired Whitcomb's art and I have wondered about his career. All my life, I have had a desire to draw. When I was trying to teach myself, I learned by copying many of Whitcomb's illustrations. I agree that Whitcomb has "not lost his touch"—his illustration is lovely.

Mrs. E. W. Newhouse
Prescott Valley, Arizona

My life would be a lot more romantic, I know, with one of those nifty bathtubs your couple is enjoying on page 95. So who makes 'em?

Chuck Terry
New York, New York

The Kohler Company of Kohler, Wisconsin, can supply you with the Birthday Bath, as well as the sink pictured on the opposite page, Chuck. The bubbles and the bubble blower are optional, at extra cost.

THAT JAZZ MAN

Congratulations to you and to Sam Merrill for his colorful interview with Roy Scheider in the September issue. You brought me closer to Scheider than any talk show or magazine article has ever done.

Lorraine Marshall
Levittown, New York

Scheider has been one of America's finest actors for years, and finally, after brilliant performances in *Betrayal* and *All That Jazz*, he is getting the kind of recognition he deserves. In my opinion, his dazzling portrayal of Joe Gideon/

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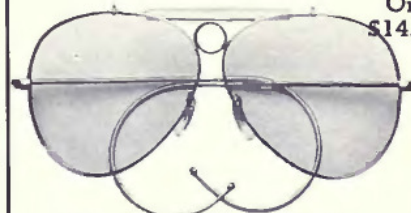
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Bob Fosse in *All That Jazz* will go down as one of the most extraordinary motion-picture performances of the Seventies.

Peter Goodman

West Long Branch, New Jersey

Scheider need not wait to wake up one morning to find he is a fraud—he can take my word for it now. He is a fraud.

Ken Lausa

Lima, Ohio

So now, according to Roy Scheider, an actor whose talent and earthiness I had admired, fellow thespian Marlon Brando has become "sour and twisted and jaded"? Just because Brando has championed minority causes instead of immersing himself in the acting trade, he's a maverick. Indians are still among the most betrayed, ravished and brutalized people of color. Anyone who would come to their aid is admirable.

Peggy Johnson

Des Moines, Iowa

LONG, LEAN, LOVELY LISA

I have been a faithful reader of *PLAYBOY* since 1965 and I have saved all my copies. I have just gone through all my past issues, and there isn't one Playmate who adds up to Miss September, Lisa Welch. She is one beautiful lady. Thank you, Ken Marcus and Pompeo Posar, for doing such outstanding work. And thank you, *PLAYBOY*, for being such a good friend throughout the years.

Michael B. Sorg

Mission Viejo, California

Although I haven't written to a magazine before, I was so overwhelmed with Lisa that I just couldn't resist. She has to be the most beautiful girl I've ever seen. Unreal.

Nick Danikas

Myrtle Beach, South Carolina

We would like to thank *PLAYBOY* and Lisa's parents for a job well done.

Sonny Lewis

David Rew

Melfa, Virginia

In what part of the solar system did you find Lisa Welch? She's too gorgeous to come from planet Earth.

Reid Zadow

Kamloops, British Columbia

Her face alone is enough to bring my senses to a fine tune. My thanks to *PLAYBOY* for finding her, to San Francisco for harboring her and to Ken Marcus and Pompeo Posar for capturing her beauty for us all.

Jeff Morris

Huntington Beach, California

Lisa's natural beauty and sensitive appearance have definitely won her a place in all of our hearts. Now, in addition to

Mom and apple pie, we have the girl next door to defend as well.

The Lieutenants of First Platoon,
Company E

The Basic School

Quantico, Virginia

I want to thank you for finding the girl of my dreams. I looked almost all over the East Coast and central Midwest for her. I never lost hope. I just ran out of money. So, with my last \$2.50, I bought a *PLAYBOY* and found her. If you print another picture of Lisa, I'll dig a little deeper.

W. Satterwhite

Chester, Virginia

I've never seen such flawless beauty in all my life. Your taste in women is even better than mine (if I may say so). I hope to see much more of Lisa in the future.

J. D. Balmer

Lancaster, Pennsylvania

The future is now, J.D. And even though it doesn't take an extraordinary



amount of taste to see the beauty in Lisa, we do appreciate the compliment.

THE URBANE COWPERSON

I really enjoyed William J. Helmer's September essay, *A Cowboy's Lament*. Ten years ago, when I started high school, kids like me were set apart from everyone else because we wore boots, shirts that snapped, blue jeans and big belt buckles. Now, lo and behold, everyone wants to look like us. And the funny part is that in three years, when this lad has died down, the true cowboys will still dress and act as we did ten years ago.

Leigh Fairhead

Merriman, Nebraska

I'm a long-haul trucker from the Midwest and have been for 11 or 12 years. I've never written to a magazine before and suspect I never will again. I've

looked at *PLAYBOY* for years, mainly for the pictures, but I read *A Cowboy's Lament* and I'd just like to say to W. J. Helmer, "You done good!"

S. Gump

Cassstown, Ohio

I can appreciate Helmer's situation. Been wearing cowboy shirts and jeans since high school. Comfortable clothes. But I'm from Alaska, not Texas. Never ridden a horse, driven a truck or worked an oil rig. Never been to New York, Chicago or Los Angeles (too many people). But if I should visit and someone should be foolish enough to call me a faggot, I hope the fella knows a good doctor who can surgically remove a finely tuned Frye from his backside.

George Bernardy

Fort Yukon, Alaska

Helmer's essay is a treasure. Shee-yit, but y'all have everything pegged right as rain. I know, since I've been playin' the same game for the past ten years, too, all over the parts of the country inhabited by Yankees. I even did the act in staid ol' Boston, complete with 4WD truck, Oregon tags and a chaw of snuff (which is just now reaching them idiots). Went over big in Bean Town, and I found I could drive down one-way streets the wrong way and escape by telling the fuzz we didn't have no one-way streets in Bend, Oregon. Now, since every jerk with a few bucks is playin' the cowboy role, I've retaliated with a new scam that might be of interest to you. I got me a jeep hat from Piedmont AMC/Jeep, in Charlotte, North Carolina, and that's a real attention getter. Tells the prospective mugger, who's watched the good ol' boys on TV throw city slickers through walls, that I ain't to be screwed with. Of course, bib overalls work well, too, and combat boots lend flavor. A little attention to casual appearance can be as effective in scaring the shit outa muggers as carrying a howitzer would be.

Joe Zambone

Tacoma, Washington

Anyway, our hats and boots will be where they belong after all this blows over: on our heads and feet, not packed away in some closet after they're no longer chic. And when all the country discos are dead and gone, Bob Wills, Tommy Duncan, Waylon, Willie, Moe and Joe, Mel and Merle will be stronger than ever. God bless you and thank you, Mr. Helmer.

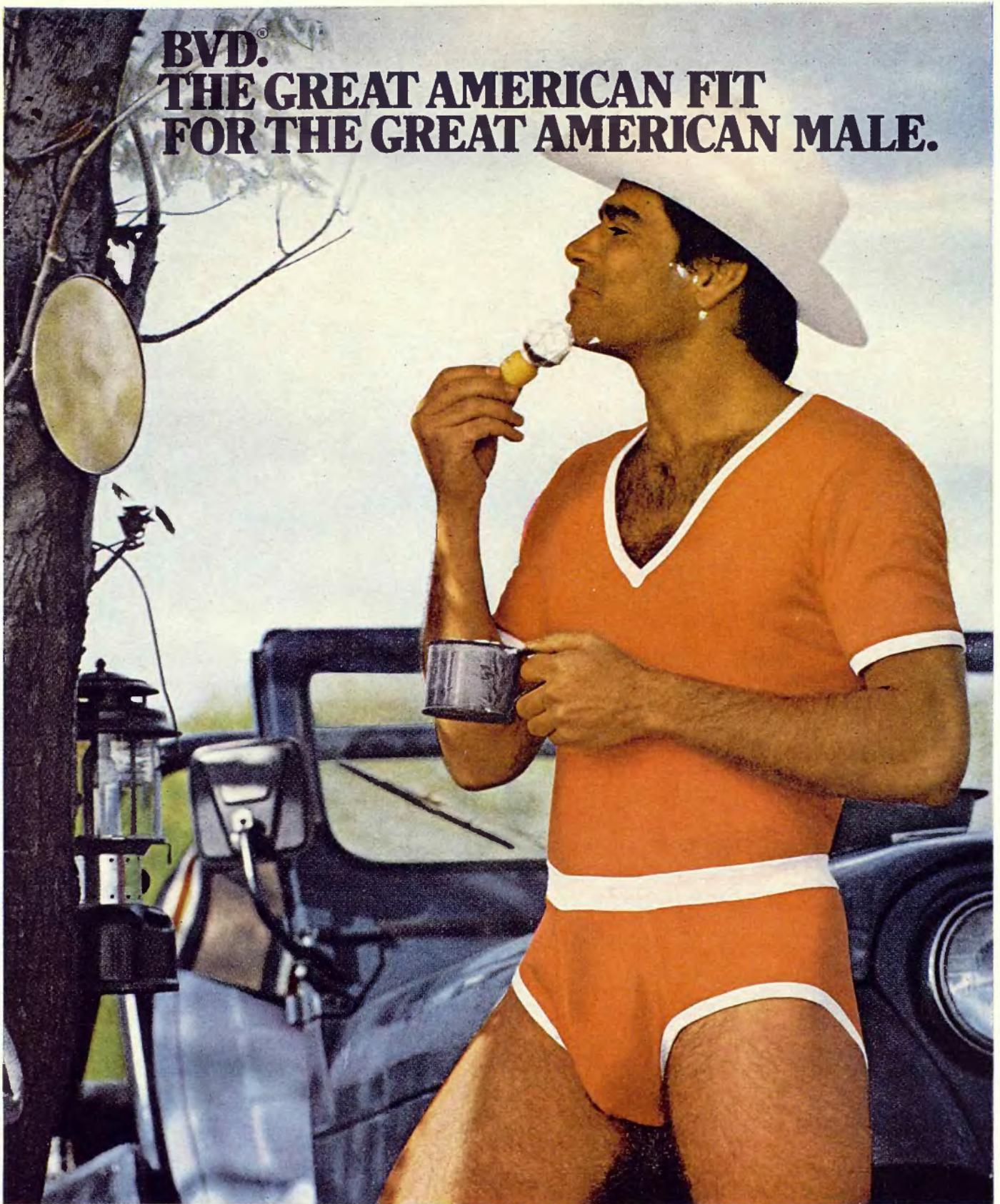
Dick Gaherty

Dallas, Texas

SOUTHWEST SIZZLERS

Credit ought to go to *PLAYBOY* photographers David Chan and Nicholas DeSciose. The September issue, featuring the *Girls of the Southwest Conference*, is

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Michael T. Biehunko
Victoria, Texas

As a Baylor alumnus who worked on the *Lariat* at the time of the conflict involving PLAYBOY, I can honestly say that PLAYBOY's coverage of the controversy is more accurate than any account I have read—and I have read hundreds, from *The Baptist Standard's* to *The New York Times's*. The controversy had nothing to do with whether or not our coeds should pose for PLAYBOY. Instead, we wanted freedom of our press, the *Lariat*, which was denied us by the pious, hypocritical administration. I do disagree with PLAYBOY's statement that the student body was apathetic during this episode. Later in the semester, the students elected junior editors Jeff Barton and Cyndy Slovak to the very publications board that had fired them. They were the top vote getters in that election. However, they will not serve on the board, because they have transferred to the University of Texas. Nevertheless, thanks for an accurate account. And it is good to be out of the Baylor Bubble.

Del Shores
Los Angeles, California

He may be a turkey, but Abner McCall is the *de facto* publisher of Baylor's *Lariat*. That means all editorial decisions necessarily lie with him. The *Lariat's* integrity would be questioned only if it had quivered and quaked and allowed itself to be dictated to by a mighty, multimillion-dollar magazine. A lot of good people lost their jobs, positions or scholarships because of this. Congratulations . . . you've succeeded in making McCall look like a prudish idiot. But, damn it, at least he stood up for what he believes in.

Keith Figley
Richardson, Texas

Being a Baylor graduate, I can understand the frustrations you encountered. It is regrettable, too, because Baylor is an excellent school, academically and otherwise. On the subject at hand, though, I regret to say that Texas A & M appears to have defeated us all. Tamara Follett has got to be one of the most gorgeous women ever to have found her way into your magazine.

J. R. Hallson
Sugar Land, Texas

Texas Tech tops the league with girls like Teresa Campsey.

Pat Murphy
South St. Paul, Minnesota

One coed caught my eye, even though her picture is small. I'm referring to

Are you ready for an Alfa Romeo?



Sheila C.

“When I was 25 I was really the perfect wife, the perfect mother and the perfect homemaker.

“I drove a great big stationwagon.

“Well, I’m no longer 25 and I’m no longer anyone’s wife—my kids are grown and have kids of their own and I have a career.

“And that stationwagon is just a rusted memory.

“You know what I did? I went out and bought myself an Alfa Romeo Spider.

“It’s red and it’s got a convertible top and sometimes when I pass those ladies in their huge stationwagons full of kids, and dogs, and groceries I wave—and say to myself, there but for the grace of my Alfa go I.”

“When I was a young man I dreamed that one day I would own an Alfa Romeo.



Bill B.

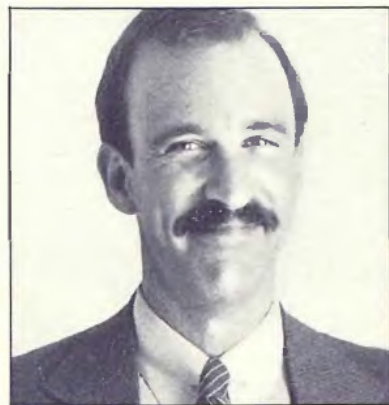
“But then I got married and Jennifer arrived a year later; two years after that, Robert.

“My dream of owning an Alfa gave way to the reality of a mortgage, dentist’s bills, and college tuition.

“But now Jennifer is married and has a Jennifer of her own, Robert Junior is through law school.

“And this 50 year old kid went out and bought himself an Alfa Romeo Spider.

“Do I love my Alfa as much as I thought I would? Well, It’s a dream come true.”



Ray R.

“I limped through college and graduate school with one crummy used car after another.

“But now that I’ve got a grown up job with grown up responsibility, I thought I’d treat myself to a brand new car.

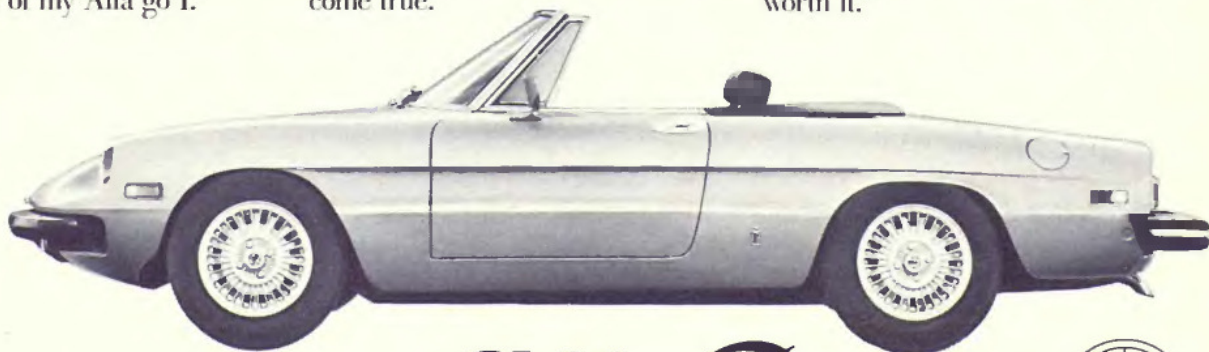
“Well, at first, I thought the world had passed me by—all those cars were so boring!

“Then I discovered the Alfa Spider. First of all, it’s a convertible! And most of all it’s an Alfa Romeo.

“What a machine!

“Today when I leave the office after all those meetings, my hair cut short, necktie in place, I’ll jump into my very own Alfa Romeo Spider.

“You know, all that college was worth it.”



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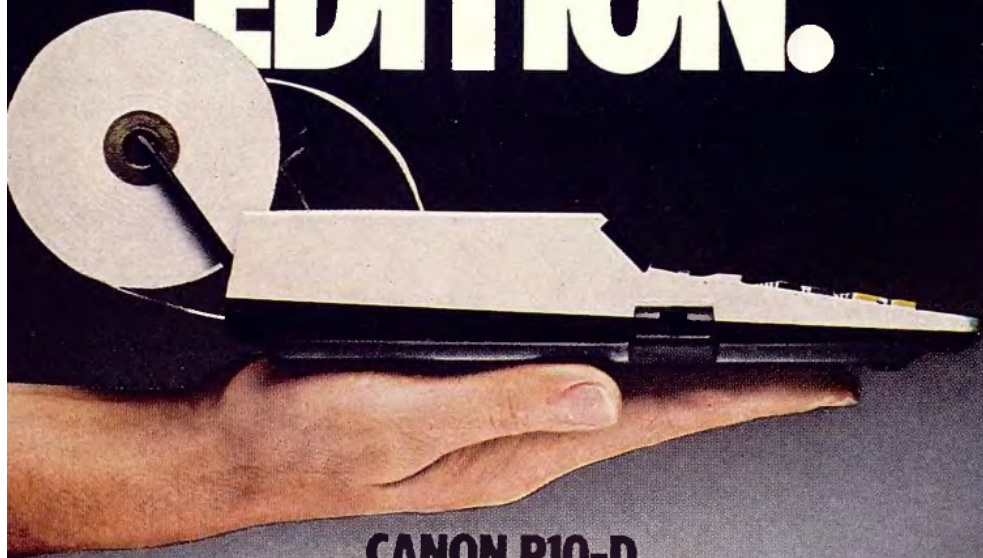
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Brenda Kepner of Texas A & M. I don't think I've seen a woman so eye-catching in some time.

Dick Schmidt

Van Nuys, California

You blew it! The girl on top in the photo on page 140 of your September issue is Dana McConnell, not Cheryl Carlson. I met Dana last spring, and she's got a fantastic personality to go with her good looks.

Carl Knowlan

Austin, Texas

Sorry about the mix-up, Carl, and our apologies to both Cheryl and Dana. We also have to admit to a goof on Anne Brinkmann, page 144, who attends Rice University in Houston, not the University of Houston. Sorry about that, Anne.

HATS OFF TO LUTECE

I've heard of a guy's wearing more than one hat in his job, but the gentleman pouring wine for Tom Brokaw in September's *World of Playboy* should have a chef's hat on. That is, unless he really isn't the chef-owner of Lutèce, André Soltner. Having been there recently, I know that's the captain, Jean-Pierre Foucart.

Tom Paine

New York, New York

Right you are, Tom. And to clear up any further confusion, here's the real



André Soltner, in the appropriate chef's chapeau, being toasted by his staff at Lutèce.

OLD MISS MAKES A HIT

Miss September II gets my vote for Woman of the Year! I'm still laughing about her Playmate Data Sheet and can really relate to her turn-ons! I have always enjoyed the old girl's antics—she finally gets the recognition she deserves!

Pam Hunter

Colorado Springs, Colorado

The centerfold of Granny is a real turn-on. It's about time you showed some real class. Keep up the good work.

The Boys of Starboard Side

N.O.P. Support Section

Camp LeJeune, North Carolina

Your Alternative Playmate, Granny, has my vote and those of the rest of the

boys at Corry Station for Playmate of the Year. She has all the qualities we look for in a "real" woman. How come it took so long?

Alex Fields
Pensacola, Florida

This time, you've *really* outdone yourselves. Your Miss September II is simply unbelievable.

Bill Murphy
Salinas, California

I have to congratulate Buck Brown on Miss September II. It cracked me up.

Chuck Holmberg
Hastings, Nebraska

Congratulations on your *New Girl on Campus!* Granny is an American institution.

Douglas Beardsley
Jamestown, New York

"UNAUTHORIZED" BIOGRAPHY

In response to the letter from Barbara Rowes in your July issue, unfortunately, you can't get a lawyer to "unauthorize" a book just because you think it is a lifeless representation of an era. Yes, the names, dates and places are correct in the Grace Slick biography, but it is not easy to write about a doctor if you can't stand sick people. Barbara Rowes doesn't like rock music or the lifestyle of its performers, making communication between her and the people involved in the story a touchy situation at best. There is nothing "wrong" with the book. It's just boring.

Grace Slick
San Rafael, California

RABBIT RETRIBUTION?

Now it's your turn to find the Rabbit! Just thought I would check and make



sure everything is OK with PLAYBOY and the gentleman upstairs.

Jeff Helberg
Greensboro, North Carolina

There are no problems that we know of, Jeff. That lightning bolt was probably meant for some evildoers underneath the trees.



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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



HEADLINE OF THE MONTH

The North York, Ontario, *Mirror* ran a piece by regular columnist Dick Singer about house cleaning. It was titled, "OUR DICK GETS SUCKED INTO VACUUMING."

BAR NUN

A man who underwent a sex-change operation faced another reversal recently. The head of the Mother House of the Sisters of Saint John the Divine turned down the transsexual's application to become a nun at the Anglican convent, saying, "I have enough problems already."

MEET MR. WIZARD

Paul Galegos of Blackfoot, Idaho, is cursed with a scientific nature. Recently, for instance, he attempted to find out what effects alcohol would have on a rattlesnake. Taking a beer into a cage housing a friend's pet rattler, Galegos began tapping the snake on the back of the head with one hand while holding the beer can in front of it with the other. When the rattler reared to strike, Galegos tried to pour the beer down the critter's mouth. The snake, however, was not in a brew mood and bypassed the suds for Galegos' thumb. Before he could screech "Schlitz me," he was on his way to a local hospital, fighting off the effects of the venom. Now on the mend, Galegos swears he's learned his lesson. Next time, he'll experiment on a less aggressive breed—such as a librarian.

NIGHT OF THE LIVING BACON

Truth Is Stranger Than Sausage Department: Homicide investigators in Chicago are checking into the mysterious death of a night watchman apparently murdered by killer hogs at a South Side meat-packing plant. The dead man,

Robert Robinson, was found mauled to death in a pen containing 100 hogs. His clothes were found hanging neatly on a nearby fence. Was it soo-ee-cide? Police aren't talking. While they continue to question swine at the scene, reports from Hollywood indicate that Steven Spielberg, director of *Jaws*, is considering bringing the incident to the screen in a multimillion-dollar production titled *Pork!*

WHAT'S UP?

Talk about your preteen sex! It seems that even in the fetal stages, you just can't keep a good man down. Thanks to ultrasonic scanning and the folks who bring us *Perinatology-Neonatology* magazine, the "Journal of Maternal-Fetal and Neonatal Health Care," we now know

that at six months the male fetus tests his equipment every now and then in the form of intrauterine erections. After all, why wait 10 or 15 years to find out if it works?

THE LONE RAGER

If you're looking for a hero to emulate, you'd better scratch Clinton Spillsbury from your list immediately. Clinton, the 25-year-old actor chosen to succeed Clayton Moore in the role of the Lone Ranger for the forthcoming epic motion-picture version, is not exactly living by the code of the old West. While on location in Santa Fe, New Mexico, old Clint slapped a waitress, broke glasses and wreaked assorted havoc in not one but two local taverns. Local residents are considering taking back the traditional question, substituting instead, "Say, who was that asshole, anyway?"

MOSLEM MUTTON CHOPS

Wham, bam, thank you, lamb. The new Iranian regime agreed to continue to purchase lamb from New Zealand, but only after New Zealand officials were able to demonstrate that the sheep face Mecca while being slaughtered.

GROUCHO MARXISTS

The Bulgarian town of Gabrovo bills itself as the humor capital of the world. Since 1965, Gabrovo's most influential governmental organization has been the House of Humor and Satire, a structure that sponsors biannual humor festivals with world-wide competitions in cartoons, jokes, paintings, photographs, sculpture and writing.

Nobody is quite sure how it got so involved with humor, but one legend has it that it came about after Gabrovo built a brewery. "The best brains



worked on it and finally produced the first glass of beer," recounts one local historian. "It was sent to Czechoslovakia for an expert opinion. Weeks went by and there was no response. Finally, a letter came. It said, 'Your horse has diabetes.'"

GOING IN STYLE

For those who would never be caught dead in anything that's not an original, the designer casket provides the perfect exit. But according to Gail Levenstein, license director for Bill Blass, there's a fly in the formaldehyde. She told *Women's Wear Daily* that although a casket manufacturer approached her with the idea, neither the Blass organization nor any other top liners would allow their signatures on the satin-lined boxes. We suppose that the caskets will join the ranks of such also-rans as designer leg braces and toenail clippers.

PUTTING HIS FOOT DOWN

Nashville police have captured the infamous foot stomper of Tennessee. George Mitchell, 6'4", was jailed after police received complaints from women saying that a man wearing high-heeled shoes had tread on their toes on purpose at a street fair. Police headed straight for George, who had first served time as a juvenile for doing flying leaps onto people's tootsies. George was reportedly given a suspended sentence, six years in Earth Shoes and therapy with Dr. Scholl.

HALF-BAKED ASTRONOMY

The next time you switch on that microwave oven, remember this: Your well-done steak may cause some astronomer's theory to come off half-baked. Three British astronomers have reported in *Nature* that microwave cooking may be a threat to man's quest for understanding the universe. Scientists Brian Anderson, Robert Pritchard and Barrie Rowson say that radiation leakage from world-wide microwave cooking travels into the frequency bands used exclusively by radio astronomers. This leakage may eventually distort and ruin observations of distant galaxies and heavenly objects, they warn, so that in the future, radio astronomers won't be able to tell a black hole from a burned potato. Worse yet, imagine the plight of alien civilizations attempting to contact planet Earth and winding up with a three-dimensional image of the Pillsbury Doughboy? Fresh. Take me to your kneader.

HEAVY PROTECTION

Tired of battling that potbelly? Take heart. If Larry Bell of Lowell, Massachusetts, is any indication of trends to come, the he-man heroes of the Eighties may well be fatties. Larry, a not-so-svelte 460-pounder, went bananas recently after being picked up by cops for a drunk-

driving spree. He pulled a gun on the arresting officer. In the ensuing shoot-out, Larry was hit eight times by police bullets before he even slowed down. He wasn't badly hurt, though. Doctors theorize that his fat acted like a sandbag, protecting his vital organs from the slugs.

CHECKING IN



"*Women Speak About Their Breasts and Their Lives*" (Summit Books) is a book by two photographers turned writers, Daphna Ayalah and her husband, Isaac J. Weinstock. It began as a pictorial documentary, but the women they photographed had so much to say about the trials and tribulations of having breasts that Ayalah and Weinstock thought it worth while to record the women's comments while they were photographing them. "*Breasts*" has become something of a women's cult book. We asked Associate Editor Walter L. Lowe to talk with them about their findings.

PLAYBOY: How did you decide to include 38 women in your book? Are there 38 kinds of experiences women can have with their breasts?

AYALAH: I'm sure there are more, but there's only so much you can get into a book. We tried to show the widest range of experiences and we tried to choose the autobiographical accounts of the most articulate women.

PLAYBOY: Did you ever wonder if, had you done a book called, say, *Buttocks*, or maybe *Nose*, you'd get a lot of the same kinds of comments you got asking about breasts? That is, "I don't like my nose, it's too big," "I don't like my buttocks, they're too flat," "Men always stare at my nose in elevators," and so forth.

WEINSTOCK: Well, your question implies that women's vanity and insecurity will be reflected in their comments about any part of their body; but breasts are different. Breasts are a functional part of the body. All you do with your behind is sit on it.

PLAYBOY: How great is the preoccupation with breasts in this culture?

AYALAH: We met women who would rather die from cancer than have a mas-

tectomy. That's pretty bizarre, but it says something about the aesthetic preoccupation with breasts in this country.

PLAYBOY: What are some of the breast-related traumas women experience?

AYALAH: The most frequently cited trauma is caused by a girl's father making thoughtless comments when she reaches puberty, such as, "Hey, how's those tits?" or, "Look, she's getting knockers!" Or maybe the girl is 19 and her father casually says, "Too bad you aren't as big as your mother." A lot of fathers don't realize the effects those seemingly innocent remarks have on their daughters. One lady in the book tells of her father taking her on a trip when she was 15 and scribbling her measurements on a rock, like "Kilroy was here," only he exaggerated her measurements as a joke. She has never forgotten it, because for her the incident was traumatic.

WEINSTOCK: One woman broke down and cried as she recalled that as a young girl, when her breasts were just budding, she was playing football and got tackled and some little boy slipped his hand under her blouse and squeezed. She thinks that experience caused her breasts to be sexually insensitive when she became an adult.

PLAYBOY: What percentage of the women you interviewed were aroused by the touching of their breasts?

AYALAH: About 50 percent. What surprised us was that so many women—almost half—weren't turned on at all by their breasts. But we don't consider our sample a scientific one.

PLAYBOY: Did you meet any women who could orgasm simply by having their breasts caressed?

AYALAH: One woman experiences orgasm that way, and we met a couple of women who had orgasms while breast-feeding.

PLAYBOY: PLAYBOY is mentioned numerous times throughout the book, and it's always depicted as the evil force that prevents women from being happy with ordinary breasts. Why are we the villains?

AYALAH: It's not just PLAYBOY; it's the whole tit-sell culture that first creates a mystique about breasts, then uses the mystique to push products.

WEINSTOCK: PLAYBOY isn't the worst offender. PLAYBOY was an innovator and it served a definite function in freeing us from a puritanical culture. We think if there's a worse villain, it's the women's magazines.

PLAYBOY: What is the worst offender?

AYALAH: *Cosmopolitan*, by far. It's a tit magazine that's far more antiwoman than PLAYBOY could ever be construed to be. In *Cosmo*, you still find the ads that imply that by doing certain exercises, a woman can get stacked in 24 hours. Every other month, it features the new shape-up for fall or the shape-up for summer, and the implications are that "Lady, you're really out of shape, and you gotta do a lot of work before you're

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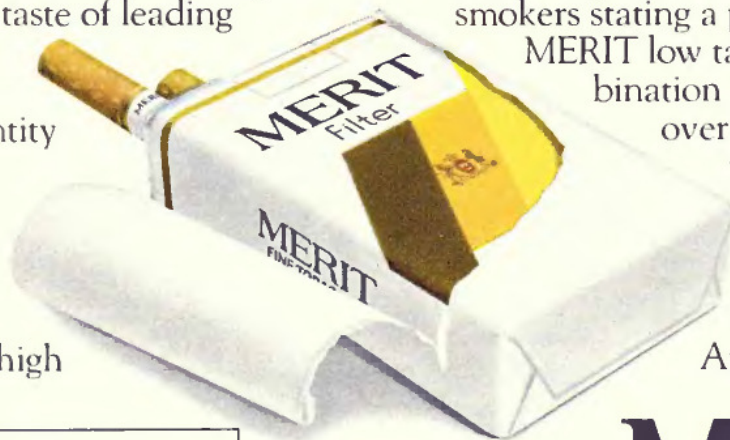
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LITERARY PITCHMEN

Recent magazine advertisements for Rolex watches have featured author John Cheever, looking profoundly thoughtful in a bow tie, vest and jacket. Beneath the tasteful headline ("ROLEX. FOR THOSE WHO SET THE MEASURE OF THE TIMES."), one reads these stirring words: "Detail illuminates John Cheever's writing. Just as detail inspires every Rolex craftsman..."

New York free-lancer **Andrew Feinberg** wondered what would happen if Madison Avenue got its hands on some other writers.

NORMAN MAILER—Pampers: "I don't just create books. When you give the gift of a child to a woman, you must treat the little creature properly. That's why all my wives use Pampers."

SIDNEY SHELDON—Glad garbage bags: "If there's one thing I know about, it's trash."

HENRY KISSINGER—Eveready batteries: "When you want a battery, you want power. Good power, strong power, consistent power, lasting power. Unending power. Trust Eveready: because power isn't just an aphrodisiac."

PHILIP ROTH—The Beef Liver Council: "When you have a desperate craving to satisfy, try liver."

BOB WOODWARD—Budget recording tape: "Budget gives you six hours of tape for just 49 cents. It's a good, moderately dependable tape, perfectly acceptable when you're not going to attribute the quotes anyway."

HUNTER S. THOMPSON—Excedrin: "For a legal drug, this one is really terrific. When I'm chased by huge, screeching, jet-black bats and sick, bloated, murderous district attorneys, I take Excedrin."

PAUL THEROUX—Amtrak: "Amtrak: because it's all we've got."

GAY TALESE—National Brotherhood Week: "Be kind to your neighbor. And your neighbor's wife."

JAMES BALDWIN—Air France: "When you finally get fed up with America, think of us."

JOHN LE CARRE—London Fog trench coats: "The perfect thing to wear when you



can't come in from the cold. Special styles for the man who is over the hill and doesn't care who knows it."

JULIA CHILD—Pepto-Bismol: "Even master chefs make mistakes. When my guests give me that queasy look that says I've screwed up, I run for the Pepto."

HOWARD COSELL—Roget's Thesaurus: "When you don't know what the hell you're talk-

ing about and need all the succor you can get, try Roget's."

JOAN DIDION—Valium: "The warm Santa Ana wind blew from the desert. I thought about America. I felt sick, sick as the warm, oppressive wind that suffocates our dreams. I took a Valium, then I wrote two screenplays. Valium: when the ill winds of a nation blow you no good."

ALEXANDER SOLZHENITSYN—Mother's Borscht: "Because even cowardly Western liberals have a right to eat well."

RICHARD NIXON—Windex: "My mother used Windex, bless her heart. Windex: when you want to make things, uh, perfectly clear."

MICKEY SPILLANE—Rocco's Gin: "Look, you've seen me sellin' that light beer on the tube. It's good stuff, but you gotta drink a case of it to get even a little buzz. Drink Rocco's when you know where you want to go and can't wait to get there."

NEIL SIMON—Rolaids: "Occasionally, people come up to me and say, 'Mr. Simon, I laughed myself sick at your play.' I always say, 'Thanks, have a Rolaids.' Take it from old Doc, reach for Rolaids when your stomach needs a snappy comeback."

PAULINE KAEI—Jiffy Pop popcorn: "Jiffy Pop can turn any home into a glorious movie theater. Those popping kernels can effect a magical transformation; it's as if Marlon Brando's majestic form had suddenly materialized in your living room. Like Brando, Jiffy Pop is wonderful with butter."

J. D. SALINGER—Sharkey barbed wire: "Pestered by adolescent groupies and snooping journalists? Try Sharkey. Available in attractive electrified styles."

acceptable." It's a very antiwoman attitude. I don't think PLAYBOY creates as much of a sense of inferiority in women as women's magazines do.

PLAYBOY: In your book, women use a number of terms for breasts. Which one do most women seem to prefer?

WEINSTOCK: Probably boobs. Women seem to be offended by the word tits. Most feel that boobs has a little humor, while there's something very serious going on when we say "Breasts." Women are already uptight about their breasts, and in a conversation, boobs is nice and casual.

AYALAH: Also, women experience the words tits in an unpleasant way, such as walking down the street.

WEINSTOCK: As in "Jesus Christ, will you look at them tits."

AYALAH: It's also a cultural thing. A black woman said she never heard the word tits when she was growing up. The term in her community was jugs.

PLAYBOY: As you know, some men give their penises names, such as Georgie or Ralph. Are women's breasts ever personalized in that way?

AYALAH: Yes, we did meet one woman whose husband used to call her breasts Mutt and Jeff. She thought it was funny. When he was out of town, he would send her postcards, asking, "How're Mutt and Jeff?" When she wrote to him, she always signed it with the two names and a drawing of two breasts.

PLAYBOY: We noted that women frequently complain that men don't know how to treat breasts.

WEINSTOCK: Well, yes. It seems that a lot of men relate to breasts violently.

AYALAH: Yeah. How would men feel if women really grabbed their balls and twisted for all they were worth? A lot of men do that with women's breasts, you know.

PLAYBOY: But some women like their breasts treated roughly sometimes.

AYALAH: Yes, but even those women like it only at certain times.

WEINSTOCK: Communication is important. A man shouldn't be afraid to ask a woman what she likes.

PLAYBOY: We've been advising that for years. Is there any one thing a man should know about touching breasts?

AYALAH: Yes—that a lot of women don't like to start there. Some women like to save the caressing of their breasts for last.

The Donna Summer bumper sticker of the month (seen in Tucson, Arizona): I'D RATHER EAT BARBED WIRE THAN LISTEN TO DISCO.

A want ad found in the North Glendora, California, *Shopper*: "Attractive single woman, 21 to 30 years old, must be able to do light house cleaning and barn chores. Must have own tractor. Please send picture of tractor."

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MOVIE ESSAY

Any movie that features Jane Fonda, Dolly Parton and Lily Tomlin is bound to attract plenty of attention. That movie, *"Nine to Five,"* features the three women as secretaries in a large, impersonal office. It opens in December and one of our regular contributors, Lawrence Grobel (who conducted our "Playboy Interviews" with Parton, Barbra Streisand and Marlon Brando, as well as this month's interview with George C. Scott), was on the set during some of the filming. Here's his report:

The entrance to Stage Six of the 20th Century-Fox studios is carefully guarded. Only a few members of the press have seen the elaborate \$1,000,000-plus set for *Nine to Five*, which has been constructed inside this hangarlike Quonset hut. It's an enormous modern office, with row upon row of desks, dummy elevators, sliding glass doors lettered with the company logo, a conference room and executive offices. Nine Sony remote dictation systems are lined along one wall. On each desk is a copy of *Secretary's Handbook* and a Funk & Wagnall's dictionary, pencils and erasers in pencil cups, letters on company stationery, signed by the fictitious boss, resting in desk trays. A bulletin board with phony notes. Overall, a testament to what the movies can be: a very real illusion. I even try to use the fake water fountain, make a call on a phone that isn't installed and use the men's room—which isn't one.

At Dolly Parton's desk sits Dolly's stand-in, talking to Jane Fonda's stand-in. Behind them are Jane and Dolly, also talking. The real and the double, the women who shine and those who stand in their shadow.

Dolly is looking her vibrant, effervescent, Little Annie Fanny self, dressed in yellow pants and a yellow sweater that will do for sweaters what Brando did for T-shirts.

"I know absolutely nothing about the movies," Dolly, a bit stage struck, tells me. "But if I'm real smart about it and keep my mind open, I'll probably learn enough to be very professional in the next one [*The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas*, with Burt Reynolds]."

"Making movies is fun, like kids playin'. And it's real different, the way movies are made. They do the first last and the last first and the middle in the front. I'm not an actress. I'm just playin' Dolly Parton as a secretary, pretty much; but I think the film will be cute. Where it ain't necessarily great, Jane and Lily and I can pull it off just being who we are."

When the camera will focus on Dolly typing, the fingers and long red nails won't be hers, I learn; although Dolly



Nine to Five's Tomlin, Parton and Fonda.

On the set with
Dolly, Jane and Lily;
who could ask for more?

once learned to type, she's nowhere near secretarial efficiency. I keep wondering about the boobs: How will they close in on the *hands* without also getting in the nipple that practically touches the keys as she sits over the machine?

If Dolly is short and cuddly, like a Teddy bear, both Jane and Lily are tall and stiff. They are wearing prim, proper clothing, lace and frills, make-up and lipstick. Jane and Lily are Victorian—the kind of women Hitchcock described perfectly when he spoke of English schoolmarmes who seem so cool and indifferent on the outside; get them aroused and they'll have you naked before you know what's happened to you.

The plot of *Nine to Five* concerns three secretaries who wind up taking over the office without anyone's knowing it. Violet (Lily) is the veteran who keeps being passed by for promotion. Doralee (Dolly) is the sexpot object of the boss's desire, victim of constant sexual harassment. Judy (Jane) is the newcomer, who learns quickly what it's like to be a female clerical worker in a man's world. This film practices what Karl Marx preached: Clerical workers of the world, unite; you've nothing to break but your nails!

Circumstances bring them together one afternoon to share a joint and fantasize what each would like to do to their "sexist, egotistical, lying, hypocritical, bigoted" boss, Franklin Hart, played by Dabney Coleman of *Mary*

Hartman, *Mary Hartman* fame. Judy would like to shoot him, Doralee would like to rope and tie him like a calf and Violet would like to put rat poison in his coffee.

In a series of comic, bizarre incidents, these fantasies approach reality and the women kidnap the boss. Keeping his absence a secret, they take over, ordering flowers for every desk, equal pay for equal work, job rotation plans and flexible working hours.

Elsewhere on the set, Lily goes over to her make-up girl, Ve, for a shot of peppermint oil. She lines her teeth with it. Her face tightens. Like catnip. Ve also lines her gums with the stuff and says, "It isn't coke, but it *does* wake you up."

Ve is part of Lily's strange entourage. Even the film's publicist says that Lily has a strange group of people around her. Ve has red-dyed punk hair, Day-Glo red lips and heavily made-up face; dressed in black—pants, shirt, slim tie, sports jacket, with a pistol pin and pink boots—she is the first person you notice on the set and she knows it. With Dolly Parton to compete with, she has to stand out to be seen.

This, in fact, is a set on which there seems to be a lot of sexual interplay. Here's a movie about sexual harassment, and behind the camera, the crew members flirt with one another. One white-haired production assistant jokes with the older ladies; if any respond, he walks them out the door during breaks. Sex in the office, sex on the set; definitely, art imitates life.

In the lobby of Stage Six, a group of youngsters and mothers waits to audition. Two of the kids will be selected to play Lily Tomlin's children. Lily comes out to look at them all. She doesn't say anything and appears uncomfortable. She knows most of these people will be rejected. She goes back to the set and the second assistant director lines them up.

After a while, Lily sees one of the rejected kids walking away and watches. Someday we'll see in a Lily Tomlin routine the rejected actress losing another casting call, as Anna the Actress or Rita the Rejected or Sara the Sorrowful.

Jane tells me Karen Nussbaum is on the set and I really should talk with her, since she's the one who inspired Jane to make a movie about secretaries. "She started the first group called 9 to 5 in Boston. She's now the director of Working Women, National Association of Office Workers."

Nussbaum is obviously the one who will know the statistics, such as the fact that sex discrimination accounts for nearly a third of the complaints filed with the



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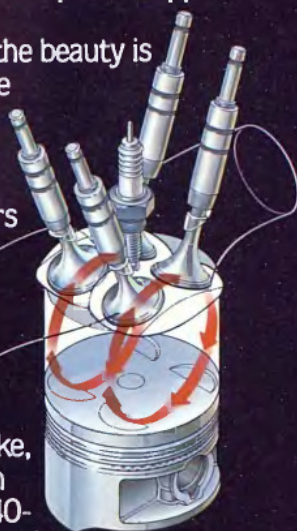
Chambers. It's a short-stroke, big-bore configuration with four valves set at narrow 40-degree angles over each cylinder. This makes for compact combustion chambers where fuel flow is swirled about. So burning is quicker, cleaner and more efficient.

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Equal Employment Opportunity Commission. And that these working women earn 59 cents for every dollar that a man makes.

How many of those hard-earned dollars will these women spend to watch Jane Fonda, Lily Tomlin and Dolly Parton make light of the plight of clerical workers? What does Karen Nussbaum think of what's being filmed here?

"It's a movie, not an organization," Nussbaum says outside Stage Six. "It covers all the issues, but it's got a very limited focus and purpose. The best thing that this movie can do is be a good, popular movie."

"It wasn't a comedy in the beginning," Jane Fonda is saying, the picture finally complete. She wears dark sunglasses, so I can't see her eyes. "But played straight, it came off boring. It definitely wasn't a movie secretaries would go see. Who wants to leave work and go see a movie about your work? The more real-life stories I heard, it became clear to me that it had to be a comedy."

"Some of the stories were horrendous. One woman wasn't allowed to have a phone, so she got a toy phone and pretended to use it. The women working at one bank in Cleveland are being paid so little they are eligible for food stamps. Women were followed by supervisors when they went to the bathroom or went shopping. Followed and clocked. It was like Big Brother time."

Why did she choose Lily and Dolly as co-stars?

"Tomlin I've wanted to work with for a long time, since I saw her one-woman show. Lily's genius. What makes her frantic is that she's got 50 ways to do anything and she wants to try them all. She'll take a character and hone it and hone it and hone it; the commitment is total. I fake it. I've done scenes I have no idea what they were about. Lily doesn't do that."

And what about Dolly?

"Dolly's got extremely good and healthy and accurate instincts about herself and what's right for her. She had a lot to do with the way the film went, even though she's the least experienced. She has a very powerful aura or charisma. What she does so well is make all the other people on the set feel as good as they can about themselves. She makes people blossom."

With these three women stars, plus Colin Higgins' talent as writer and director (he did *Silver Streak* and *Foul Play*), and Jane and Bruce Gilbert's as producers (their first two were *Coming Home* and *The China Syndrome*), *Nine to Five* has more going for it than Northern California sinsemilla. If they blow this one, then surely there is no balm in Gilead.

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7AAD2



LESS FROM ELVIS: The fans of Elvis Presley tend to be so emotional that they elicit a similar intensity from his detractors. Among musicians, for instance, it remains fashionable to cite Elvis as an example of someone without much talent who made it big thanks to the machinations of the "system." Which is unfair to Elvis. Questions of musical talent and taste are actually irrelevant in his case, as they are in the case of Judy Garland.

Fact is, though, the boy had some real talent—and, when he started out, some innate good taste (after all, he *was* singing blues). He also had a poignant sense of his own limitations, and an ironic, self-deprecating sense of humor that helped him live with himself after Colonel Parker and RCA turned him into a guitar-brandishing Godzilla. That wistfulness is what one is finally left with after listening to the eight LPs of **Elvis Aron Presley** (RCA), a flawed but fascinating set, containing much material not previously available on LP, that will no doubt be studied closely by future biographers. One hears the 1956 Elvis apologizing for his singing (and unnecessarily so) to a strangely silent Las Vegas audience; the 1961 Elvis, just out of the Army and at the peak of his powers, laughing at the bobby-soxers who keep drowning him out (and, unfortunately, jogging the tape); and the 1965 Elvis, trying to record a movie theme that forces him into self-parody but cracking up in loud laughter and protesting, "I sound like a wino!" (the LP devoted to music from the films has quite a few aural snapshots of Elvis kibitzing delightfully with pro-

ducers and musicians: "Hold the tempo back, you don't get paid any more"). Be forewarned, however, that the compilation is not only skimpy on music but skimpy, period. An entire side is taken up by a dull 13-minute monolog (evidently a canned radio interview with the not-too-probing questions deleted), while another side is devoted entirely to four lachrymose selections—total time: 12 minutes, one second—on which Elvis plays piano. And much of the anthology's musical meat, culled from the stage and TV extravaganzas of the star's declining years, only proves the truth of Chuck Berry's line: "Fame is but a slow decay."

FUSION FIDDLER: One look at the cover of *Fantasy Without Limits* (Trend) and you know L. Subramaniam can play. Indeed, he can. A former child prodigy in the field of Indian classical music, he has some violin techniques not heard previously in jazz—or anywhere else, for that matter, since they are his own innovations. His long, involuted lines are conceived with such clarity, felt with such sustained intensity and delivered with such firmness that critics have al-



Question: What have you been listening to lately?

BONNIE RAITT: 1. Little Feat. 2. The Fabulous Thunderbirds / *The Fabulous Thunderbirds and What's the Word*. 3. Jackson Browne / *Hold Out*. 4. Ray Charles / *Ain't It So?* 5. Taj Mahal / *Taj Mahal and Giant Step* / *De Ole Folks at Home*.



MICK JONES—FOR-EIGNER: 1. The Vapors / *Turning Japanese*. 2. Roxy Music / *Flesh and Blood*. 3. Martha and the Muffins / *Metro Music*. 4. Squeeze / *Argy Bargy*. 5. Pete Townshend / *Empty Glass*.



FREDDIE MERCURY: 1. Michael Jackson / *Off the Wall*. 2. The Police / *Reggatta de Blanc*. 3. Roberta Flack & Donny Hathaway. 4. Roxy Music / *Flesh and Blood*. 5. Peter Straker / *A Natural Man*.

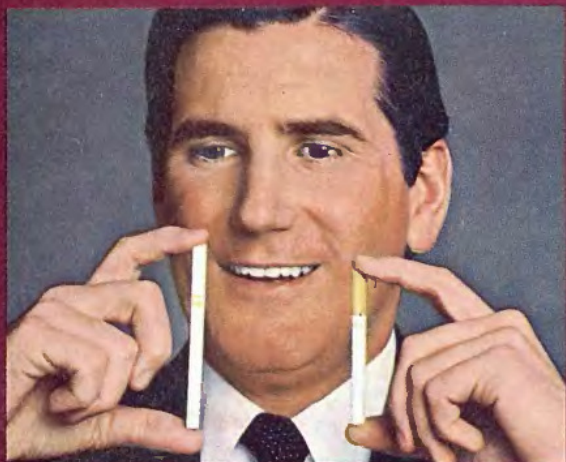


MELISSA MANCHES-TER: 1. Marvin Gaye / *I Want You*. 2. The Doobie Brothers / *Minute by Minute*. 3. Artur Rubinstein / *Chopin Waltzes*. 4. Leonard Bernstein / *Candide*. 5. Steely Dan / *Aja*.



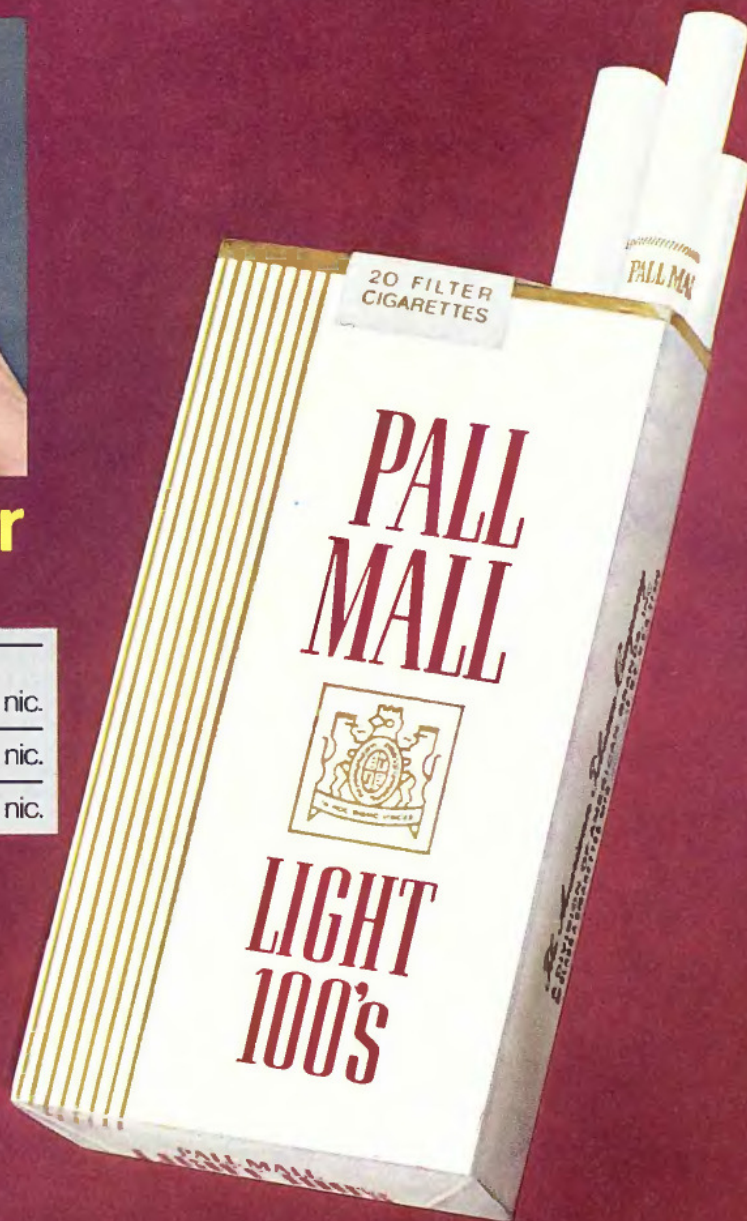
ready compared him to John Coltrane, though his "jazz" output has been limited to appearances on a few albums by other people. On this LP, he achieves his goal of creating "a more personal type of fusion" than the common garden variety as he takes off on five of his own compositions, getting into high gear immediately on the Latin-flavored title tune and staying there through the polyrhythmic (and delightfully pentatonic) *Mani Talks*, the bumpily swinging $5\frac{3}{4}$ and the powerfully concentrated *Frenzy*, until he has fully dazzled anyone lucky enough to be within earshot. A multinational gang of accomplices, including vibist Emil Richards and keyboardist Milcho Leviev, both of whom have worked extensively with odd time signatures in the past, give Subramaniam

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REVIEWS

Once you get past the title tune of The Crusaders' *Rhapsody and Blues* (MCA), an awkward marriage of funk/jazz with light classical music, you are strictly in the land of funk, and in the hands of the guys who invented it. Or rather, the guys who have perpetuated it, as they remind us on *Soul Shadows*, an unforgettable tribute to the unforgettable jazzmen of the past, with a searing vocal by guest artist Bill Withers.

During his 25-year stint with the Modern Jazz Quartet, pianist John Lewis was often accused of injecting an arid classicism into the group's music. Any such critics—and all lovers of jazz piano—should instantly check out Lewis' duet with veteran pianist Hank Jones on *An Evening with Two Grand Pianos* (Little David) as a corrective. Therein, the two grand masters work their wiles on jazz standards such as *Stomping at the Savoy*, *Saint Louis Blues* and *Billie's Bounce*, with a subtlety and interplay that is breath-taking and, yes, classic.

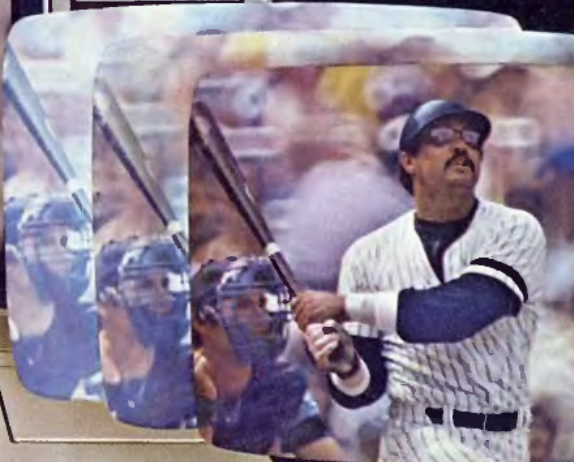
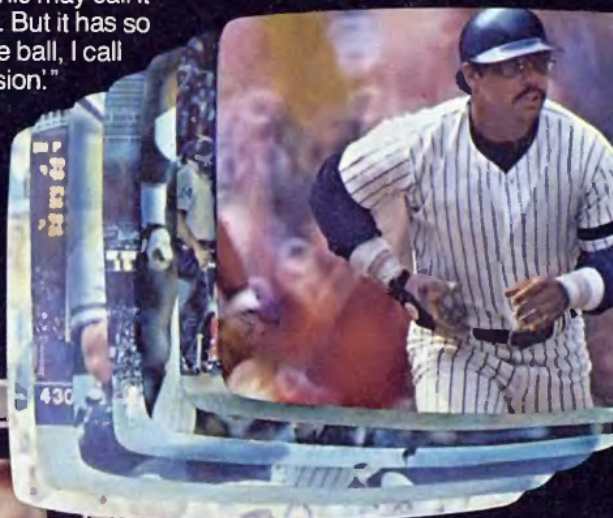
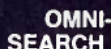
Miles Davis' style—personal and musical—has probably inspired more embarrassingly hip prose than that of any other jazz musician. And with good reason: How do you explain a man who has been in the vanguard of contemporary music for more than three decades, especially one like Miles, who prefers—insists—that the music speak for itself? You don't. You listen—in this case, to *Miles Davis: Chronicle* (Prestige), a 12-LP, limited-edition set, priced at a rather daunting \$125, that is essential for any serious jazz lover. Containing all the recordings Miles did for Prestige between 1951 and 1956, this collection virtually defines the music that has come to be known as postbop. The groups form and reform, featuring jazz giants such as John Lewis, Kenny Clarke, Charles Mingus, Sonny Rollins, Max Roach and Thelonious Monk; but the one constant is Miles himself, with his offhand, conversational style, harmonic inventiveness and unerring rhythmic sense. All leading up to what now seems the inevitable climax: the classic 1956 quintet recordings with John Coltrane, Philly Joe Jones, Red Garland and Paul Chambers. A must.

Silence is half of music, yet most musicians don't really listen to the spaces between their notes. Kenny Burrell does, and on *Moon and Sand* (Concord Jazz), the veteran guitarist does everything he can to combat noise pollution as he concentrates on the acoustic instrument, using a minimum of notes to get maximum feeling out of such lovely standards

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as Oliver Nelson's *Stolen Moments*, Billy Strayhorn's *U.M.M.G.*, a pair of Kurt Weill tunes and the Alec Wilder title opus.

We've heard T-Bone Burnett's music described as "accessible country/pop/rock-a-billy/folk" or as "not really Dylan and not really Tom Petty. . . ." What it is is simply T-Bone Burnett, and his latest album, *Truth Decay* (Takoma), offers a bit of all of the above and a whole lot more. Crammed full of stories, images and driving music, *Truth Decay* is one of those rare records you'll want to listen to, over and over again.

How can John Prine keep writing songs better than just about any other living human? The answer can't be found on his seventh LP, *Storm Windows* (Asylum), but eight new Prine-penned gems can. After detouring into rock-a-billy with last year's *Pink Cadillac*, Prine bounces back. Those of you who loved 1978's *Bruised Orange* will be glad to know that Prine has returned to his top folk/country/rock form. And when he's there, he is without peer. *Windows* contains a pair of already-classic songs (*I Had a Dream* and *Living in the Future*) that he's been doing live for the past two years. The album is spotlessly produced by Barry Beckett and executed with energy and style by Prine's touring band. Aside from being one of the best records we've heard in months, it's a two-sided testament to the enduring talent of a great songwriter.

SHORT CUTS

C. L. Blast / I Wanna Get Down (Cotillion): Lushly produced soul in the Lou Rawls vein, from a singer whose idea of getting down probably begins and ends with loosening his tie.

Devadip Carlos Santana / The Swing of Delight (Columbia): High-level fusion by an excellent band, digitally recorded; but when it comes to cultists, Rastafarians still make better music.

Hubert Laws and Earl Klugh / How to Beat the High Cost of Living (Columbia): Making movie sound-track albums is as good a way as any.

Mike Oldfield / Airborn (Virgin): More tintinnabulation from the *Tubular Bells* fellow.

Little Anthony / Daylight (MCA Songbird): He never really grew up, but he always could sing—and still can.

Hank Thompson / Take Me Back to Tulsa (MCA): Don't mean a thang if it ain't got that twang.

Panama Francis and the Savoy Sultans (Classic Jazz): Music from the days when everything was real, played and recorded with lots of love.

Milt Buckner / Green Onions (Classic Jazz): A joyous set of blues and standards by which to remember the late organist.

The Tremblers / Twice Nightly (Johnston): New Wave Herman minus his Hermits.

FAST TRACKS



MARTHA SWOPE

BROADWAY BABIES: Rock stars are proving to be naturals at hitting the boards of the Great White Way. David Bowie is settling in as *The Elephant Man* and Linda Ronstadt has committed herself to a six-month run in *The Pirates of Penzance*. We're waiting for Mick to revive *Mack the Knife*. It's only a matter of time.

REELING AND ROCKING: The Tubes' Fee Waybill and Vince Welnick have roles in Lou Adler's new movie, *All Washed Up*. The group will also write some of the songs for the sound track. After *Xanadu*, there's no place to go but up. . . . No matter how ticket sales go, the sound-track album from *Urban Cowboy* has been certified gold and platinum—copies sold have already passed the 1,500,000 mark.

NEWSBREAKS: The Eagles' double live album, which will include an acoustic set, should be in your record store any minute. . . . A 60-minute TV special—initially for pay-TV outlets—called *No One Here Gets Out Alive: Jim Morrison, the Man and the Book*, is being put together. The film includes interviews with the remaining Doors and rare performance footage. . . . The Killer, Jerry Lee Lewis, is the 1980 recipient of the Memphis State University Distinguished Achievement Award for "artistic contributions to the music of Memphis and the mid-South." His recently released album, *Killer Country*, is rightly named. . . . Although CBS execs deny it, Dylan reportedly asked them to retrieve all copies of *Saved* because he didn't like the way the record sounded on the radio. It would be a great sales strategy and make the already pressed copies instant collector's items, but it's virtually impossible to do. . . . A Nashville firm has begun marketing a new board game, similar in layout to Monopoly, based on the music business. The game is designed to illustrate the interplay of various elements of the business—artists, management, publishing, touring and record production. The game uses the names of real personalities

and the developers hope to involve record labels in promotional tie-ins. It will sell for about \$32. . . . Paul McCartney is helping out on Ringo's new album. George is recording in England and John and Yoko have put down their milk buckets and headed back to the studio. All is well in ex-Beatland. . . . The Allman Brothers Band has reached an out-of-court settlement with Capricorn records, recorded a new album on Arista and it looks as if a lot of its old stuff will be reissued by Polygram, which bought the rights from the defunct Capricorn. . . . The Stones have so many songs left over from their *Emotional Rescue* sessions that they may release another album as early as February. . . . The Specials got bumped from a BBC program that had already been video-taped. The reason? One of the band members dressed in drag and it was just a wee bit too much for the censors.

RANDOM RUMORS: We hear that Fleetwood Mac may be breaking up, in spite of denials from Warner's, the group's record label. All is not lost, however: Mac is planning a live album from last summer's Hollywood Bowl appearances and both Stevie Nicks and Lindsey Buckingham are working on solo albums. . . . Our favorite story this month comes from a Melissa Manchester concert at Brigham Young University in Salt Lake City. Manchester's contract with the university contained a clause requiring her and all other female artists performing on campus to wear a bra onstage. Manchester commented during the concert: "Frankly, I would be interested to meet the young man who is going to check." That's all folks.

—BARBARA NELLIS

**Only these two pigeons
could dress up as woodpeckers...**

**and get framed
for robbing
a bank...
and when
these two
cuckoos
discover
that
prison
life is for
the birds
they try
to fly the coop
before they go...**



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Coming This Christmas

MOVIES

The ladies are having their day in recent movies, and no female doing her thing can do it much better than Gena Rowlands in *Gloria* (Columbia). As writer-producer-director of his own films, John Cassavetes has given his talented wife some grand parts, and Gena has played them for keeps. She's in top form as a Mobster's moll named Gloria Swenson, a big blonde tart with a heart of gold who never cared much for kids but tries her damndest to save the seven-year-old son of two friends (Buck Henry, Julie Carmen) who have been rubbed out by Mafia hit men and is himself marked for extinction. Through trashy hotels and streets and subways, *Gloria* tracks a well-worn lady on the lam in an atmospheric urban fable with a real sense of urgency, plus more sheer excitement per running foot than any Cassavetes movie to date. While Gena triumphs over the Godfather types on her trail, Cassavetes' faults as a writer-director begin to catch up with him rather quickly. Young Juan Adames, the mopet he discovered for *Gloria*, is an attractive but self-conscious tyke with little of the charm or spontaneity demonstrated by Justin Henry in *Kramer vs. Kramer*. Worse, the dialog Cassavetes has devised for Juan, a supposedly street-wise New York kid, would sound more convincing delivered by a middle-aged screenwriter lounging beside his pool in Bel Air. **YY**

Since her phenomenal film debut in *The Rose*, Bette Midler has had me hooked. *Bette Midler Is Divine Madness* (Warner Bros./Ladd), filmed at the Pasadena Civic Auditorium by director Michael Ritchie, boosts Miss M to superstar status beyond the shadow of a doubt. Ritchie warms up her audience with a hilarious prolog in which a straight-faced major-domo briefs his staff of ushers on how to cope with crowd control and epileptic seizures. Enter the lady, who gives everything she's got, and she's got just about everything—less as a singer, perhaps, than as a superb actress and stand-up comedienne. Cheeky and vulgar, she explains that her three backup singers, The Harlettes, function as a kind of Greek chorus: "These girls don't know *shit* about Euripides, but they know plenty about Trojans." Then she takes it from there, in a rowdy one-woman show that establishes Midler as an aggressive, self-mocking sex symbol for the Eighties, a cross between Sophie Tucker and Mae West, set to the jagged rhythms (when the mood strikes her) of punk rock. "Fuck 'em if they can't take a joke" is her loudly proclaimed motto, and she sticks to it, laying waste to any subject from the queen of England and Princess Anne to Princess Caroline of Monaco or



Divine Bette Midler.

Liberated ladies
score onscreen;
so do the Brazilians.



Sarandon and Coburn coupling.



José Wilker, Zaira Zambelli in *Brazil*.

a Las Vegas lounge singer. Or all of Germany, or France. Like Richard Pryor

in concert, Midler uncensored is too hot for the home screen. She's also on her way to becoming not just an act, but an artist. This canned tour de force may start out like a meeting of the Bette Midler fan club, yet it's cinematic, sure to create converts by the score. **YYY**

Any question about the impact of women's lib on contemporary films is answered again in *Loving Couples* (Fox). This sassy, artificial comedy written by Martin Donovan and directed by Jack Smight goes where *Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice* didn't quite dare to go back in 1969. Walter and Evelyn and Gregg and Stephanie fool around with feeling, no foolin'. James Coburn and Shirley MacLaine, as the older married couple, both doctors, change their luck with Stephen Collins and Susan Sarandon, a younger unmarried couple whose live-in relationship needs work. The stage of furtive philandering ends with the movie's sharpest scene, when the good doctors and their new-found partners meet underwater, head on, in the swimming pool at a posh weekend hideaway. Soon after, Coburn moves in with Sarandon, Collins moves in with MacLaine—and, of course, it's only a matter of time until everyone regroups, feeling renewed and refreshed. Meanwhile, Sally Kellerman appears, playing a mad, horny lady married to a gay proctologist. Kellerman is recklessly funny, as usual; throughout *Loving Couples*, in fact, it's the women who set the tone, call the shots and steal the show. Nothing wrong with Coburn, though I didn't believe for a second that he'd know a gall bladder from a Gucci loafer. Collins, dimpled and handsome as young William Holden used to be, is a very good actor, though someone should tell him that there's no need to *play* cute when you *are* cute.

Couples really perks when Sarandon's oncamera as a plucky TV weather girl who's not only wise to the ways of men and maids but can set off on an illicit weekend with such pronouncements as, "Overnight fog burning off by midday." Given the obviousness of the script, however—a substantial handicap—it's MacLaine who takes over to score all the main points about middle-age craziness. She's witty, warm, womanly, sexy, and never lets you forget that playing doctor can be sensational for grownups. **YYY**

One thing about premium-quality movies from Brazil: They've got rhythm. The same company that brought forth *Dona Flor and Her Two Husbands* has produced another exotic, earthy comedy with music, *Bye Bye Brazil* (Unifilm). A word-of-mouth hit at this year's Cannes festival, then snapped up for New York's

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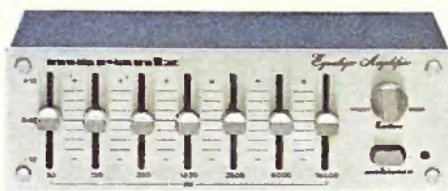
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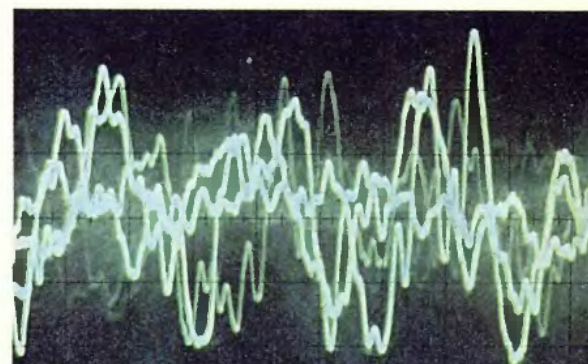
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fall film bash, *Bye Bye Brazil* follows the picaresque adventures of a troupe of entertainers—five, counting the accordionist's pregnant mate on cymbals—traveling by truck through Brazilian countryside. What befalls them, of course, is television. Everywhere they go, TV antennas on the housetops are a signal that they might as well move on to a more backward tropical outpost, where they hope to win audiences through such old-fashioned razzmatazz as making snow fall on the amazed peasantry huddled under a flimsy tent.

Writer-director Carlos Diegues creates a rueful, enchanting fable from the conflict between the old world and the new as the troupe traverses Brazil in an odyssey that's part absorbing travelogue, part intriguing portrait of colorful showfolk. This movie fairly hums with vitality, a rare treat if you're tired of trendy home-grown turkeys. **YYY**

Movies made down under are coming up fast, and two newish Australian releases look like the pacesetters for 1980. A top contender at this year's Cannes Film Festival, *Breaker Morant* (New World/Quartet) went home with a well-earned Best Supporting Actor award for Jack Thompson as Major Thomas, the earnest defense counsel in a celebrated case of military injustice. Nations where cinema is still relatively young tend to fix on their own history for subject matter, and writer-director Bruce Beresford's powerhouse drama tells how three valiant Aussie lieutenants, "Breaker" Morant and fellow officers Handcock and Witton (played, respectively and superbly, by Edward Woodward, Bryan Brown and Lewis Fitz-Gerald), were tried for murder by the British while serving England as volunteers against the Boers in South Africa. Photographed with Spartan simplicity and played in the same chin-up style, *Breaker Morant* is timeless, brilliant, hard as army brass on the outside, deeply human at the core. **YYY**

Another history lesson combines with an even heavier dose of outright violence in *The Chant of Jimmie Blacksmith* (New Yorker Films). Australian writer-director Fred Schepisi's turn-of-the-century shocker charts the bloody rise and fall of a half-caste aboriginal outlaw (played by Tommy Lewis) whose first dire deed is the savage murder of four white women on a ranch where he's been mistreated. "I've declared war, that's what I've done," announces Jimmie, who is married to a white woman (Angela Punch) and was educated by a white minister (versatile Jack Thompson again). Schepisi manages to make Blacksmith's anguish defensible, even when we have seen him deliberately shoot a young mother and her baby to vent his rage against another haughty white bastard. **YY**

—REVIEWS BY BRUCE WILLIAMSON

MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films
by bruce williamson

Bad Timing a Sexual Obsession Art Garfunkel crazed by lust for Theresa Russell. **YY**

Bette Midler Is Divine Madness (Reviewed this month) *The Rose* for real, in concert—incredible. **YYY**

Breaker Morant (Reviewed this month) High drama from down under. **YYY**

Bye Bye Brazil (Reviewed this month) There's no business like show business. South American style. **YYY**

The Chant of Jimmie Blacksmith (Reviewed this month) A grim but gripping slice of Australian history. **YY**

Close Encounters of the Third Kind—The Special Edition Revised, refined and dynamic. **YYY**

Dressed to Kill Michael Caine, Angie Dickinson and Nancy Allen in Brian De Palma's predictable but exciting homage to Hitchcock's *Psycho*. **YY**

The Elephant Man A freak's tragic true story, produced by Mel Brooks in all seriousness but told better on Broadway. **Y**

Fame High school for future hams in the performing arts. Applause. **YYY**

Gloria (Reviewed this month) Girl (Gena Rowlands) against Mob. **YY**

The Great Santini A vibrant sleeper, starring Robert Duvall as a fighting Marine pilot in peacetime. **YYY**

Hopscotch The CIA scotched, all in fun, by Walter Matthau and Glenda Jackson. Frivolous but frisky. **YYY**

Loving Couples (Reviewed this month) Mixed doubles playing doctor. **YYY**

The Man with Bogart's Face A Bogart look-alike (Robert Sacchi) spoofs the Bogey mystique. Not bad. **YY**

Middle Age Crazy Pushing 40 in and around Houston, with Ann-Margret and Bruce Dern in top form. **YYY**

Oh! Heavenly Dog Take a pooper scooper. **Y**

Practice Makes Perfect French and zesty, with beautiful *femmes* galore vis-à-vis Jean Rochefort. **YY**

Resurrection As a faith healer of no particular faith, Ellen Burstyn gives off some fine dramatic sparks; so does actor-playwright Sam Shepard. **YYY**

The Return of the Secaucus Seven A cast of unknowns in an exceptional first film by director John Sayles. **YYY**

Smokey and the Bandit II Pretty bad, but money in the bank for Burt & Co. **Y**

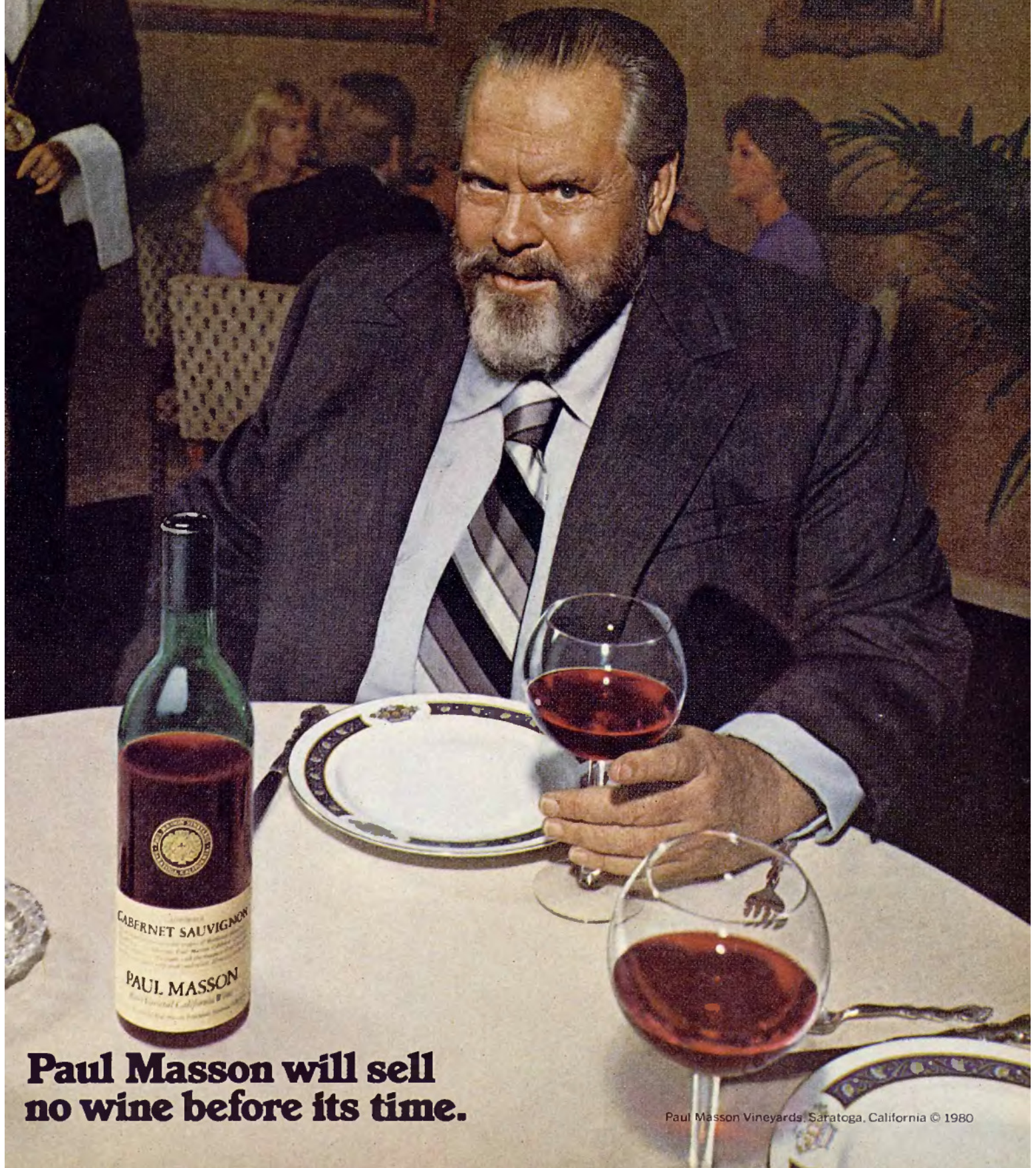
The Stunt Man A mad, mad world of moviemaking, with Peter O'Toole as the obsessed director. Grand. **YYY**

Union City Punk junk for Deborah Harry. **Y**

Xanadu Four hit singles but no show, starring Olivia Newton-John. **Y**

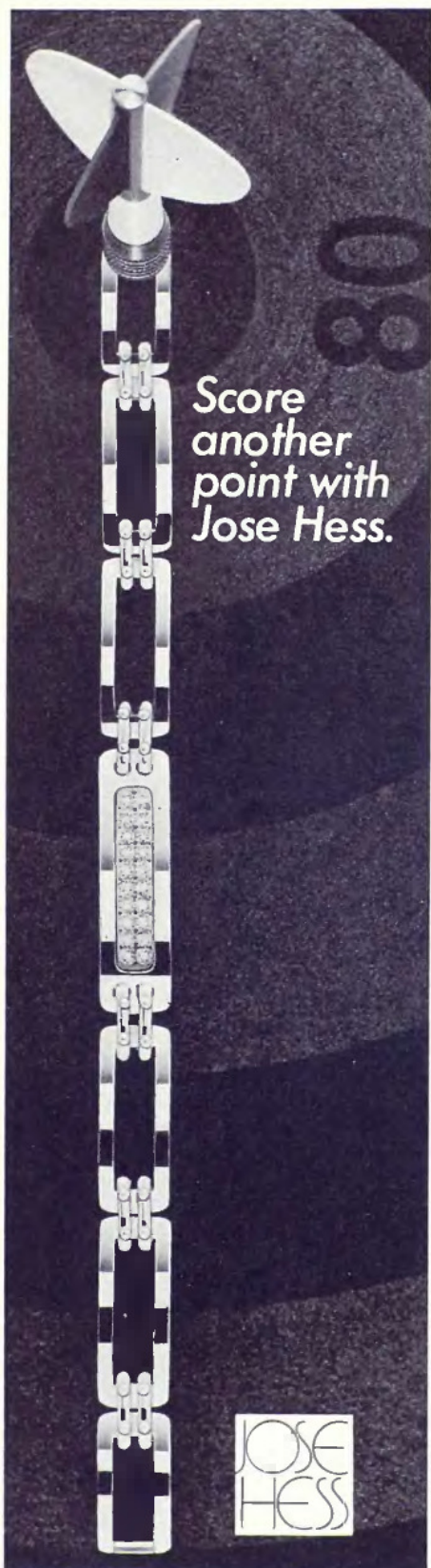
YYY Don't miss **YY** Worth a look
YYY Good show **Y** Forget it

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TELEVISION

Completing the second cycle of *The Shakespeare Plays*—all 37 of them slated for presentation in due time by BBC-TV and Time-Life—*Hamlet, Prince of Denmark* stars England's Derek Jacobi in his definitive interpretation (earlier Jacobi triumphs include *I, Claudius* and *Richard II* on TV). Nearly four hours long, as uncut as any *Hamlet* we're likely to see in our time, the production airing over most PBS outlets November tenth has passion, clarity and piercing intelligence. Students of Shakespeare, or viewers who have previously resisted the Bard's verbal flourishes, may discover here why *Hamlet* has survived for four centuries.

Although the play's the thing, Jacobi's performance—hailed in London's West End, its success repeated on a lengthy, unprecedented tour of Red China—is a wonder to behold. His emotions are transparent when the camera's on him, and photographed thought makes this a *Hamlet* whose inner turmoil can be understood from first to last. Psychologically, he's a hot rather than a cool *Hamlet*, a modern, moody young nobleman who might well have had several years of analysis before returning home to contemplate the queen mum's incestuous sheets. In fact, Jacobi's monologs are occasionally so direct and personal that it would be easy to imagine him as a wayward young crown prince confiding his troubles to Walter Cronkite or Mike Wallace in an exclusive prime-time interview. On bleak sound stages where minimal scenery gives way to maximal talent, Jacobi gets his strongest support from Claire Bloom as a subtly sensuous Queen Gertrude, Eric Porter as a magnificently crotchety Polonius. All the rest are far



Hamlet's Jacobi and Bloom.

Jacobi is superlative as *Hamlet*; Mark Twain comes to life on the *Mississippi*.



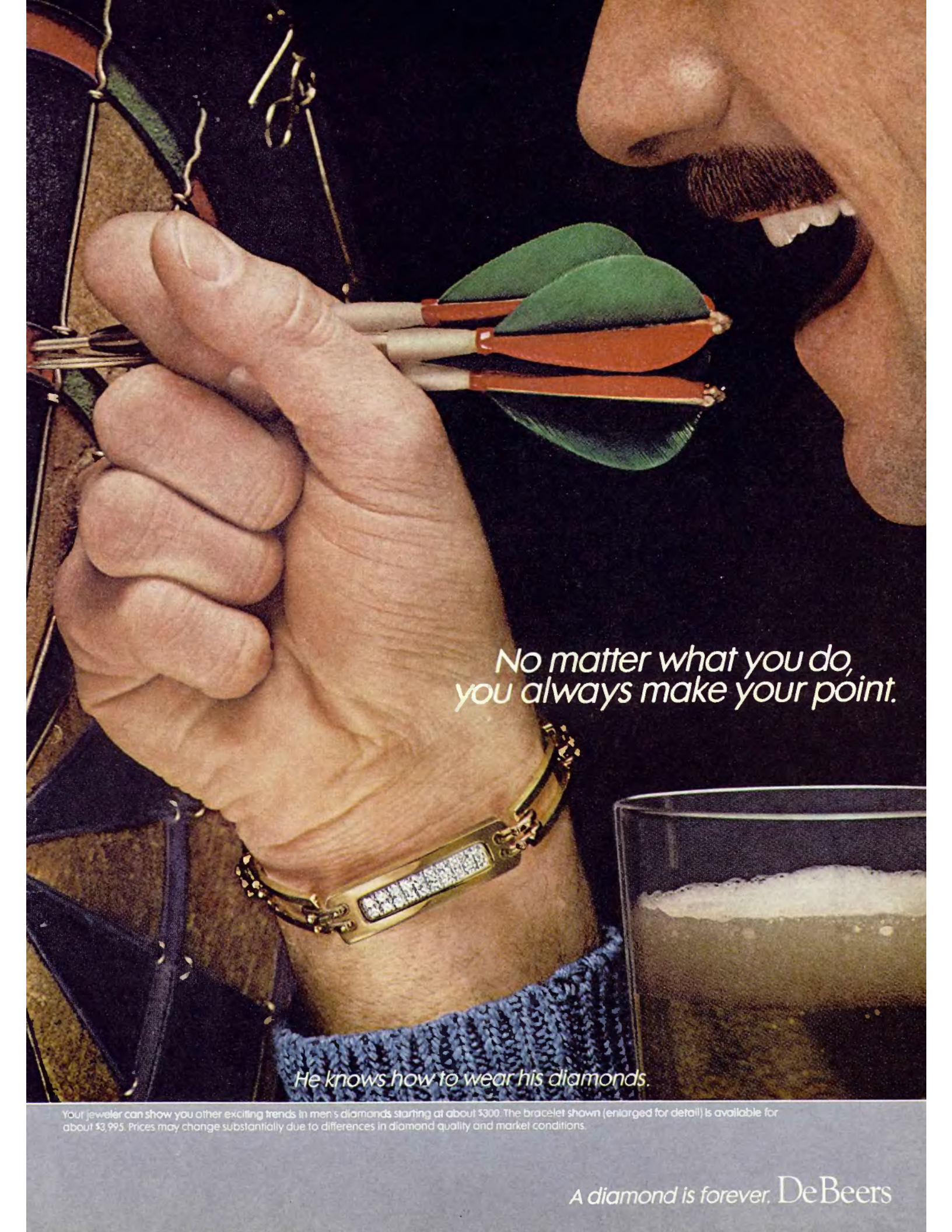
Winding along *Mississippi*.

better than adequate in a handsome, headstrong *Hamlet* that should move you to tears you can shed without embarrassment—and still relish more juicy scandals and soap-operatic subplots than are packed into any ten episodes of *Search for Tomorrow*.

The colloquial warmth and simplicity of Mark Twain are perfectly preserved in *Life on the Mississippi*, the initial two-hour offering in a Twain series to begin on PBS November 24 with novelist Kurt Vonnegut, Jr., a closet Twain scholar, as host. The main thing to say about *Life on the Mississippi* is that this TV adaptation is leisurely, low-key and splendid, with excellent cinematography by Walter Lasally (who did so much for *Tom Jones*). The making of a river-boat pilot back in the 1880s is the meat of it, with David Knell as

Sam, the eager apprentice, Robert Lansing as gruff old pilot Horace Bixby, who teaches him the river. "Do you drink? Do you gamble?" demands the grizzled veteran. To which the lad gamely responds, "No, sir . . . I could learn."

Mississippi's rich haul of river lore includes the information that having a gray mare aboard was considered a hoodoo, while a preacher was a jinx or a Jonah likely to wind up swimming ashore. Does anyone not yet know that Samuel Langhorne Clemens took his pen name, Mark Twain, from the term shouted by river crewmen measuring two-fathom depths? Knell, Lansing and brethren go with the flow, performing their stunts flawlessly, though this made-in-America epic is mainly ensemble work. It is a Twain tribute in the lump-in-the-throat American tradition, like visits to the Statue of Liberty and the Lincoln Memorial. —B.W.

A close-up photograph of a man's face, focusing on his nose, mustache, and open mouth. He is holding a dart with green flights and a red shaft, poised to throw it. He is wearing a gold-colored bracelet with a central rectangular panel set with diamonds. A glass of beer with a thick head of foam is visible in the lower right corner. The background is dark and textured.

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BOOKS

Side Effects (Random House) is a collection of short humor pieces by Woody Allen, famous film maker and wisecracker. The pieces originally appeared in *The New Yorker*, *The New Republic* and *The Kenyon Review*—and they show it. There are the typical time-space-reality jokes: "Man was a creature doomed to exist in 'time,' even though that was not where the action was." Or, "Cloquet hated reality but realized it was still the only place to get a good steak." Or, "According to modern astronomers, space is finite. This is a very comforting thought—particularly for people who can never remember where they have left things." That kind of *haute routine* may knock 'em dead at the New School, but we feel that something is missing. At least in Allen's movies, you usually get to look at Diane Keaton.

Landon Y. Jones has a real winner in *Great Expectations* (Coward, McCann & Geoghegan). Subtitled "America and the Baby Boom Generation," it may be a history book, but the people in it are very much alive. In fact, if you were born between 1945 and 1964, you're one of the principals. You're part of the largest, most powerful segment of our population, what demographers have called the "pig in the python," moving through the years en masse. This is the history of your life from Dr. Spock to Davy Crockett, from Sputnik to the Beatles, from *Ding Dong School* to the incredible Sixties. Trivia freaks, nostalgia junkies, chauvinist baby-boomers, this is your finest hour. Finally, somebody has recognized who's *really* running the show.

A few months before Pat Conroy's *The Lords of Discipline* (Houghton Mifflin) was published, Admiral James Stockdale threatened to resign as president of The Citadel—the Charleston, South Carolina, military college—unless the plebe system was drastically altered. Last August, he did resign. A former POW, Admiral Stockdale compared the techniques used to haze freshmen at The Citadel to those used on him by his jailers in North Vietnam.

This sounds extreme only until one reads Conroy's book. A Citadel graduate, Conroy writes about a fictional Carolina Military Institute in Charleston where freshmen are "racked" by upperclassmen using techniques ranging from extra push-ups to electrodes on the penis, and worse. Conroy's institute suggests Attica more than Amherst. Yet he is honest enough to portray the seductiveness of such a communal test of will: "the bizarre and glorious alchemy that made



Side Effects: Stick to the movies.

Disappointing fare from Woody Allen, but winners from Jones and Conroy.

us love the institute more than anything we had ever loved before."

As in his fine previous novel, *The Great Santini*, Conroy combines superb (if sometimes wordy) prose with relentless honesty. The first half of *The Lords of Discipline* is sustained by writing and insight; the second half, by suspense and excitement. The whole makes for gripping, grueling reading.

Philip Caputo's *A Rumor of War*, the memoir of his years in Vietnam—first as a Marine lieutenant and then as a reporter—was some of the best nonfiction to come out of that sorry conflict. Now, in *Horn of Africa* (Holt, Rinehart and Winston), Caputo has attempted a fictional treatment of another war, the Eritrean rebellion in Ethiopia. Unfortunately, in spite of some first-rate descriptive passages and a mastery of detail, Caputo seems to fulfill the adage that most journalists do not make graceful leaps into fiction. *Horn of Africa* is a very sincere but self-conscious novel, with an author's note at the beginning to explain the purposes of the narrative and the intruding presence of the author on every page. The novel is in desperate need of cutting and editing and its characters are totally predictable. All of this is too bad, because Caputo is a writer of

talent and energy. Maybe one day he will give us the journal he kept while in Ethiopia.

Too lazy to scrounge through magazines for Harlan Ellison short stories? Then try his new collection *Shatterday* (Houghton Mifflin) for 16 of the best in science fiction and horror.

Edward Abbey's new novel, *Good News* (Dutton), takes place in the future. The economies of the industrial nations have collapsed. In America, local dictators pick at the scabs of a fractured society. One of them, the Chief, has the city of Phoenix terrorized and in a sort of makeshift fascistic order. There are, of course, pockets of resistance. In one, we find Sam Banyaca, an Indian who holds a Harvard Ph.D. and who has retained magic powers, and Jack Burns, an old-timer who is looking for his son, who may or may not have joined the Chief. *Good News* is mostly about how Sam and Jack meet up with other rebels and how they try to best the Chief. The story is skillfully told, but the best part of the book is Abbey's description of the Sonora Desert. *Good News* may make a nifty movie, but the manner in which Abbey appreciates the natural world makes us take another, more refined look around—wherever we live.

Ken Follett seems to be going after Robert Ludlum, Frederick Forsyth and Alistair MacLean with a vengeance. Detroit should be so competitive. The author of the best-selling spy novels *Eye of the Needle* and *Triple* has done it again with *The Key to Rebecca* (Morrow), the fictionalized account of Rommel's spy in Cairo. The usual ingredients are here: an unbreakable code, a voluptuous belly dancer, a dedicated British officer who hires a beautiful lady of the night to help him trap the spy and falls in love with her. The book also introduces the young Anwar Sadat as an Egyptian officer who tries to make a deal with Rommel. Maybe that's why *People* bought the serial rights. A book like this one reduces World War Two to the level of a gossip magazine; but who cares? It passes the time on train rides.

We all owe Jimmy Carter at least one debt of gratitude for giving us Roy Blount Jr.'s new book, *Crackers* (Knopf), which is only incidentally about Jimmy and all his relatives. Mostly, it is about being Southern, being country, being sort of mad. Blount brings new genius to Southern writing.

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★ COMING ATTRACTIONS ★

DOL GOSSIP: Raquel Welch has been signed to co-star with Nick Nolte in MGM's *Cannery Row*, based on the John Steinbeck novel. . . . Authors as Actors Department: Norman Mailer will play the role of Stanford White in Dino De Laurentiis' production of E. L. Doctorow's *Ragtime*, directed by Milos Forman. We also hear Forman is thinking of casting Grace Slick as labor activist Emma Goldman. . . . Jerzy Kosinski



Kosinski



Mailer

has a role in Warren Beatty's magnum opus, *Reds*. Kosinski and Beatty are longtime friends. . . . *The Empire Strikes Back*'s Irvin Kershner will direct Zanuck-Brown's production of *The Ninja*, based on the Eric Van Lustbader best seller. . . . Playwright David Mamet will write the screenplay for another Zanuck-Brown production, *The Verdict*. Mamet made his scripting debut with the remake of *The Postman Always Rings Twice*, starring Jack Nicholson and Jessica Lange. . . . George Hamilton will have two roles in Mel Simon's send-up *Zorro*—*The Gay Blade*. Hamilton will play twins, one of them a homosexual.

MALE MENOPAUSE: Universal's answer to "10" and *Middle Age Crazy* is *All Night Long*, billed as the "story of an ordinary man who loses his job and wife and lives happily ever after." Gene Hackman (coming out of a two-year self-imposed hiatus from acting) plays a middle-management executive who punches out his boss and is summarily demoted to managing an all-night drugstore. Deciding to change



Hackman

Streisand

his lifestyle completely, he leaves his wife and takes up with a girl who has been having an affair with his son. The other complication is that the girl (Barbra Streisand) happens to be his wife's sister's late husband's brother's wife as well. So

they're related. Somehow. Anyway, the movie, which purports to be a seriocomic statement about mid-life crises, is interesting in that Streisand's role is only a supporting one—in all, she's in maybe one third of the scenes. Reportedly, it's so different from anything she's ever done that she agreed to do it purely for the challenge.

THERE'S NO BUSINESS . . . However long the actors' strike lasts, and at this writing that's not certain, it seems to me that a few movie projects will have to be either postponed indefinitely or shelved. One film that encountered a few temporary problems is *Escape to Victory*, starring Sylvester Stallone, Michael Caine and soccer great Pelé. Set during World War Two, it focuses on a bunch of ragtag Allied prisoners forced to play the German all-star soccer team in a life-and-death match staged by the Nazi propaganda machine. The problem arose from the fact that *Escape* was being filmed in Hungary until the strike stopped all production with only five days of action-sequence shooting left. Since the deal was for 12



Caine



Stallone

weeks of consecutive shooting, it appeared for a while that the Hungarian government might not let the project resume there after the strike had ceased. But at the end of August, the producer signed an interim agreement with the striking union and the Hungarians permitted the film to be finished. Yet another film cut short by the strike was the Burt Reynolds/Beverly D'Angelo/Lauren Hutton starrer *Paternity*. Directed by comic David Steinberg (in his debut at the helm), the flick had been shooting for a few days in New York when the strike caused all production to close down. The plot, incidentally, concerns a bachelor (Reynolds) who decides that he wants a child but not a wife, and proceeds to place a classified ad for prospective surrogate mothers. Hutton, an interior decorator, shows up for another reason entirely and, mistaking her for an applicant, Reynolds starts chasing her all over town. Since *Paternity* is a Paramount picture, and since Reynolds is already committed to Universal for *The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas*, opposite

Dolly Parton, a bit of schedule juggling may be necessary.

. . . LIKE SHOW BUSINESS: Another temporary casualty of the strike was the film *Heartbeeps*, starring Andy Kaufman and



Kaufman



Peters

Bernadette Peters. Described as "a romantic robot odyssey set in the year 1995," the project was about halfway through shooting when the actors walked. Kaufman plays a personal valet robot and Peters is a hostess/companion robot (I'm told that all the other members of the cast are actual mechanical robots). While awaiting repairs, Kaufman and Peters wander off and explore the world, such as it is in 1995. (Sort of a futuristic *Wizard of Oz*, they say.)

FINALLY, RESPECT: Rodney Dangerfield has finally made it really, really big, due largely to his performance in *Caddyshack* (for my money, he was the only reason to see that movie). Apparently, he's having the time of his life. At a concert in Atlanta, hysterical fans demanded he take off his famous red tie, then began to shout, "Take it all off!" and Rodney accommodated them by taking off his pants. In the near future, Rodney will be hosting *Saturday Night Live* again and may do a TV special or two. And



Dangerfield

he'll probably be writing his own movie next time. Although he's been approached by the networks several times for series, Rodney isn't biting. "I don't want a TV show," he says. "I'm not interested in how much money I can die with."

—JOHN BLUMENTHAL



4:23 P.M.

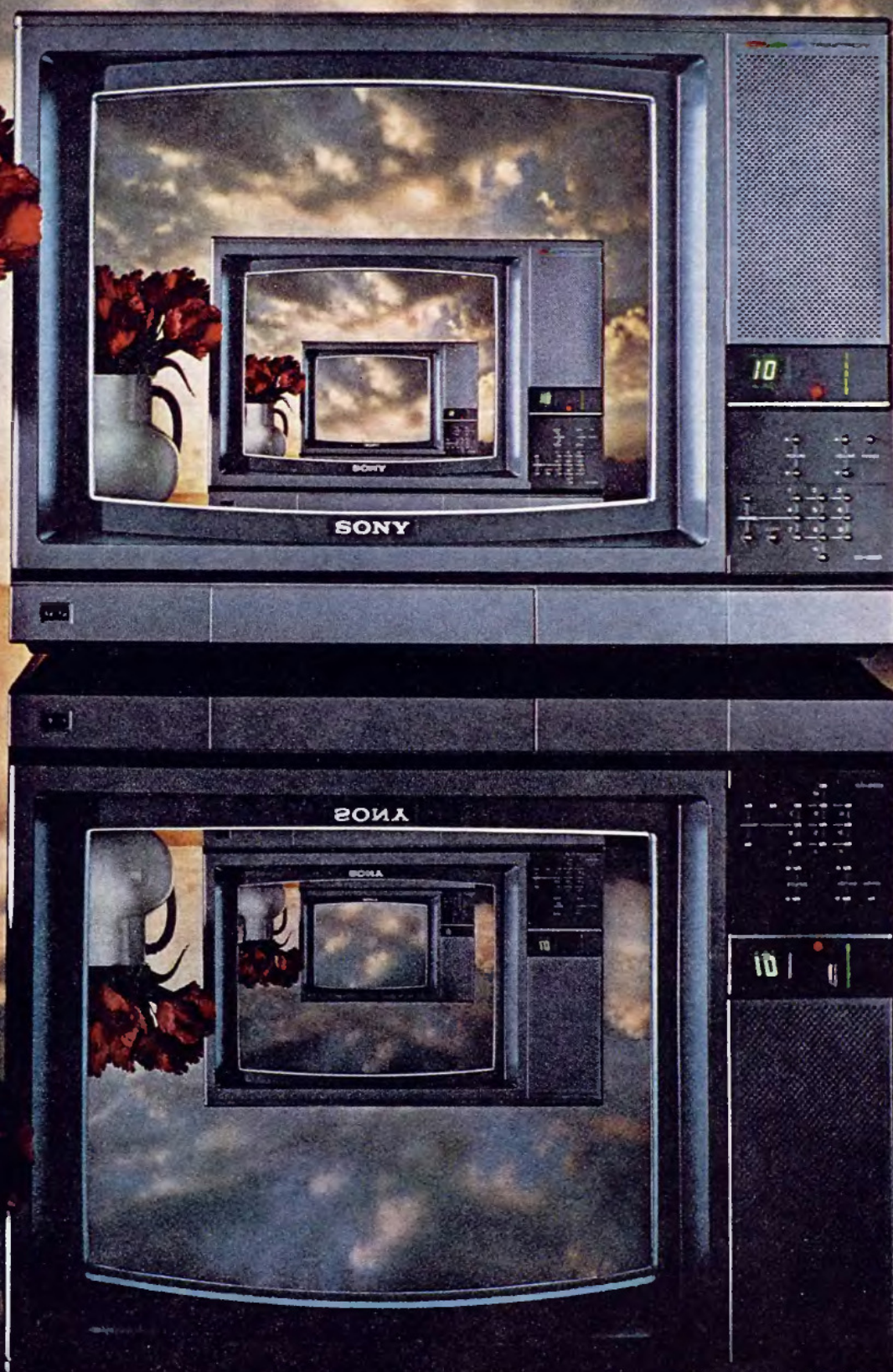
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PLAYBOY'S TRAVEL GUIDE

By STEPHEN BIRNBAUM

YOU'VE OFTEN READ editorials inveighing against the commercialization of the Christmas season, but they rarely have any discernible effect. But there are folks who have kept a genuine holiday spirit and places where the celebration of the holidays is both exuberant and exhilarating. The surroundings can make you feel you've walked through a time warp into a far simpler, less frantic age. It's often very corny, but more often it's absolutely wonderful.

Here is a sampling of some sites where the holidays still have special appeal. Be aware that these places are hardly unknown and that reservations are normally made at least a year ahead. It's often possible, however, to luck into a last-minute cancellation, so don't be afraid to try to find a room at the inn even this year. You might just end up believing in Santa Claus.

Timberline Lodge (Government Camp, Oregon): This magnificent relic of Thirties WPA days, perched on a slope of mighty Mt. Hood, was the setting for the film version of *The Shining*, but never fear—it's not haunted. Year-end festivities last for two weeks, starting seven days before Christmas; included are a Santa Claus who arrives in a sleigh pulled by real reindeer and lots of other romantic stuff such as the Christmas Eve candle ceremony. A single lighted taper is carried through the pitch-black lobby, after which each guest lights his neighbor's candle. When all are burning, the collective blaze is dazzling and a lump in the throat is not at all unusual.

Ahwahnee Hotel (Yosemite National Park, California): Much of the basic appeal here is the chance you will get snowed in, and it sometimes seems that guests are hoping they'll be marooned in a setting as spectacular as Yosemite. The main Christmas function is the Bracebridge Dinner, which has existed in some form since the hotel opened in 1927. It's a rendering out of Washington Irving's *Sketch Book*, where the characters still share their traditional yuletide feast with villagers and friends. Ahwahnee public rooms are mammoth, the better to hold the enormous Christmas tree that usually scrapes the 24-foot ceiling. You'll find yourself warmed as much by the spirit of the guests as by the glowing yule log.

Highlands Inn (Carmel, California): The Scots have made quite a lot out of New Year's for centuries, and one of the most authentic Scottish celebrations in this country is the Scottish Merry Month celebrated here from the second Friday in December through New Year's Day.



CHRISTMAS-CARD CHRISTMASES

Nine tradition-filled
spots to spend
a cozy holiday season.

There's an open-house tree trimming, complete with eggnog and bagpipers, for which the only admission fee is the contribution of one ornament. The bagpipers vie with harp music and there's lots of dancing, a never-empty wassail bowl and much observance of traditional hogmanay rites.

The Greenbrier (White Sulphur Springs, West Virginia): For most of the year, this is among the most formal hostelrys in America, but Christmas and New Year's seem to take most of the starch out of any resident stuffed shirt. In past years, a huge Elizabethan dinner—including suckling pig, pheasant and boar's head—has been the main gastronomic event, and even the plum pudding is deliciously authentic. Every space in the hotel seems to be festooned with holly, poinsettia and velvet bows, and it's hard to find a spot where there isn't a sprig of mistletoe hung overhead.

Colonial Williamsburg (Williamsburg, Virginia): Holiday celebration has come a long way in this Colonial restoration, and the present citizenry seems to consider Christmas its special province. There is something splendid about walking through this mile-long living museum as cannons boom and candles burst into light in every window. Balladeers abound and carolers nearly trip over one another as they move from house to village square, amid wreaths and garlands of pine, pomegranate, boxwood and holly. The season opens on the 14th of December with a Grand Illumination complete with muskets, madrigals and much merrymaking. Each of the town's

inns has its own special Christmas punch, and there are worse ways to spend the season than to make an independent personal appraisal.

The Boar's Head Inn (Charlottesville, Virginia): While the Scots encamp in Carmel, the English take over this corner of central Virginia. The so-called Merrie Olde England Christmas Festival begins on Christmas Eve, with the arrival of the Lord of Misrule. Elizabethan music, madrigals, carols and an enormous yule log are constants during the next several days, with a champagne brunch on Christmas Day. The day after Christmas includes a Feast Before Forks, a seven-course dinner of goodies popular in the 16th Century, all eaten with the fingers. A popular potable is "spyc'd wyn."

Jared Coffin House (Nantucket Island, Massachusetts): The Christmas season is observed in celebratory excess, beginning on December 21 and ending on Epiphany Sunday. Each night's dinner consists of the cuisine (and Christmas specialties) of a different country, with American traditional—turkey, pheasant, etc.—providing the menu for Christmas Day. Yule logs burn, wassail flows and carols echo through the inn halls as the crashing surf provides a lovely accompaniment.

Trapp Family Lodge (Stowe, Vermont): The centerpiece here is Maria von Trapp telling the story of Christmas in Austria. The holiday is announced by the ringing of a large bell and the tree is decorated with lighted candles (apparently, they don't let the local fire chief attend). The sound of music is exactly what you'd expect, and there are gifts for guests as they mingle with staff around the large tree. The feeling of the gathering of a huge family is inescapable, and daytime activities include some of the finest cross-country skiing in the land.

The Homestead (Sugar Hill, New Hampshire): This charming inn has been operated by the same family for 100 years, so its feeling of warmth and coziness stems from a century of tradition and hospitality. There are not one but two Christmas trees. One, in the dining room, is all white; the other, in the living room, is a balsam decorated with dolls from all over the world. Christmas dinner is just about as traditional as you can get, featuring roast turkey and dressing, homemade pastries and boiled cider applesauce. After a hearty meal like that, you'll probably just want to sit and look out over the 200 acres of rolling New England countryside that surround The Homestead, but you can enjoy skating, cross-country skiing or any number of other winter sports.



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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

My girlfriend would like to switch her method of birth control. We both hate the diaphragm and realize that our reluctance to use it has brought us very close to parenthood too many times. The pill is out and the I.U.D. seems to have more than its share of complications (though my girlfriend's doctor told her that many of the problems with the I.U.D. stemmed from multiple partners, not from the device itself). Several of our feminist friends have recommended something called a cervical cap. What is it?—J. L., New York, New York.

It's a little red thing with a tassel that Shriners wear. Just kidding. The cervical cap is a medical rediscovery, of sorts. Essentially, it is a thimble-shaped cap that fits over the cervix. It is held in place by suction and acts as a barrier to sperm. The method has been in use for centuries: According to one report, Casanova presented a prospective lover with half a squeezed lemon to use as a cervical cap. Other caps were made from molded opium, aluminum, gold, platinum, silver, ivory—but the one you're most likely to find will be made of rubber or plastic. The method fell out of use during the Thirties, for no apparent reason. Now, thanks to the feminist grapevine, and Barbara and Gideon Seamen's "Women and the Crisis in Sex Hormones," various clinics are distributing caps to women who request them. The FDA has not approved the cap as a form of birth control, because the required research has not been done. Unofficial estimates, however, suggest that the cap is as effective as the diaphragm (without repeated applications of spermicidal jelly). It seems less likely to become dislodged during an especially active session. It can be left in place without discomfort. In short, it seems to have a lot going for it. Already, doctors are working on a better cap—one that allows uterine secretions to exit through a one-way valve. Neat. You may want to join the vanguard; or wait for the research to be completed. We'll keep you posted.

Several newspaper articles in the past few months have advanced the theory that celibacy is going to be the sex of the Eighties. My lover has devoured those articles and now is trying to convert me—citing the true-life confessions of people who claim that abstinence gives you more energy and allows you to focus your attention on the really important things in life (career) and that relationships free of sex flourish. She thinks we should try it. I think she's crazy—but I



would like to convince her logically. Is there any scientific evidence to support those claims?—K. S., Detroit, Michigan.

Fortunately, there is no evidence whatsoever to suggest that celibacy is good for anything (though there was that one article "New Hope for the Dead"). The people who think that abstinence gives them new energy are probably powered by AA batteries. They must have one-track minds, if they are unable to concentrate on more than one thing a week (such as career). And as for improving relationships: The notion that if you can't have my body, you'll learn to like my mind is absurd. The last time we looked, the two (mind and body) were inseparable. If your girlfriend wants to practice celibacy, say that you aren't jealous—that she can practice it with any man she wants.

Please settle an argument. Are boxing gloves primarily for the protection of the fighter's hands or to prevent injury to the other boxer?—R. T., Las Vegas, Nevada.

In theory, they're supposed to do both. But, in fact, they do neither. A boxer really uses three kinds of gloves: training gloves, sparring gloves and official boxing gloves. The first two are fairly light, weighing about four ounces each. Official boxing gloves can be anywhere from six to 14 ounces, depending on the weight classification and the local boxing commission's regulations. While they used to be filled with horsehair, they are now filled with foam rubber. A fighter's hands are also wrapped with up to 12 feet of gauze wrap, plus tape to keep it in place.

The entire hand is not taped, as some think. The area around the knuckles usually has only the gauze wrap, since tape, when it gets wet, can be as hard as brass knuckles. Fighters have also been known to soak their hands in a brine solution to toughen the skin. None of this means very much in the actual battle. A fighter's punching power comes more from the weight behind the punch than from the hardness of the fist. The glove does spread the impact over a wider area, however. Without it, there would be a lot more broken bones. If the gloves do anything, they simply slow down the destruction. Protection in the ring—in the pro ranks, at least—is minimal at best.

My question concerns the female anal erotic, if, in fact, there is such a thing. I'd heard vaguely about this but was never sure, since I had had no personal experience. Now, however, I'm beginning to doubt my former doubts. A few weeks ago, I took to bed a perfectly delicious little black-haired beauty who was, unfortunately, very unhappy with her husband and with sex in general. She claimed she had never in her life had a real orgasm. And, to my dismay, she seemingly didn't have one with me, either. She was well worth another try, though. And that time, a strange thing happened. It was almost, if not quite, accidental on my part. As I slid into her, with a hand behind her bottom to hold her close, my fingers pressed into the crevice of her buttocks and found her anus. A sudden impulse seized me and I thrust my forefinger through and up into the channel beyond. She arched her back, gave a long, shuddering gasp and went into an explosive climax that was unmistakably the real thing.

Was this only happenstance, or are there really some women who respond instantly and uncontrollably to anal stimulation?—E. M., Arlington, Virginia.

The term female anal erotic is rather quaint but is needlessly sexist, as this technique is equally effective for males. In Dr. Alex Comfort's book "The Joy of Sex," it is called postillionage and is popular in French erotic novels. In Comfort's book, it is defined as "putting a finger in or on your partner's anus just before orgasm." Comfort goes on to say that "most prefer firm finger pressure just in front of the anus; in men this can produce an erection used alone. . . . Firm pressure with a heel behind the scrotum or between anus and vulva works as well in some postures." Although this technique won't work on all of the people all of the time, it will work on

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some of the people most of the time. One cautionary note: If you have inserted your finger into the anus, do not put it into the vagina afterward, as this can cause bacterial infections.

I'm thinking of taking up skiing again—devoting all my vacation time to getting it right. I've budgeted some money for new equipment and wonder if you can make any recommendations about what kind of skis to buy. There seem to be so many variables involved. How can I make an educated buy?—T. P., Albuquerque, New Mexico.

The ski magazines can give you very detailed descriptions of construction, flex and side cut—the blueprint of a ski—but only you can discover what a given ski feels like. And that can be magic. We suggest putting off your purchase until after your first week or so on the slopes. Take the time to sample skis. Most shops have top-of-the-line models that they rent for \$15 a day or less. Remember: The earlier in the season, the better the condition of the ski. You can see for yourself whether you like a giant slalom ski (designed to make large-radius, high-speed turns), a slalom ski (designed to make short-radius, slow-speed turns), a downhill ski (for those of you more interested in speed than in curves) or one of the specialty skis for bumps or powder. A few additional hints: Take a look at what ski is favored by the ski patrol, ski instructors and the skiers you admire—on the mountain where you will do most of your skiing. A mountain area such as Alta is almost solid silver, with Rossignol SMs the weapon of choice. Vail favored Atomic Arcs last year. Telluride and Squaw Valley seemed to have cliques devoted to Dynamic VR 17s. If your karma is suffering and you have to practice downhill ice skating back East, take a look at something like Dynastar Omeglass IIs. The skis mentioned above are high-performance skis, and we admit to a bias. If you can't do it like the best, why bother?

After a night of partying, I was about to drive home when my host suggested I have a cup of coffee to counter the effects of our evening's libations. I told him I didn't think it would help, I'd just be a wide-awake drunk. What I'd like to know is, does coffee really help you sober up?—M. T., Cleveland, Ohio.

A recent study conducted for the Insurance Institute for Highway Safety showed that a shot of caffeine can improve driving performance to some extent after moderate drinking. Moderate drinking is defined as from two to three and a half ounces of 86-proof alcohol. A shot of caffeine is defined as the amount in two to four cups of coffee. In other words, if you can keep yourself to three

ounces of booze and choke down four cups of coffee, you will experience a slight decrease in the loss of sense and motor control that alcohol induces. But don't bet your life on it. The only sure cure for the wobbles is time, about one hour per ounce of alcohol consumed. So maybe it isn't the coffee that helps but the time it takes to drink it.

In PLAYBOY's August issue, *New Age* Primer interview subject Durk Pearson suggests increasing dosages of vitamin A as part of a life-extension regimen. I was under the impression that large dosages of vitamin A can be toxic. What's the story?—M. P., Atlanta, Georgia.

Vitamin A has been called the night-vision vitamin, since its deficiency shows up as night blindness. The substance known as vitamin A on the shelf of your local pharmacy can be made up of any of three chemicals: retinol, retinal or retinoic acid. All of those generate vitamin-A activity. Large doses have been known to cause liver damage, which obviously can lead to complications. The recommended daily allowance (R.D.A.) is given as 5000 international units (I.U.), though that is considered low by some nutritionists. Therapeutic dosages of 25,000–50,000 I.U. are not unheard of. But there is a catch to playing with vitamins. First off, there are 13 known vitamins. Increasing one can increase or decrease your need for others. Increasing dosages can also result in what is known as a conditioned deficiency; that is, the symptoms of deficiency can show up if the user reverts to a normal dose. It's always a good idea to consult some authority before experimenting on yourself. Realize, though, that the frontiers of science are often shaky ground even for the experts.

There has been a lot of news lately about the Brazilian experiment in using straight alcohol fuel in automobile engines. Apparently, it has been successful. With our surplus of grain to make it with, alcohol in cars seems a good bet. Can my car be converted to this fuel?—H. P., Newport, Rhode Island.

Any car can be converted to use straight alcohol as fuel. But that's not the problem. An alcohol engine uses approximately 20 percent more fuel than a gasoline engine. So, currently, it's more expensive. But your biggest problems will be cold starts and storage. If you lived in Brazil, cold starts would not be much of a problem. In your home town, though, you'd need some sort of heater to get the fumes flowing. Alcohol also has a tendency to pick up moisture from condensation and from the air. Water mixes with alcohol, whereas gasoline would simply float on top of it. It's not a problem with most sealed auto

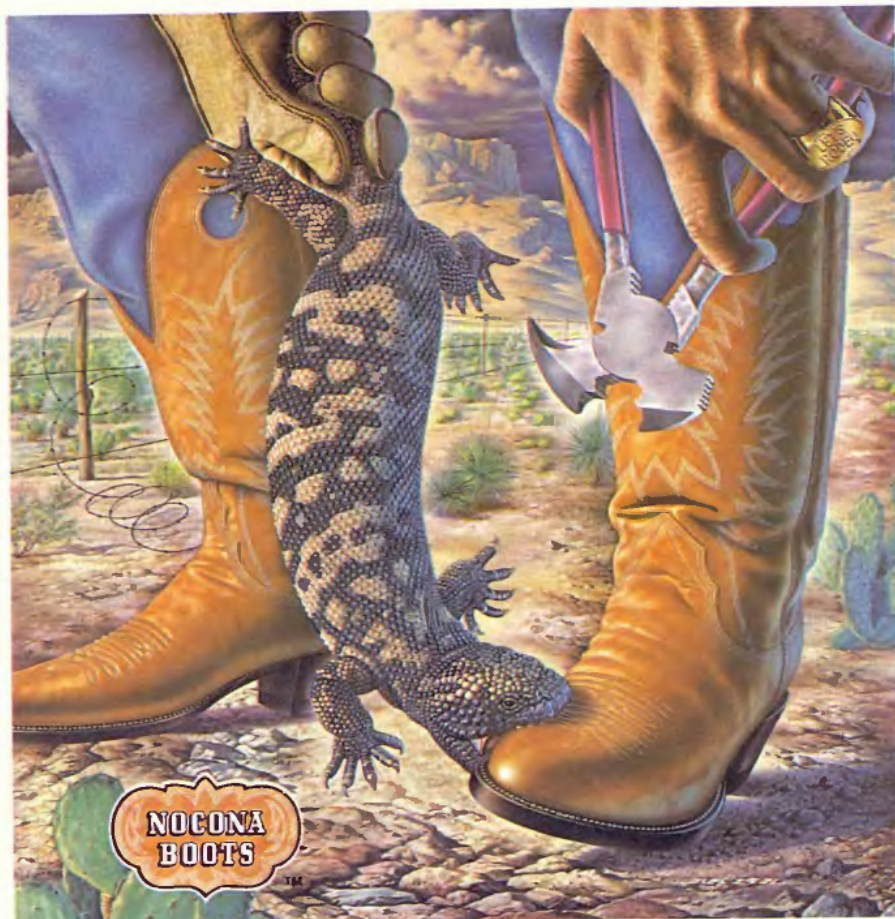


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tanks, but underground storage could drop the proof, which would cut your power. Alcohol-gasoline solutions (known as gasohol) are currently practical, but straight alcohol engines are a long way off.

Recently, I drove a car similar in make and model to my own. I found that the handling and controls were far different from my car. Is there really that much difference among cars as they come off the line?—L. D., Dallas, Texas.

Each car has its own little quirks, as you're probably aware, but there should not be a significant difference such as you describe. One variable is how the car is prepared by the dealer. One mechanic might adjust the brake pedal high, while another gives you some travel. But if specs are followed, the difference will be slight. More likely, the problem is in maintenance and driving habits. Once you've owned a car for a while, it becomes more and more difficult to judge whether or not something is wrong. The fact is, you just get used to its quirks and automatically compensate for them. It's a good idea to let someone else whose judgment you respect, preferably a mechanic, drive the car every three to six months. That's a good way to catch an accident before it happens.

One of my girlfriends claims that she is horniest just before ovulation. I can see that this might be true from nature's point of view—it would increase her chances of making love at a time when she is most fertile. But I have also heard that women are horniest just before or after menstruation. Is my girlfriend just being contrary?—E. S., Dallas, Texas.

We recall reading a report that asked 580 women if they experienced their greatest desire for sex at ovulation—and if such a surge were a source of frustration for those practicing the rhythm method. Seventy-three percent of the women said that they peaked during prime time (on or about the 13th day of the cycle); and 57 percent said that the poorly timed lust was a source of frustration. Other studies have shown that there are peaks of desire shortly before and after menstruation. Our advice: Take your partner's word for it—whatever it is—and act accordingly.

All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, stereo and sports cars to dating dilemmas, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Send all letters to The Playboy Advisor, Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611. The most provocative, pertinent queries will be presented on these pages each month.



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THE PLAYBOY FORUM

a continuing dialog on contemporary issues between playboy and its readers

KEEPING IT CLEAN

The letter from Nancy G. Thomson, M.D., in your September issue brought back memories of my own experience with Japanese censorship when I was in the Navy and stationed in Sasebo. It's an understatement to say that Japanese censorship verges on the ridiculous.

I had never seen *I Am Curious (Yellow)*, so when it came to town, I eagerly waited in line. Instead of cutting the explicit scenes, the Japanese censors blurred out strategic places in the film. In the scene where the girl toys with the man's penis, the Japanese saw her toying with a six-inch-long, two-inch-thick blur.

When *A Clockwork Orange* made the rounds, they showed just how adept they could be. In the attempted gang-rape scene, where the girl runs across the stage, I suppose the American audience saw literal views of the girl's pubic hair. But I wouldn't know; all I saw was a little black dot that faithfully stayed with her until she was safely offscreen. I expected the little dot to slip a little, but, damn, it didn't.

The censors had a problem with *The Ribald Tales of Robin Hood*, however, and couldn't seem to make up their minds. In the opening scene, Robin Hood's faithful Merry Men engage in a pretty energetic rape scene. I think the censors' problem came with the moment of penetration and thrust. They couldn't get the rhythm quite right and alternated penis and pussy with overworked blur. When that proved unsatisfactory, they gave up and just blurred out the whole lower half of the frame.

Tom Cummins
Portland, Oregon

RHYME TIME

In your July 1980 issue, there appear some rather humorous guesses as to what female masturbation should be called. In point of fact, the term coming to us from the Bard's day is "to fiddle [with] oneself." That is, indeed, the sense of that famous "Hey, diddle diddle" rhyme, in which it is explained that even a heavy-set wench can fiddle and achieve such pleasure as to "jump over the moon." An attractive woman may exaggerate, "running away" with the "spoon" (an archaic term for sexual dalliance or foreplay). Not only a "little dog" would laugh to see such sport!

Gina Haijulikani
Ouagadougou, Upper Volta

HARD TIMES

I read in the paper that more and more people are selling their blood and that this is considered further evidence that the country is in a period of hard times. Hell, I supported myself in college by selling my blood and other non-essentials back in the Fifties. I was what was then known as a beatnik (I forget exactly why) and decided the bohemian thing to do was to go to school in Mexico, watch bullfights, drink tequila and screw. Anyway, I got up enough bread

"The bohemian thing to do was to go to school in Mexico, watch bullfights, drink tequila and screw."

to enroll in Mexico City College (for gringos) and managed to live for about six months by selling blood, urine and feces to a laboratory doing research on dysentery. That brought in ten dollars a week, which was enough to buy food. The tequila and the rent were free in return for cleaning a cantina that had an upstairs room and catered to American students, who supplied the sex. Finally, I caught the trots myself,



couldn't sell any more by-products for the duration and nearly starved to death until my old man sent me money to get home. Those were the good old days.

Arnie Foster
Houston, Texas

Sustained on the proceeds from blood and bodily wastes—that's the closest thing yet to a perpetual-motion machine.

THE OTHER SIDE

Neal Welnak's paean to the perils of female parasitivism in the September *Playboy Forum* is typical of the attitude of alimony apologists.

The majority of women do not receive alimony because the majority of women do not deserve it. The author of the aforementioned balderdash might do well to explore the other side of the connubial coin: How many men who are paying alimony actually should be receiving it?

Mr. (or is it Mrs.? The tone of the letter seems to leave that question open.) Welnak simply does not know his habeas from a hole in the ground on the custody issue. Until the U. S. Supreme Court, in the 1979 *Orr vs. Orr* landmark decision, laid down the law, a custodial father—if he was lucky enough to become such—in many states could not collect child support. Nine months of fetal cartage gave momma a free ride.

Coupled with the enormous legal fees caused by the attitude of moss-backed judges that competent parents come in only one sex, is it so surprising that few fathers sought custody of children? Or that since the Supreme Court has begun to impose some semblance of fairness on domestic-relations laws, more fathers have begun to assert their rights?

Welnak is correct in one respect. Women should learn to rely on themselves. It is something men have done for eons.

Hugh Nations
Fairburn, Georgia

E.R.A. CONFUSION

In her recent letter to *The Playboy Forum* (September), Karin Smith asks what's so frightening about the Equal Rights Amendment, which states: "Equality of rights under the law shall not be denied or abridged by the United States or by any state on account of sex." Permit me to reveal my fears about that simple statement.

The E.R.A. is not designed only to give women equal rights. Saying that you

cannot discriminate on the basis of sex can also be interpreted to mean you can't discriminate against homosexuals. If the E.R.A. is passed, it would legitimize perversity and set up homosexuality as a viable alternate lifestyle protected by the Constitution. That is what is so frightening to me. Homosexuality would be completely out of the closet and paraded in front of our children as a normal activity, when it is, in fact, an abomination.

Let me close by saying that if the E.R.A. were strictly for women, I would be all for it. Women certainly deserve to be viewed equally in the eyes of the law and our Constitution.

(Name withheld by request)
Naples, Florida

Just how many E.R.A. advocates know what such an amendment would entail? It would mean a child molester or rapist could become a grade school or kindergarten teacher upon parole. You couldn't turn down his/her application because of having had sex with a child, because the law would prohibit discrimination "on account of sex." The same goes for kiddie-porn producers.

I don't want my children submitted to that. No, thank you. Don't get me wrong; I'm not against equal pay for equal work, and so forth. And I'm concerned about whether women are drafted or not. I'm 19 and willingly registered.

Craig Blankenship
Hermiston, Oregon

Amazing. From numerous letters we have received (the above are only samples), much opposition to the E.R.A. seems based on the issue of civil rights for homosexuals and the word sex in the proposed amendment, which many take to mean sexual acts rather than male and female genders.

NEW ACT

Millions of Americans first learned of marijuana's medical value in the treatment of glaucoma, multiple sclerosis and cancer chemotherapy side effects from reading *The Playboy Forum*. So it seems appropriate to write to the *Forum* now to tell your readers about the formation of ACT—the Alliance for Cannabis Therapeutics and, incidentally, to thank the Playboy Foundation for its generous grant.

Since 1976, when I became the first person to gain legal, medical access to marijuana, a near revolution in public attitudes has occurred.

According to recent opinion polls, 83 percent of the American public opposes the Federal prohibition against marijuana's use in medicine and favors reforms to make it available by prescription. In a mere two years, 24 states, encompassing three fourths of the national population, have ignored the Federal prohibition to legislatively

FORUM NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

WAYWARD WOMAN

SAN FRANCISCO—A woman convicted of operating a bordello has been sentenced to 90 days in a convent. A superior-court judge placed the 39-year-old madam in the "care, custody and control" of the Convent of the Good Shepherd, a Catholic order dedicated to helping wayward women. All



parties were agreeable to the sentence, and the defending attorney commented, "It's not unlike what Hamlet said to Ophelia: 'Get thee to a nunnery, go.'"

DECRIM

TORONTO—A Canadian study of U. S. pot smokers has found that the "decriminalization" of marijuana appears to have little effect on how many people use the drug. Professor Eric Single of Ontario's Addiction Research Foundation found that the rate of use in states that had adopted decrim laws remained about the same as in states that had retained harsh penalties. In *The Journal*, published by the A.R.F., Single was quoted as saying: "Until recently, the evidence was inconclusive. But now it appears the reduction of penalties to a fine has succeeded in cutting law-enforcement and court costs without adding to the rates of use. All this evidence indicates decriminalization measures have been successful measures of government reform."

UNDER THE LAW

NEW YORK CITY—A local court has declared that a girdle is not a burglar's tool even when a shoplifter uses one to conceal stolen merchandise. The

court ruled that the female defendant could be charged only with theft because a girdle is an article of clothing, which, "being worn under all, was, after all, a place to hide all." The judge added that the prosecutor's argument "plainly sags."

JERK ON

SAN FRANCISCO—California cities may not limit business hours of pornographic-movie establishments in order to combat masturbation, the state supreme court has ruled. The majority rejected the argument by Los Angeles authorities that closing "picture arcades" between two A.M. and nine A.M. was a constitutional use of police power to deter masturbators during those hours when law-enforcement problems are greatest. In its four-to-three opinion, the court held that "The government may deal directly with masturbation in public picture arcades by persons, who know or should know of the presence of others who may be offended by such conduct, by arresting and prosecuting them." Earlier, an officer described the arcades as "money-making machinery houses of masturbation."

SWEET REVENGE

VENTURA, CALIFORNIA—After a lengthy legal battle, a doctor and a lawyer have been awarded a total of \$18,000, plus \$12,000 in legal fees, in a sex-discrimination suit against a restaurant that refused to serve them unless they put on neckties. The two men charged that the restaurant harassed and embarrassed them by subjecting them but not their wives to a dress code.

MEDICAL NECESSITY

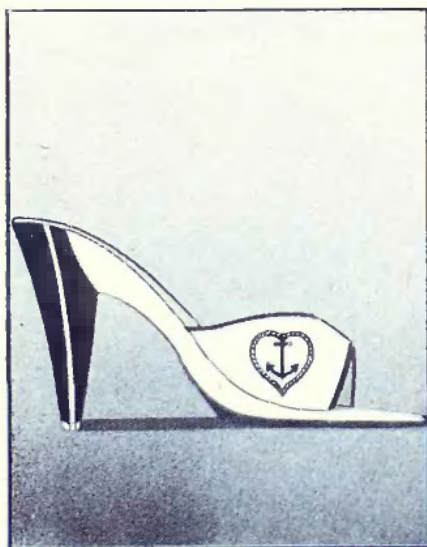
ST. LOUIS—The Eighth U. S. Circuit Court of Appeals has ruled that the state of Iowa should have paid Medicaid benefits to a man who underwent a sex-change operation. The Iowa Department of Social Services had refused to pay for the treatment, claiming that it did not qualify as "medically necessary." The appellate court disagreed: "From this record, it appears that radical sex-conversion surgery is the only medical treatment available to relieve or solve the problems of a true transsexual." The decision upheld a district-court award of \$3024 in medical payments and \$500 for "mental anguish and suffering resulting from the wrongful denial of benefits."

PENIS REPAIR

TAMPA, FLORIDA—Two doctors at the Tampa General Hospital surgically reattached the penis of a 28-year-old man who said he had cut it off with a razor in the belief that that would assure him a place in heaven. The urologist and the surgeon who treated the man said it would be some time before the outcome of the operation was certain, but the same doctors performed a similar penis reattachment two years ago that proved successful.

SEX AT SEA

ROTTERDAM—Responding to complaints of too many prostitutes working in residential neighborhoods, Rotterdam's chief city executive has arranged to get the hookers off the streets and onto floating brothels. The decision grants licenses for two "sex boats" as part of a plan approved by the city



council to moor 12 specially built vessels at three points along the Rhine harbor, one of the world's busiest. A spokesman for the Eros and Entertainment Centers Foundation, which will manage the boats, said the first floating whorehouses could be launched by the end of the year.

STRANGER THAN FICTION

TIBURON, CALIFORNIA—A 56-year-old widow who lost her boyfriend to another woman has been accused of trying to hire an ex-convict to rape the man's new wife and kill her unborn child. The former prisoner, known locally as the "bus-stop rapist," reportedly received the unexpected solicitation by telephone and informed police of what he suspected was some kind of setup. The Marin County district attorney who filed the charges commented, "I'm not even sure I've heard about this in a soap opera."

SEX AND SOPHISTRY

WASHINGTON, D.C.—A directive from the National Conference of Catholic Bishops prohibits Catholic hospitals from sterilizing a woman even when pregnancy would endanger her life. Previously, many of the hospitals considered it permissible to perform tubal ligations for grave medical reasons, under a policy that a diseased organ may be sacrificed to save the life of an individual. But the bishops have declared that this "does not apply to contraceptive sterilization and cannot be used to justify it." The directive was accompanied by a commentary suggesting abstinence from sex and concentration on spiritual life: "Many couples, both Catholic and non-Catholic, when faced with this sort of problem, have decided to forgo the genital expression of their love in order to refrain from doing evil, and to open their hearts to the reign of God."

NOVEL REVERSAL

CHICAGO—The rape conviction of a Waukegan man was reversed and a retrial ordered by the Illinois Appellate Court in a ruling that strongly criticized the prosecution for telling jurors about four sex novels found in the back seat of the man's car. The case raised the question of whether or not prosecutors can use the contents of a defendant's library to imply he is the sort of person who may have committed a crime. The justices held that such a tactic "presents a subtle threat to private possession of reading materials and strikes dangerously close to the heart of cherished First Amendment freedom."

VEHICULAR SEX

FLINT, MICHIGAN—Under a new city ordinance, couples are prohibited from copulating in cars unless they're parked on their own property. The purpose of the law is to discourage prostitutes from operating out of vans on public streets and in the parking lots of businesses; but one councilman warned that it doesn't mention payment for sex and could be used to hassle conventional back-seat lovers and even married couples. He added that it was probably too vague to be constitutional and would likely end up in some book that lists silly laws.

INSEMINATION DISCRIMINATION

DETROIT—A 36-year-old Detroit woman won her suit in Federal court when the Wayne State University artificial-insemination clinic agreed to offer its services to women who are not married. The suit argued that the plaintiff had few years left in which to safely bear a

child and did not "want the complications, entanglements and stigma which would accompany impregnation by sexual intercourse with a man to whom she is not married." The American Civil Liberties Union said the case provided the first test of a policy, official or not, that is widely practiced by state-financed clinics in refusing to inseminate unmarried women.

THINGS GO BETTER WITH. . .

Sugar workers in Bolivia have been threatening to go on strike unless their employers supply each of them with at least one pound of coca leaves per week. According to The New York Times, Bolivian workers customarily chew the leaves for an energy boost and have done so for centuries, but the growing demand for cocaine in the U.S. has resulted in a shortage of the leaves in many parts of the country. The Times reports that Bolivia produces an estimated 100 tons of refined cocaine annually, much of which is smuggled to the U.S., where it has a street value of over 20 billion dollars.

ENCOUNTERS OF THE WEIRD KIND

Physicians writing in the British Medical Journal report several cases of penis injuries caused by vacuum cleaners. Although the four victims discussed



had insisted that the encounters were accidental, the doctors suggested that the men "were probably in search of sexual satisfaction." Two of the cases involved a brand of vacuum cleaner that has fan blades about six inches from the inlet, leading to the conclusion: "The present patients may well have thought that the penis would be clear of the fan but were driven to new lengths by the novelty of the experience and came to grief."

recognize marijuana's potential medical benefits.

Yet Federal policies have not changed. Under Federal law, marijuana is still defined as a drug "with no accepted medical value." Washington's entrenched drug-abuse establishment, after exercising absolute control over marijuana for more than 40 years, is unwilling to relinquish its power. Using their monopoly over the nation's only legal source of

marijuana, those same Federal agencies have been corrupting neutral scientific studies and are seeking to destroy the compassionate intent of recently enacted state laws.

To this end, Federal agencies have deliberately deceived more than a score of state legislatures by promising them supplies of marijuana that did not exist and that the agencies never intended to grow. In an effort to disguise this short-

age and defuse public demands for reform, the Federal Government has released a highly psychoactive synthetic substitute for marijuana called delta-9-THC. Were there any medical advantages to be derived from making seriously ill patients extraordinarily high on oral THC, the Government's "synthetic solution" might make sense. But studies show THC is medically inferior to natural marijuana and far more likely to cause psychic distress. While THC may function as the Federal Government's consolation prize, any cancer patient who has vomited after receiving chemotherapy knows an oral medication, such as synthetic THC, just doesn't make sense.

ACT was formed to craft and secure a national solution to this serious public-health problem. We believe the facts persuasively argue for a fundamental change in Federal policies. And we believe both the public and its elected representatives in Congress will support reasonable and cogent reforms. But such reform is possible only if you, the public, lends its support to this task. ACT needs hearts and minds, your time, energy and financial support. If you would like to help us in this effort, or if you need help yourself, please let us know.

Robert C. Randall, President,
ACT

Box 23691
Washington, D.C. 20024

THE FREE-BASE FAD

"cocaine for horses an' not for men. They say it kill you, but they don't say when. . ."—HUDDIE LEDBETTER

After Sigmund Freud tried cocaine late in the last century, he touted it to friends, relatives and the medical profession as a potential wonder drug. The fictional Sherlock Holmes found that an injected "seven-percent solution" dispelled fatigue and sharpened his mind, over the objections of the prudent Dr. Watson. By the early part of this century, U. S. Government authorities had flatly declared cocaine to be a killer narcotic. Finally, over the past few years, millions of Americans have discovered that everyone was wrong except the South American Indians who have been chewing coca leaves for centuries. Used occasionally and moderately, cocaine can be a mild and relatively benign euphoric.

Now comes a new chapter in the history of people's inability to let well enough alone. Perhaps one in ten cocaine users has discovered "free-basing"—a system for enhancing the effects of the drug and a potentially dangerous practice that could make many of the old warnings come true.

Cocaine as it's commonly obtained in this country is actually cocaine hydrochloride, a water-soluble salt compound. It cannot be smoked unless it's first separated from its hydrochloride element through the process called free-basing. This technique creates a much more intense but much briefer high than snorting the crystals. Often this spectacular rush is followed by a resounding crash, a mood of intense depression and irritability. It's easy to see how this set of quick, pronounced reactions causes many people to want to repeat the high as soon and as often as possible. That use pattern tends to make free base potentially addicting, and warnings are coming from people who can hardly be accused of antidrug hysteria.

High Times magazine, for example,

which used to advertise free-basing kits (they cost only \$12 or so), now refuses to take the ads. Dr. Ronald K. Siegel of UCLA, who has deplored harsh penalties against ordinary cocaine use, described free-basing as leading to "almost the classic drug addiction" in many of the patients he has treated. Dr. Craig Van Dyke of the University of California at San Francisco has said that free-basing "frequently leads to severe abuse."

The possibility of induced psychosis has been trotted out as a scare tactic against a lot of drugs, but free base does, in fact, pack a lot of bad potential. Depression, agitation, paranoia and changes in blood pressure are well-documented effects. Objective observers such as Dr. Siegel note that true psychosis, while a remote possibility with ordinary cocaine use, is a genuine risk with free-basing.

Some of the techniques for chemically breaking down coke require the use of explosive solvents. Although comedian Richard Pryor denies it, the police say that he was free-basing when he was horribly burned last June.

While the expense of cocaine has tended to limit its use and therefore its abuse, the temptation remains to experiment with this supercoke that comes much closer to the demon drug the Government has always claimed it to be. Of course, like the boy who cried wolf, it's a bit late to suddenly start declaring, "But this time we mean it!" It has always been beyond the capacity of the Government and the police to prevent people from obtaining and using drugs. The only practical means of controlling any drug use, the free-base fad included, would seem to lie in accurately informing the millions of people who consider it their right to use drugs privately and recreationally. Common sense is rarely learned in jail.

AGRICULTURAL IMPORTS

If the value of imported marijuana and other botanically derived drugs were applied against our agricultural exports, the United States would be classed as a net importer of agricultural commodities.

Adam Starchild
Minerva Consulting Group, Inc.
New York, New York

GREEK AND OTHER TRAGEDIES

Jon K. Evans, in the July *Playboy Forum*, quotes Orestes as telling the condemned Aegisthus of "justice by killing. So we would have less villains," and then relies on that pithy dictum to justify the use of the death penalty in contemporary society.

I haven't read *Electra* by Sophocles, in which the quote purportedly appears. But I did read the *Oresteia* by Aeschylus, in which Orestes was placed on trial for killing Aegisthus and Clytemnestra. It was through the intervention of Apollo and Athena and the placating of the Furies that Orestes was spared the death penalty—thus creating a break in the cycle of revenge and giving Orestes and Electra the opportunity to live and advance beyond the constraints and codes of their bloody past.

In that context, Aeschylus and, for that matter, Euripides created tragic

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Omega Constellation Quartz Chronometer. Photographed at the Georges Pompidou Center of Modern Art, Paris.

Left: Omega Constellation. DD 398 0852. Stainless steel and 14 ct. gold. Officially certified quartz chronometer. Sapphire crystal. Water-resistant up to 30 meters. Right: Omega Constellation. ST 398 0852. Stainless steel. Officially certified quartz chronometer. Sapphire crystal. Water-resistant up to 30 meters. Both models registered.

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characters with more depth (or hope?) than Sophocles. Evans' prescription for the "removal" of "menaces" via the death penalty seems like a fearful and sophomoric stab at the issue, and hardly a healthy approach to finding new ways to create a less violent world. And I do hope that his students and co-workers at the University of California's Department of Theater Arts don't stop at Sophocles or Greek tragedy or academic didactics to learn the difficult but necessary lessons on how we can become more human.

Charles Culhane
(Formerly of Death Row)
Attica, New York

STAMP OUT MENTAL HEALTH

I recently saw a news item about our neighbors to the north that touched a raw nerve. Canada is considering barring schizophrenics from immigrant status. It seems to me that because schizophrenia is a broad psychological term with differing definitions, that kind of prohibition could be twisted to prevent some pretty harmless individuals from entering Canada, maybe even for political reasons. But mostly, it speaks of a long-held bias (in the U.S.A., too) against people who are under or have had psychological treatment. I was nearly frozen out of my husband's family for once referring in polite conversation to the therapist I had gone to after the breakup of my first marriage. My previous marriage didn't bother the family a bit—it seems they traded in the traditional bias against divorcees for one against mental health.

(Name withheld by request)
Columbus, Ohio

You have to remember, nearly everybody's been divorced but relatively few contract mental health.

THE LEGAL MIND

The *Sexual Law Reporter* recently published the results of a California lawsuit that illustrates more fully than ever the danger of an oral agreement between a man and a woman, if not utter disparity between law and justice.

The case, ultimately decided by the California Court of Appeal, began as a court action in which a single woman sued her lover for nonsupport of a child she wanted to bear because an impending operation would leave her sterile. The couple had had an oral agreement, before the baby was born, that released the father from any responsibility for the child's welfare. When the child was born, its mother decided she needed financial assistance after all; the father refused and she sued.

The trial court held that the oral contract was binding on the mother, but the appeals court decided it was void because it was based on "an illicit con-

sideration of meretricious sexual services." In other words, any agreement involving sex makes the sex prostitution, which, being illegal, cannot become the basis for a binding legal contract.

My advice to like-minded couples: Get married, get pregnant and go to Tijuana for dinner and a divorce.

(Name withheld by request)
Wilmette, Illinois

"In other words, any agreement involving sex makes the sex prostitution."

RIGHT TO BEAR BABIES

Referring to the item in the August *Forum Newsfront* about Hilmar G. Moore, chairman of the Texas Board of Human Resources, and his statement that welfare recipients should agree to sterilization.

I am originally from the Rosenberg-Richmond area where Moore resides. Although I know his is an unpopular position, he raises an interesting point: The most difficult and the most important job in the world, having and raising a child, can be done by anybody, regardless of how ignorant and ill prepared.

Margaret Mead addressed the same problem with her Stage I-Stage II marriage concept. The concept, basically, was that a couple had to qualify and show that they were capable of raising a child before they could get a permit to have one.

Mead caught a lot of flak for her views. And, at first glance, it does seem inhumane and totalitarian. But is it as inhumane as a welfare family having eight children, or a 15-year-old girl being forced to marry and bear an unwanted child?

Many people will be upset by this letter because they feel only the parents should decide when and if to have a child. However, in my opinion, having and raising a child is a responsibility, not a privilege.

John Grillo
College Station, Texas

SELF-DEFENSE

Members of the clergy have long been our chief custodians of boundless simplicity, but the Reverend Thomas E. Sagendorf's comments (*The Playboy Forum*, August) regarding school children lend a whole new dimension to the concept of naïveté and should draw howls of jealous outrage from other clerics who didn't think of them first.

I cannot bring myself to believe that a swat on the ass is a wholly inappropriate response to a five-year-old calling

me a motherfucker, but Reverend Sagendorf sees that little shit as part of a "voiceless and powerless minority." So much for the voiceless.

As to the powerless, I spent 12 years teaching high school English in Detroit and—hang on my words—there is nothing whatsoever powerless about a 6'3" 17-year-old, high as a goosed falcon, packing a .38 and looking for new fields to conquer.

As to the minority, there was one of me for every 35 of them.

Until this country rids itself of the idiotic policy of mandatory schooling and puts its thugs, rapists, assailants and assorted villains on the streets where they do their work, corporal punishment will remain one weapon of self-defense. What truly astonishes me is the infrequency of its application.

Russell B. deBeauclair
Poway, California

GUYS AND DOLLS

I fear the U. S. is becoming a peacock farm. *Time* reports that the sales of men's "fragrances" (perfumes) and "skin-care products" (mudpacks) are way up this year. And check out the fashion pages of any magazine: pretty, coy-looking men decked out in the latest saucy fashions. *Vogue*, they say, even has had special features devoted exclusively to men.

I've never known a self-respecting man, a real man, to worry about the pH balance of his shampoo or the amount of cuticle his fingernails show. Good grooming and dress for men are just common sense, and it's time we realized it—before the admen and the homosexuals take over.

(Name withheld by request)
Frankfort, Kentucky

OLD SAYING

An item in the *San Francisco Chronicle* reported that "Mount St. Helens, still spouting steam and ash, probably has shot its wad." From that description, I say to hell with the geologists—send in a doctor! A burning discharge is cause for alarm, and proof enough that you don't fuck around with Mother Nature.

G. T. Holme
Ben Lomond, California

Everyone seems to have forgotten that "shoot your wad" originally referred to firing a musket or a muzzle-loading cannon.

"The Playboy Forum" offers the opportunity for an extended dialog between readers and editors of this publication on contemporary issues. Address all correspondence to The Playboy Forum, Playboy Building, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611.



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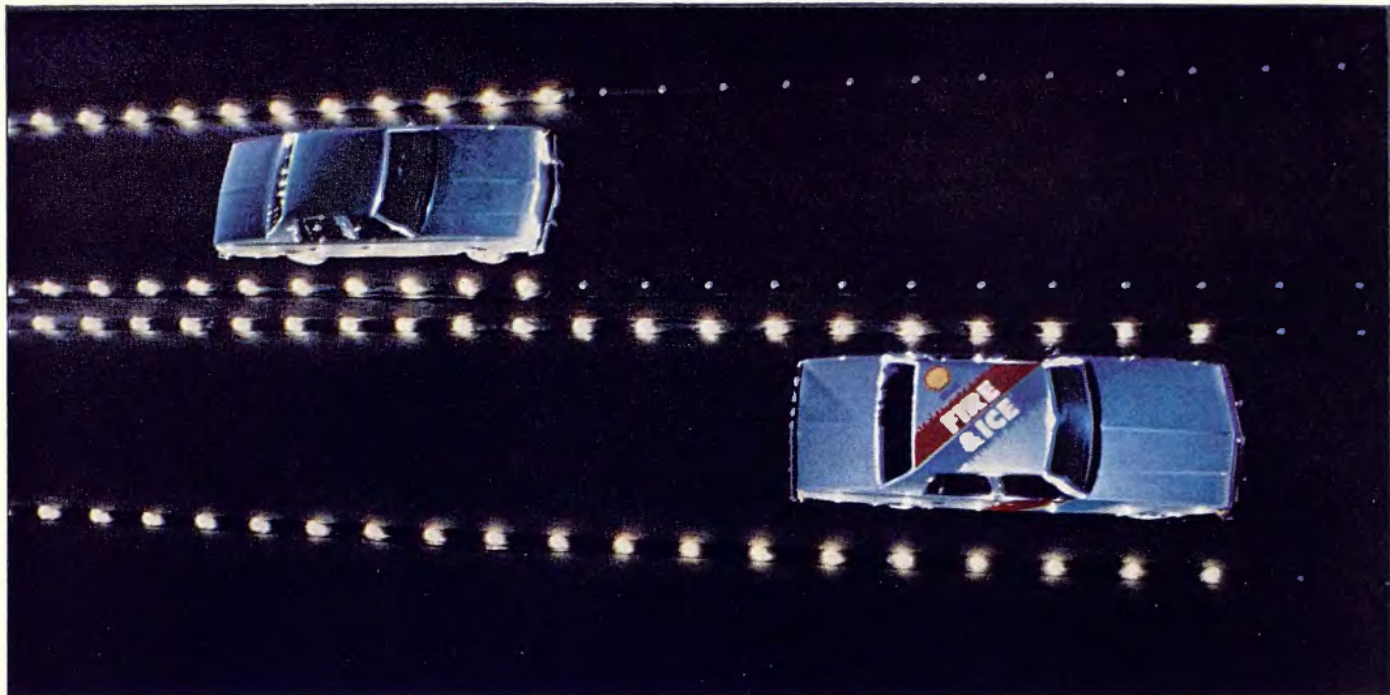
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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: GEORGE C. SCOTT

a candid conversation with the brilliant, bombastic actor about brawling, drinking, politics and his memorable roles in "patton" and "the hustler"

When you think of George C. Scott, the images that come to mind most quickly are those of the volatile, half-cocked Patton; the impulsive, wise-ass reactionary general, Buck Turgidson, in "Dr. Strangelove"; the menacing loan shark Bert in "The Hustler." In 1977, Scott played a fictional Ernest Hemingway in "Islands in the Stream," a role not surprising for Scott, who himself is a man of Hemingwayesque proportions: a tough, outspoken, fearless, boozing, brawling, menacing, macho man with a weakness for women, a sensitivity for Shakespeare and Arthur Miller and a broad intelligence. He is a man other men tell stories about.

Such as the one a network executive heard during the making of "Patton." When it came time to shoot the scene in which a mule in the middle of a road causes an entire regiment to come to a halt, Scott actually shot the animal, as Patton was supposed to have done.

Scott denies that story, but it's indicative of the man that it's told, and often with great relish, for Scott may be among the last of a breed of men who claim to place their own freedom

and independence above career moves when philosophical, emotional or political reasons intervene.

It's been 20 years since George Campbell Scott shook the movie industry when he informed the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences that he wanted nothing to do with the Oscar nomination he had received in the supporting-actor category for his demonic role in "The Hustler." It was the first time in the history of the Academy Awards that an actor had said if chosen, he would not accept. Scott didn't win that year, but he did win nine years later, for best actor, in his brilliant portrayal of "Patton." And, true to his word, he refused it. That same year, he received—and accepted—an Emmy award for his TV performance in Arthur Miller's "The Price." It was obvious that George C. Scott played by his own rules.

Scott learned his trade by acting in more than 125 plays between 1951 and 1957 in small Midwestern theaters before breaking through in Joseph Papp's off-Broadway production of "Richard III." It was never easy for Scott. A heavy drinker with a short fuse, he was dubbed

"The Wild Man of Broadway" after opening an artery by punching his hand through a mirror, tearing apart his dressing room and breaking three knuckles in frustration over a personality conflict with a co-star.

Nonetheless, his talent could not be denied, and in 1959 he went to Hollywood to appear in "The Hanging Tree" with Gary Cooper. Following that, Otto Preminger cast him as a prosecuting attorney in "Anatomy of a Murder."

Although he's most commonly recognized for his strong roles in "The Hustler," "Dr. Strangelove" and "Patton," Scott has also given some extremely subtle and often eloquently funny performances, such as the wise and lovable traveling Flim-Flam Man and the mad judge turned modern-day supersleuth in "They Might Be Giants."

He's willing to put himself out on a limb if he believes in the message of a film, as he did in Paddy Chayefsky's "The Hospital" and in the poorly received "Hardcore"; but he has also been willing to take the money and run, as in such innocuous fare as "Bank Shot," "The New Centurions," "Movie Movie"



"Sadat characterized Khomeini perfectly: Lunatic. I hope he doesn't have the grace the shah had. I hope he is turned up by the heels, as Mussolini was turned, and burned alive! That's my express hope."



"I love jokes, I love fucking around. I'm so tired of being looked upon as some dreary sicko. It really is such a bore. Most of the stage work I've done has been comedic. No one realizes that."



PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEVE SCHAPIRO

"Acting helped me in certain ways. Hurt me in others. It rescued me from myself. I have a lot of self-hatred. Acting didn't cause it. Acting is, in some sense, a relief of that pressure."

and "The Changeling."

Yet, while the public knows him mostly for his movies and television dramas ("The Price," "The Power and the Glory," "Jane Eyre," "Fear on Trial," "Beauty and the Beast"), Scott's finest acting has occurred on the stage. He has electrified audiences in such plays as "Desire Under the Elms," "The Little Foxes," "Plaza Suite," "Uncle Vanya" and "Sly Fox." His portrayal of Willy Loman in "Death of a Salesman" (which he also directed) stunned the critics.

Scott was born in 1927 in Wise, Virginia. His mother died when he was eight and his family life was unsettled until he left home to join the Marines in 1945. He had visions of raising hell in the Pacific, but he never got there. He spent most of his four enlisted years teaching a correspondence course in creative writing and performing ceremonial burials at Arlington National Cemetery.

When he got out, he enrolled in the University of Missouri School of Journalism. One course away from graduating, he left school to become a staff actor for the Stephens College Playhouse in Columbia, Missouri. Acting came naturally to him. During the summer of 1951, he met and married Carolyn Hughes, an actress, with whom he had a daughter. He held various jobs for the next six years but couldn't get the theater out of his blood. By 1957, he was in New York with wife number two, actress Pat Reed, and the lead in "Richard III."

Scott's search for comfort and compatibility has led him to take marriage vows five times. He had had two sons with his second wife when he fell in love with his co-star in "Children of Darkness," Colleen Dewhurst, who was also married at the time. They divorced, married each other and had two children (altogether, Scott is the father of six). Frustrated by the lock hold of New York impresarios, they decided to form their own Theater of Michigan, investing a considerable amount of their own money and failing after only two productions. Then, during the making of John Huston's "The Bible," Scott met and apparently fell in love with Ava Gardner, whom he pursued to London and to Beverly Hills, and to whom he reportedly proposed marriage. He wound up with egg on his face, as his marriage to Colleen dissolved and the movie industry turned a cold shoulder to him.

Eventually, he and Colleen remarried; but when Scott went to Spain for his role in "The Last Run," he met a young actress named Trish Van Devere. Once again, he was stricken. Once again, he and Colleen divorced; and Scott married Trish in 1972.

Although their eight-year marriage has

often been turbulent, Scott and Trish are still together. They have appeared in six films, none of which has been particularly successful, and are currently starring on Broadway in "Tricks of the Trade." Their most notable venture was taking on the movie-distribution system for "The Savage Is Loose," which Scott produced, directed and acted in and which he sold outright to theater owners. It was a critical and box-office disaster in which the Scotts had invested millions.

George and Trish live in Greenwich, Connecticut, on 14 acres of rolling, verdant land, where they have four horses, two dogs and two Jaguars in the garage. They also recently purchased a home in Beverly Hills.

To find out about this tempestuous, formidable man, PLAYBOY sent Contributing Editor Lawrence Grobel (who had previously taken on Marlon Brando, Al Pacino and Barbra Streisand for us) first to Beverly Hills and then to Connecticut. Grobel's report:

"When Scott answered the door to his Beverly Hills home, he was wearing

"I've been called a bravura actor all my life. I assume that is one notch below a scenery chewer."

glasses, an old beige sweater pushed up past the elbows and herringbone slacks and brown boots. I noticed that he had been drinking and there was a look of angry impatience in his eyes, like that of a man who had consented to talk and now felt trapped.

"We sat outside at a redwood table. He put on his tape recorder, I, mine, and we began immediately. Scott was all business and no small talk. In five hours, he consumed a pitcher of bloody marys, a few shots of hard liquor and two beer chasers. His initial answers were brief and guarded and I felt a wide gap between emotion and response, though he did flare up when I suggested that his behavior might once have adversely affected two co-workers. Mostly, though, he spoke in a soft, polite voice. I knew that if I were to gain any insight into him, I'd have to get him in more familiar surroundings; so I arranged to fly to his home in Connecticut the following week to resume the interview.

"Scott's Greenwich home is only 45 minutes from Manhattan. There is a stone gate and a bridge at the entrance and a long driveway to the house. We

sat in a room off the living room, with a magnificent view of the blooming azaleas, blossoming trees and green grounds. We spoke and drank for five hours, taking only one break to go for a walk.

"Trish was at home most of the time I was there, but she never joined us during our talks. Once, she interrupted us to show me a bird nesting in a tree outside the kitchen window. She seemed friendly and cheery.

"Our last session took place two months later, back in Beverly Hills. Scott looked much better—he had lost ten pounds, given up booze and red meat and was taking vitamin pills from the dozen bottles on the coffee table. He was in a good mood, which, I suspected, had something to do with the fact that it was our last taping."

PLAYBOY: Why are people so afraid of you?

SCOTT: I have no idea.

PLAYBOY: But are you aware that they are?

SCOTT: I've heard that said.

PLAYBOY: Mike Nichols said it to calm Maureen Stapleton, who admitted her terror of you during rehearsals of *Plaza Suite*. "My dear," he said, "the whole world is frightened by George."

SCOTT: Mike Nichols is a funny guy.

PLAYBOY: Julie Christie also was reportedly on edge before acting with you in *Uncle Vanya*.

SCOTT: Adored her. I worked with her in the theater and in film and I tried to get her into *The Formula*, for Christ's sake. I love her.

PLAYBOY: But why do they have such fear? Is it because they know you only through acting, which is often volcanic?

SCOTT: What is that favorite word they use for me, besides bombastic? *Bravura*. I've been called a bravura actor all my life. I assume that is one notch below a scenery chewer. I think I'm as subtle an actor as anyone around, but you get labeled. A couple of plays I did years ago got it started. I played sick people, psychopaths, and it helped create an aura that isn't any more true about me than anything else that has ever been written about me.

PLAYBOY: Such as the writer who watched you toss chairs in a hotel bar in Granada and said you looked like a killer?

SCOTT: Tossed chairs in Granada? I once threw a writer's boyfriend out of a bar in Granada; I remember that. The son of a bitch was a pig and I threw him out of the bar.

PLAYBOY: Didn't you also once punch out a press agent named Thurston?

SCOTT: Wait a minute. I didn't know the guy was a PR guy. Was he PR?

PLAYBOY: Apparently. You had to be

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handcuffed by the police and taken to jail. Do you remember that?

SCOTT: Oh, yeah, I remember I hit a guy one night and went to jail. Sure.

PLAYBOY: Do you remember why you hit him?

SCOTT: No, I have no idea.

PLAYBOY: How does it feel to be told of such things and have no memory of them?

SCOTT: Scary. I'm very careful now.

PLAYBOY: Do you ever think that in any of your past rages you might have really hurt someone?

SCOTT: Yes. I've thought about it a lot. I really have.

PLAYBOY: Was it safer to have been so drunk that you don't remember those times?

SCOTT: That's a very safe way to be. It can hurt a lot less. That was a long time ago. I don't do that sort of thing now. Very little; very little. I've got more sense. Also, I'm 53 years old. I'd get the shit kicked out of me.

PLAYBOY: How many times have you had your nose broken?

SCOTT: Four or five.

PLAYBOY: Then we'll ask these questions gently. How do you feel about being asked questions?

SCOTT: I find it unpleasant. It's very often difficult to express one's real feelings. Sometimes you don't even have a desire to and you try to be as honest as you can, but there are a lot of subjects you don't want to go into or won't go into. So often you find yourself dealing with scandalmongers. I doubt very much that I'll read this interview.

PLAYBOY: That's hard to believe.

SCOTT: I don't know what can come out of it. It's like reading a notice. I don't see that you can come out too good. You're going to be disappointed, you're going to be hurt, you're going to feel that you've been fucked. You have to; it's a natural thing. And you're going to hate the guy who wrote it.

PLAYBOY: What a way to start—

SCOTT: It's just going to be bad feelings all the way around. So why put yourself in that position?

PLAYBOY: We're forewarned. However, you do understand that there are some areas that may be uncomfortable to you but that we'd like to discuss.

SCOTT: I'm used to that. I don't promise I'll answer them.

PLAYBOY: Your wife said that when you do interviews, she doesn't know who you are. She said you lose the person you are and become a bombastic caricature. Do you feel that way?

SCOTT: That's true. I don't think I'm myself. One becomes very wary over a period of years. I've been misquoted a lot.

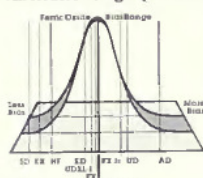
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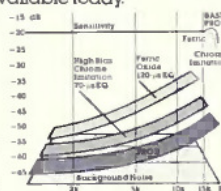
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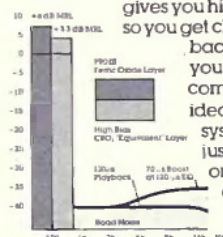
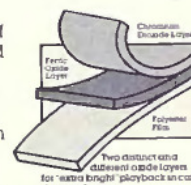


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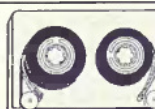
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horses, all of which you've earned from acting, and yet you have an image as an unstable, angry actor. You even discourage young people from entering the profession. Why?

SCOTT: Because it can be a very, very psychologically damaging way to make a living. The rewards are very high and the drawbacks are extreme.

PLAYBOY: Would you elaborate on the psychological damages?

SCOTT: Some people think, for various reasons, they're in on a pass and they don't deserve to be there. It leads to tremendous psychological disturbances. We've all had 'em to certain degrees. The ones who have suffered and died from them are the ones who have had them so acutely that they couldn't cope. Those are the really sad cases. There's a high mortality rate in this business. Literally. It's always been one of the sad things about it.

PLAYBOY: Do such feelings lead to guilt or regret about being an actor?

SCOTT: I have no incrimination or guilt or regret about my professional career. None whatsoever. I don't feel I owe anybody a fucking thing. I've worked very hard all my life. I don't owe anybody.

PLAYBOY: You don't feel, as Mike Nichols does, that acting brings out the childishness in actors?

SCOTT: I don't think there is anything childish about acting. It's an extremely adult profession. I've always disputed the fact that actors are little children and have to be coddled. I don't agree with that at all.

PLAYBOY: You once said that actors belong to the oldest racial minority.

SCOTT: [Laughs] Yeah, that sounds like me. It's true, we are a dreadful minority. Racial is a misnotation, but for hundreds of years, actors were no better than gypsies or mountebanks. You know, one cut above whores, and sometimes not even that big a cut. It's very easy to understand the plight of ethnic minorities, having been an actor.

PLAYBOY: And yet you've often said that if you hadn't been an actor, you'd have been a madman.

SCOTT: Yeah, it helped me in certain ways. Hurt me in others. It rescued me from myself to a large extent. I have a lot of self-hatred. Acting didn't cause it. Acting is, in some sense, a relief of that pressure.

PLAYBOY: But you've never felt that acting has been a form of self-expression for you, have you?

SCOTT: No, not for me. It's a form of release. That's as far as I can go.

PLAYBOY: Marlon Brando boiled it all down to money. Are you as cynical as he in that regard?

SCOTT: I don't know how cynical he is. I don't know how much he puts people on. I have a feeling, like so many of us, the

old tongue is in the old cheek there. I can't believe that he's nearly as cynical as he'd like us to believe. As for me, I won't do something for money that I can't reasonably live with, because it's agony.

PLAYBOY: Do you think actors are respected now, or are they still second-class citizens?

SCOTT: They're worshiped and adored and held in awe, but I don't think necessarily respected, no.

PLAYBOY: Are these the reasons you've had for discouraging your own children from becoming actors?

SCOTT: I did for a while. I gave that up.

PLAYBOY: Didn't you have a falling out with your daughter Devon after she made the decision to be an actress?

SCOTT: She's the one I had the great difficulty with, yeah. It became so severe that we didn't speak for a year and a half. It was a very, very unfortunate occurrence. Finally, we came to our senses and stopped that nonsense. I said, "Do what you want to do, I quit." I got off her case.

PLAYBOY: Is she still acting?

SCOTT: She's not in it right now. My

*"They literally murdered
Elvis Presley. The poor
bastard. You shouldn't die
on your bathroom floor
at the age of 42."*

younger son Campbell and my older son Matthew are interested. But, happily, they're both still in college.

PLAYBOY: Will you help either of them if their interest continues after they graduate?

SCOTT: No.

PLAYBOY: Not at all?

SCOTT: No.

PLAYBOY: Not even a contact? A phone call?

SCOTT: No. Nothing. No.

PLAYBOY: Your publicist's phone number?

SCOTT: Absolutely not. No.

PLAYBOY: Isn't that a bit cruel?

SCOTT: No, it doesn't seem cruel at all to me.

PLAYBOY: You want them to take their own knocks?

SCOTT: The quicker the better. I have a deep resentment of those who do help their children. Maybe that's unfair, but I do. That's the way I am.

PLAYBOY: Are you close to all your children?

SCOTT: I haven't been from time to time,

but all six of them I'm close to. They're all damn near grown-up people now. The youngest is 19.

PLAYBOY: Did you instill your values in them?

SCOTT: Over a period of time, having gone through so many marriages and deserted so many children over a period of years, we sort of happily/unhappily missed that kind of thing. I am probably the luckiest and most undeserving father who ever lived. I've always provided very well for my children economically, but that's about all.

PLAYBOY: So your children's attitudes differ from your own?

SCOTT: Oh, my God, they are profoundly different, all of them.

PLAYBOY: How difficult is it, do you think, being the children of George C. Scott?

SCOTT: I'm sure it's been bloody uncomfortable for all of them for a number of years. I've discussed it at some brevity with two of them at different times and they don't like to talk about it too much. But I can see that it has not been easy for them at all. Even when they were small children.

PLAYBOY: Did they get into many fights?

SCOTT: One of them does a lot. But that's his nature, see. He doesn't take shit from anybody. It's caused him a great deal of difficulty.

PLAYBOY: There are some children of stars who seem to have grown up sanely, but do you feel that most of those who attempt to follow in the footsteps of a famous parent get screwed up along the way?

SCOTT: I think they do. The scale is balanced a little on that side. It isn't a question of success or nonsuccess. It's a question of how much scar tissue is involved. Look in their heart, in the way they look at life, at their personal lives. That's what I'm talking about. You can be the biggest star in the world and be very successful and blow your brains out tomorrow night. What's the best example that you can think of in recent show-business history?

PLAYBOY: Probably Elvis Presley.

SCOTT: They literally murdered the man. The poor bastard. He had guns, shot the television set, dropped this and that. You shouldn't die on your bathroom floor at the age of 42. He was murdered. That's why, when you hear me talk, sometimes I sound depressive about the business. Look at Gig Young. I loved him. Not a sweeter man would you ever want to meet in this world. Blew his fucking wife's brains out and his brains out. There's so many others. Marilyn is one of the classics. Torn, mad, tortured, confused, fucked-up little lady—had no more business being a film star than I have being shah of Saudi Arabia, for Christ's sake. No way is that



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fragile psyche going to be able to hold that. The assault is too extreme. It's the curse of the actor to continue to question how important he really is outside his own narrow scope.

PLAYBOY: It's also the actor's curse to worry about whether or not he's any good, isn't it?

SCOTT: Certainly, actors worry about that. They worry about losing their memory. They worry about losing their looks. You worry about getting older. Everybody worries about these things, though it may be slightly accentuated in the actor. If you become psychotic about it so you can't function, then you're in trouble.

PLAYBOY: Do you also suffer from a fear of failure?

SCOTT: I think fear of failure is a terrible thing. It dogs us all. The fear of being rejected or misunderstood is something that we all suffer from. I'm no different. I have a favorite joke I say to myself: I could have been a respectable stonemason. That's half joking and half serious. A lot of the things I say are half joking and half serious. A lot of them are dumb, too, but there's generally a core of truth somewhere in them.

PLAYBOY: Would you have suffered as much as a stonemason?

SCOTT: Not if I had the same ability as a stonemason that I have as an actor. I

think I would have suffered considerably less.

PLAYBOY: Arthur Hiller, who directed *The Hospital*, has said that if you had your way, you'd like to be the world's greatest character actor and be relatively anonymous.

SCOTT: I certainly subscribe to as much anonymity as possible. I have never had any great burning desire to reveal myself to the world through acting. I have a decided interest in revealing the audience to itself through character. I think that's the essence of art. I'm not interested in being the world's greatest anything. I'm certainly not interested in being the world's greatest asshole. I would like to have been, let's say, a very good actor. I've always been a character actor, even when I was young. I was never a leading-man type, never. So that's been my lot.

PLAYBOY: According to Tammy Grimes, who was at the Stephens College Playhouse in Missouri with you in the early Fifties, you always knew you'd be a great actor. Is that true?

SCOTT: I had a great sense of confidence about it. Always have, from the minute I started. The best way to describe it is if you're turning a safe combination lock and the tumblers click and you say, "Oh, yeah, the safe is going to open."

PLAYBOY: Is that feeling still with you?

SCOTT: I would say it has been dulled. Yeah, dulled.

PLAYBOY: Why?

SCOTT: I don't think those fires burn in me as they once did. I attribute that to middle age.

PLAYBOY: Where you feel the tensions of both ends of the cycle?

SCOTT: It has more pluses than minuses.

PLAYBOY: Have you made a kind of peace with yourself?

SCOTT: Much more so. You're in agony only ten hours a day instead of 22.

PLAYBOY: Let's go back to that agony of youth, when you first decided to become an actor. You were in journalism school at the time and had only two hours to complete to graduate, right?

SCOTT: That's true. One semester, one course.

PLAYBOY: Which you never completed. Why?

SCOTT: I got interested in theater. I never looked back. I realized that I wasn't a very good journalist. I rejected intruding myself on other people's lives. I found it very distasteful. It was painful.

PLAYBOY: How many plays would you estimate you were in before you got your break in Joe Papp's *Richard III*?

SCOTT: Between 1951 and 1957, I did something like 125 plays.

PLAYBOY: Were any of them memorable?

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SCOTT: All of them were garbage.

PLAYBOY: Yet you did win an award in 1954 that brought you to Hollywood for the first time, didn't you?

SCOTT: That was when I won the famous *East of Eden* award, which, of course, turned out to be nothing. [Laughs] Solly Baiano was, at that time, head casting man for Warner Bros. and he made some half-assed tour of stock companies, giving out this award that had no substance to it. For some reason, I won it. On the strength of that, I beat it out to Hollywood and they didn't know who the fuck I was. I didn't get in the door. So I hung around there for about six months.

PLAYBOY: Bitter experience?

SCOTT: It was unpleasant. I was a little pissed.

PLAYBOY: So, after a seven-year apprenticeship, you finally got your shot in Papp's production of *Richard III* in 1957. Al Pacino was 17 when he saw you in that and he said he never saw anything like it. Is Shakespeare more difficult for an actor than contemporary playwrights?

SCOTT: Many actors get incredibly self-conscious doing Shakespeare, but I've found that it's the easiest stuff in the world to act, because it's so supportive. All you've got to do is get on the train and ride. All you're trying to do is make it human and natural and not stacy or pretentious. Make it real. Jesus, the rest of the game is all over—you've got to win. The guy's so fantastic that the material will literally carry you.

PLAYBOY: What's your favorite Shakespearean role?

SCOTT: I very much enjoyed doing Shylock. It's an extremely cleanly written part. There's no fat at all. Very beautifully written. And it's so progressive.

PLAYBOY: Are there any roles you'd like to do today—Lear, Othello...?

SCOTT: I've never had any interest in *Lear* but have been asked a number of times to do it. Or *Othello*. The only thing I'd like to do is *Macbeth*, before I get too old to do it. I may be too old now. It takes an enormous amount of energy and strength to do it.

PLAYBOY: Who are some of the more contemporary playwrights you like?

SCOTT: I was very fond of Giraudoux and of Anouilh. They could turn a phrase or two. Miller I've always admired.

PLAYBOY: Tennessee Williams?

SCOTT: He's a beautiful writer, a great poet of the theater. Whether he still has anything to say, I don't know.

PLAYBOY: Your first film break was being cast in Otto Preminger's *Anatomy of a Murder*, wasn't it?

SCOTT: That was the biggest break I ever got. And it was followed by *The Hustler*, so it was a kind of very good one-two



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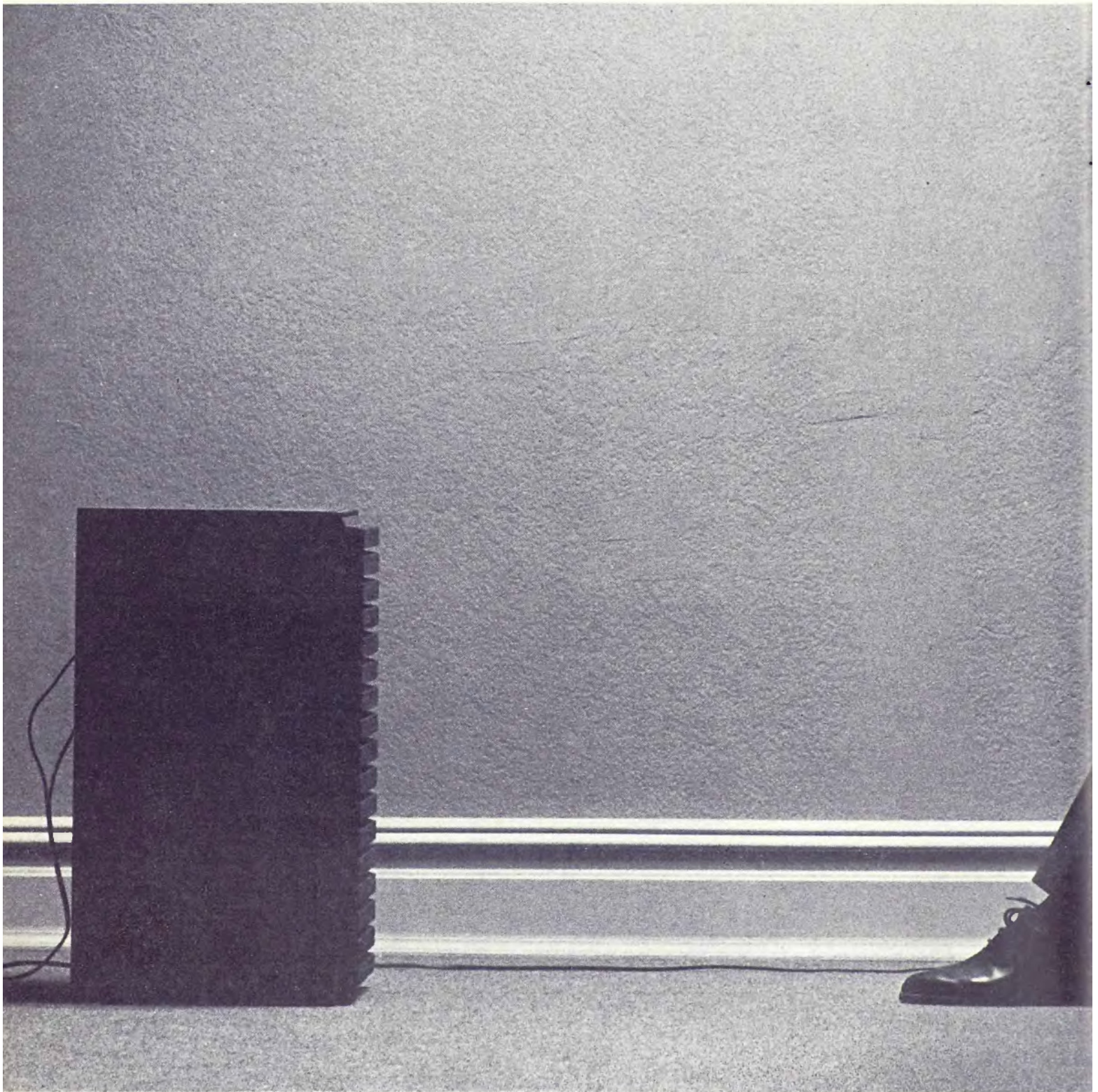
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combination that helped my career enormously.

PLAYBOY: You were nominated for an Oscar for your performance in *Anatomy*. Would you have accepted it had you won?

SCOTT: Yes, I really wanted it. I became anxious and I didn't like that in myself. It wasn't that I didn't win. I felt that way before. When it was over, I said, I'm never going to allow myself to be put in that position again, of wanting something like that, just for what it was.

PLAYBOY: Still, the accolades *did* come.

SCOTT: That's one thing; but *wanting* them is something else. Wanting them is a whole different ball game. And being uptight and miserable because somebody else got a part that I wanted—shit, a couple of years of that and you're in the loony bin. It's no way to live.

PLAYBOY: You were nominated again for your role in *The Hustler*. Do you consider that one of your better performances?

SCOTT: Not particularly, no. I thought the work was certainly acceptable. It was so well directed by Bob Rossen and so well edited by Dede Allen, who is about the best editor alive, that I thought it was a very well-put-together film.

PLAYBOY: When you talked earlier about being a subtle actor, did you have in mind your role in *The Hustler*?

SCOTT: That was the whole idea. To underdo it. Restrained.

PLAYBOY: You never raised your voice until the end—

SCOTT: That one line.

PLAYBOY: "You owe me money!" A frightening moment. Is it true that Rossen wanted you to whisper it?

SCOTT: That's correct. We argued about it for a couple of days. He wanted me to play it both ways and I wouldn't. I knew he wouldn't print it. He would print it his way and not my way and I refused. He got very angry with me.

PLAYBOY: Why did you want to shout it?

SCOTT: I just had a feeling. The scene had flattened out and was going to be dead and it was the most important scene in the film, because it was the climax, and I just hung in there. He finally gave up and did it my way. I don't think he ever regretted it, frankly.

PLAYBOY: What did you think of Paul Newman's performance?

SCOTT: I thought it was perfectly average. I hope he doesn't race his car down here and kill me; but I didn't think it was a particularly unusual performance. I've never thought that Paul was a particularly good actor. He's one of the sweet people of the world, an excellent producer. But I've never been a Paul Newman fan as far as acting goes. The only thing Paul's ever done I really thought was first class was *Hud*. It was

a superb piece of acting, one of the very few times he played an out-and-out heavy, and he was marvelous. There was nothing of the old manneristic Paul Newman in there. Paul should have won the Academy Award for *Hud*. It was a world-class performance.

PLAYBOY: That's what many people felt about your work in *The Hustler*. How trivial is it for you to discuss the Oscars?

SCOTT: Just as trivial as any of the rest of those horrible old clichés.

PLAYBOY: Well, we could move on to something else and come back to it later—sort of sneak up on you.

SCOTT: Ask me now. Get it over with, for Christ's sake!

PLAYBOY: All right. Were you surprised to get the Oscar for *Patton* after announcing you wouldn't accept it?

SCOTT: I was very surprised. *Very* surprised. I never thought it would happen.

PLAYBOY: Your beef against the award was that it required wheeling and dealing, advertising, solicitation, phone calls, telegrams, threats and bribes. But you proved yourself wrong, didn't you?

SCOTT: That's right. That's why I was

"I thought Paul Newman's performance in 'The Hustler' was perfectly average. I hope he doesn't race his car down here and kill me."

surprised. You know, the Academy Awards used to be a lovely occasion. Everybody would meet and have dinner and a few drinks around a few tables and that was that. It was an affair socially within the industry and, hell, there's nothing wrong with that. It's when they get so fired up and pyrotechnical about it. And it's that whole thing of someone better than somebody else. It's all ridiculous. I've been nominated four times, and I've always been very proud that I've been nominated. There's nothing wrong with that. It's the bullshit that starts from then on that's so awful. It throws colleagues into competitiveness. I really dislike that. People advertise and bullshit and it goes on for months and months. It's like the Presidential candidacy. It's endless.

PLAYBOY: Since *Patton* was released a year before the nominations, why did you wait until *after* the nominations to announce you wanted no part of them?

SCOTT: I didn't say anything, in fact. I didn't say anything when I was nominated the year after that for *The Hos-*

pital. I stopped saying anything.

PLAYBOY: You mean you didn't say you would refuse it if you got it?

SCOTT: No. When I was nominated, I immediately sent my 32B form telegram to the Academy: "Gentlemen, I understand da-di-da, in the words of Sam Goldwyn, include me the fuck out, very cordially yours, George C. Asshole." That's what I said the first time, that's what I said the last time.

PLAYBOY: But they apparently decided to include you in.

SCOTT: That's their problem, not mine. It's their ball game. I just wrote the note. I didn't do what Marlon did. I didn't wait until I won the fucking thing and tell them to jam it up their ass, which I think is rude. As much as I like Marlon, I still think it was rude.

PLAYBOY: Brando did have a motive behind his actions, though: He wanted to put an Indian before the world's largest TV audience.

SCOTT: I think he was wrong. The important thing is, once I got the nomination, I made it perfectly clear that should I win the award, I would not accept it. I thought that was the honorable way to go. I don't think it's right to lurk around in the background and go through the song and dance and then, after they've given the fucking thing to you, tell them to stick it up their ass. That's bloody rude. I didn't think I was rude. I put it out very carefully in a telegram, and only to the Academy. I never put it in the papers, I never called the press, I never did any of that horseshit.

PLAYBOY: Did you watch it on television?

SCOTT: Sure, I watched it.

PLAYBOY: Do your feelings toward the Academy Awards extend to all awards?

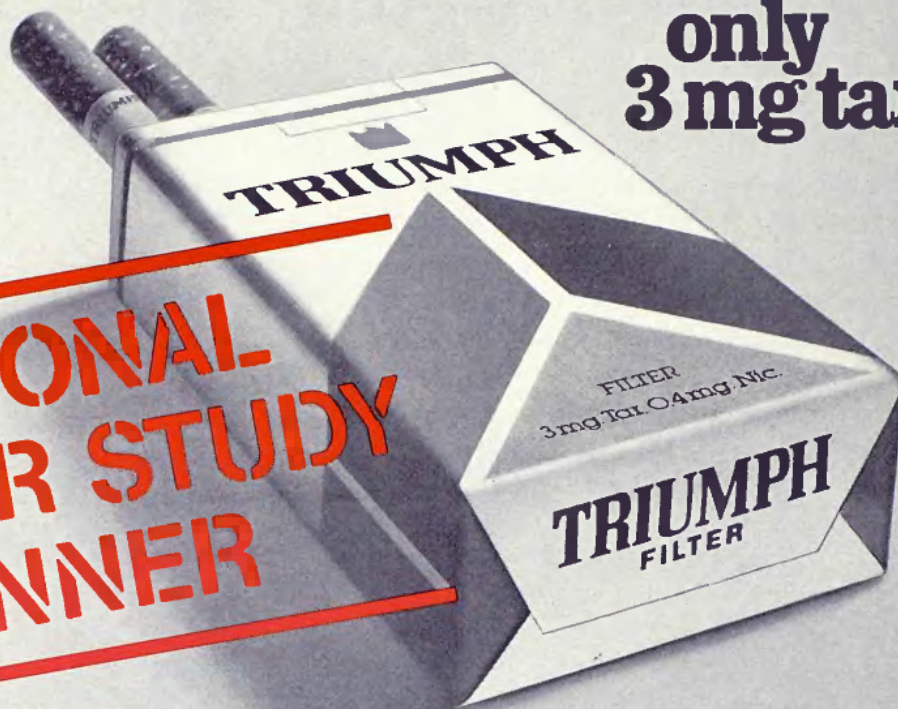
SCOTT: By and large, all awards are unnecessary. I also think birthday cakes are unnecessary. I dislike empty ceremony. OK, specifically: I dislike the campaigning, the advertising, the jockeying for position, the sweating on the aisle and all of that horseshit. I find it undignified, immature and self-aggrandizing. Now, that's the plainest I can fucking put it. And I hope nobody ever asks me again!

PLAYBOY: The same year you turned down the Oscar, you accepted the Emmy for *The Price*. Since that was also a televised event, why did you accept?

SCOTT: I caused so much static about the Academy Award, Jesus Christ, I couldn't go anywhere, I couldn't say anything, everybody was talking. I just said to myself, just keep your fucking mouth shut, stay out of it. So I said to Jack Cassidy, who was one of my dearest friends, who was also nominated for an Emmy, "I'm not going to the fucking banquet. I know you and Shirley are going. If I should win one of the fucking

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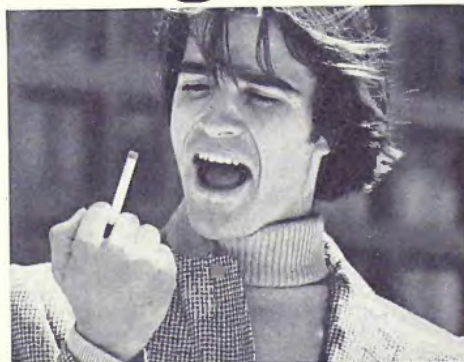
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things, accept it for me, will you, as graciously as possible, and get the fuck off." He says, "I hope you don't win it, you prick, I hope I win it." I said, "Fine, I hope you win it, too." I directed him in [a remake of] *The Andersonville Trial* and that's what he was nominated for. So, of course, I won. He got up and made a marvelous speech. He said, "Here I am, accepting for the schmuck, and I wish I was up here for myself." It was a lovely speech. The loss of Jack was a terrible blow to me. We were quite close.

PLAYBOY: Well, now that we've gotten the Oscars out of the way, let's talk about the picture that created the situation in the first place. Is it true you were disappointed with *Patton*?

SCOTT: Miserable doing it.

PLAYBOY: You've said it was a dreadful misapprehension of who Patton was, that he was badly used.

SCOTT: Yes, I still feel that. I don't think he should have been characterized as the insane show-off that 20th Century-Fox wanted to make him—which I resisted down the line. They went for the "obv." There is a comedy phrase, Never go for the obv. Well, they did. There was a lot of sweat and tears to get what humanity we could into the damn thing. I tried desperately to get away from the two-gun, shoot-'em-up, kill-kill-kill image, because there was more to the man than that. That was only one aspect of the man. They seemed to love the bullshit. They kept wanting to go for the buffalo. I kept trying to pull back.

PLAYBOY: Didn't you threaten to walk out on one of the rewritten scripts?

SCOTT: I *did* walk on one script. They came back with a revision and I said, "I won't do it." Essentially, we got back to Coppola.

PLAYBOY: Did you add much to the script yourself?

SCOTT: God knows, I tried. [Laughs] I remember sending out 11 pages and submitting them and they were rejected. Certain scenes were flatly miswritten. I wrote a whole treatise on this one time for a book on war pictures. The writer gave me his word that whatever I wrote would be quoted in the book in its entirety. Of course, he didn't do it. He just chopped it up and took out certain things. I must have written several thousand words on the making of that movie. Someday I'm going to get it published somewhere. It says everything I had to say about the making of that picture.

PLAYBOY: Did you identify much with Patton?

SCOTT: No. I liked him, but I did not identify personally with the man at all. I think I know him as well as anybody. I never met him, obviously. I feel that I have a personal relationship. Politically,

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he was rather naïve, to say the best. Tactically, he was first class. Strategically, he was neglected by his superiors and should have been allowed to make his own decisions. He was not imbalanced in that area. It's a sad thing that those unfortunate things happened to him and his voice was not heard as crisply as it should have been. Diplomatic, he was not.

PLAYBOY: His voice, through you in that remarkable opening scene, was certainly heard 25 years later.

SCOTT: It's amazing how much that speech is played as a motivational film. People have told me they use that for executive sales meetings or sales teams; college coaches use it, high school coaches. It's insane, but they really dig it.

PLAYBOY: It was a risky decision to open the film that way, just you and a screen-filling American flag behind you.

SCOTT: Very risky for them and I've always admired the company for not taking it out. It was a composite of a number of speeches made over the years. It was well done by Coppola and it worked. Worked like hell. It still works.

PLAYBOY: How many takes were made?

SCOTT: We did it in two takes and all we did was shift camera angle. I was very prepared.

PLAYBOY: Were you unhappy with Karl Malden's portrayal of General Bradley?

SCOTT: Yes. He never really did anything but smile. Here are these marvelous moments where we were losing casualties all over the fucking place and there was old Smiley. I never said it to Karl, because I admire him. But I thought something should have been done.

PLAYBOY: Considering the world situation today, would you like to see Patton around now?

SCOTT: Given the fact that we could take 30 years off of him, Patton would be an inspiration today.

PLAYBOY: He certainly seemed to have been to Nixon, who reportedly reran the movie quite often before making his decision to bomb Cambodia. What did you think when you heard about that?

SCOTT: I'm always happy when anybody sees any of my pictures. I had no feeling about it one way or the other.

PLAYBOY: Had Patton gotten his way regarding the Russians, how much different would the world be today?

SCOTT: A lot different.

PLAYBOY: Better?

SCOTT: Sure, no question about it. The Cold War may not ever have ensued. And the Cold War was the beginning of everything we're sitting in the middle of now.

PLAYBOY: What did you most admire about Patton?

SCOTT: Many admirable qualities: duty, honor, country, and so forth, were instilled in those men. The most admirable

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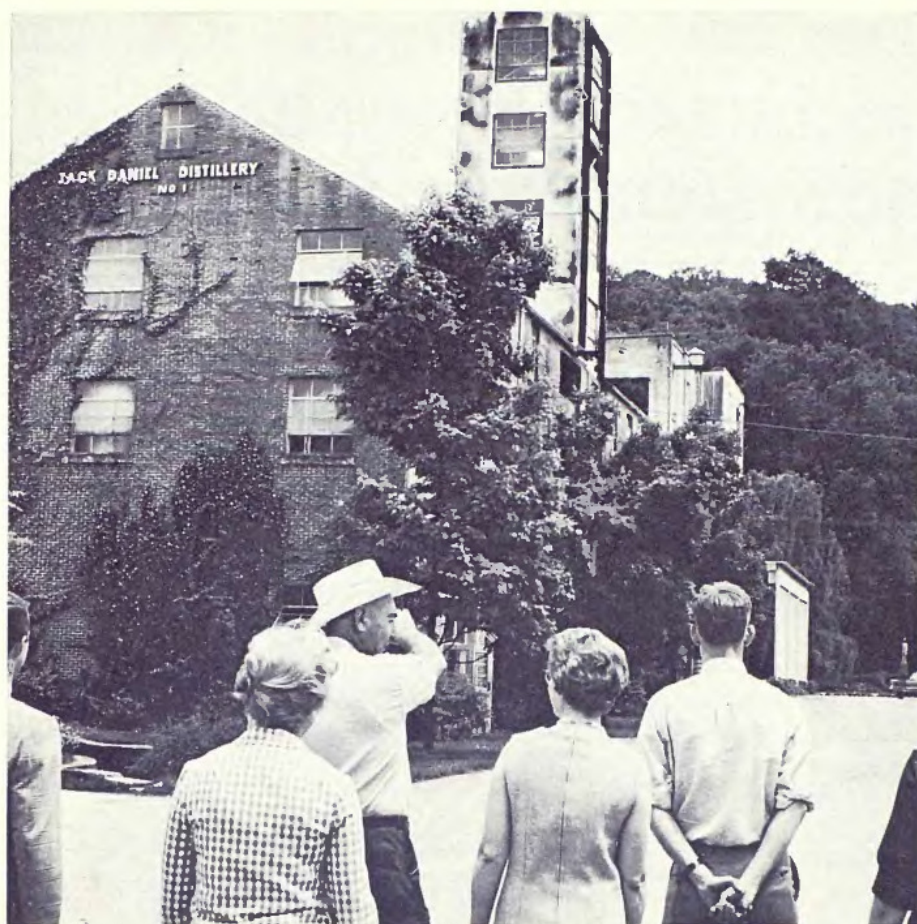
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quality about him was—I have to be so precise in wording this—disapproval of taking casualties. Almost fanatical disapproval. And coupled with that, his intense desire to inflict casualties on the enemy, which, brought down to the most functional level, is the only reason any soldier should exist, in my estimation. For instance, he once said, "The first son of a bitch who ever said 'Hit the dirt!' is responsible for more death than any other guy who ever lived." You see the thinking. Now, you may not approve of it. I may not approve of it. But I'm speaking of a professional soldier's outlook. His whole attitude toward mobile warfare is so profound and so advanced. If you don't believe me, read Goddard, read Rommel, read anybody he admired. Go back to Alexander the Great: Mobility! The ability to strike and keep moving, to keep the enemy off balance, to not become a target yourself, is absolutely, irrefutably profound in the science of military warfare! Few people have that quality. And he had it with such a passion. With regard to his personal attributes, I think he was a man of honor, dignity, and so forth, and those are admirable qualities.

PLAYBOY: What about the things you hated about him?

SCOTT: I didn't hate anything about him. I disapproved and disliked his flamboyance and his need to cultivate personal publicity. He actually curried it. There was nothing he wouldn't do to get his name in the fucking paper, to suck after his superiors to get medals or anything. He was blatant about that. But the combination in the man was so interesting. He had such myriad qualities. All I wanted to do was as rounded a portrayal as I possibly could.

PLAYBOY: If you were to classify your film performances, would you consider *Patton* one of those for which you'll be most remembered?

SCOTT: I don't know. I don't know how much I served the man himself or what he stood for. I really don't.

PLAYBOY: You do consider it a good movie, though?

SCOTT: It certainly seemed acceptable. I'll go that far.

PLAYBOY: Are there any military men today whom you admire?

SCOTT: I was always an admirer of Elmo Zumwalt, who I think is a brilliant man.

PLAYBOY: Speaking of politics, what is your opinion of Carter?

SCOTT: He's a very nice man, but, Jesus, it's been a history of ineffectuality. I was in Hawaii, making *Islands in the Stream*, five years ago. David Hemmings, my British friend, said, "You know who's going to be the next President? Jimmy Carter." I said, "Who?" He said, "It's all fixed, pal." I said, "Get outa here, you limey fuck." I had literally never

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heard of Jimmy Carter and I accounted myself some sort of half-assed aware creature. And, sure as smoke, on he came. Consumed the Democratic Party, consumed the primaries, consumed the convention . . . and the Presidency! To this day, I don't know how he did it. He didn't even have the prominence of George Wallace. Unreal. I don't believe he has been capable. He has the best interest at heart, but ability is not measured by good intentions. He made deplorable mistakes.

PLAYBOY: This interview will come out just as the voters are going to the polls, so there's no way of knowing now whether or not John Anderson has had any effect and thrown the election into the House of Representatives. Do you have an opinion on that scenario?

SCOTT: OK, he throws it to the House of Representatives. It goes back to the Democrats, doesn't it? We're all stroking the same dick here. It's crazy. It doesn't make sense. I probably would have voted for Mr. Anderson had he not pulled that number appearing with Kennedy.

That leaves Reagan. His record as governor of California was not such a bad one. My feeling is that he would really attack the problem that is killing us today, and that's inflation. Mr. Carter doesn't seem to be able to handle it at all. If we get to the point where the almighty dollar is worth the almighty nickel, we might as well cash in the whole thing anyway, because nothing's going to last. Inflation is the strongest and most ominous enemy we have. Licking the energy problem is the second one and maintaining some sort of credibility and strength in the world is the third.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever actively campaigned for or endorsed a candidate?

SCOTT: I've always had a terrible ranting within myself about that sort of thing. Many people disagree with me, many of my colleagues feel that you're a citizen and should stand up and be counted. I've always had very strange feelings about that, that it's an exploitation of a kind of celebrity. I don't approve of it and, therefore, I can't bring myself to do it. I think it's a misuse of funds—a misappropriation of funds. You're getting sudden nourishment from the public and you're channeling it in a direction that may not be moral. Every time I get close to doing something like that, I say, You know you're not going to be able to do that, you're going to get a very uneasy feeling in your lower back and it's going to stink and you'll be embarrassed and you're going to feel self-contempt and pass. Who the hell am I to be telling whomever whom to vote for? I've no business telling anybody that.

PLAYBOY: Didn't you once vote for Nixon?

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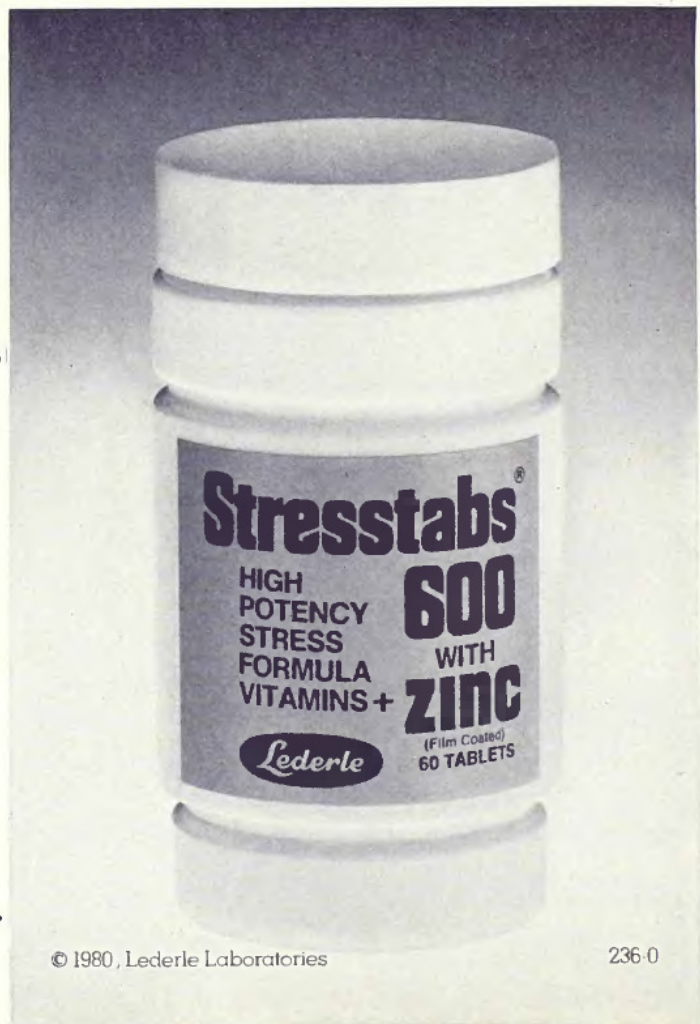
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SCOTT: Just the first time, not the second.

PLAYBOY: Would you like to see him handling foreign policy today?

SCOTT: His foreign policy was as close to being A-plus as anybody's we've had in a long time. He certainly could cook with those turkeys. Our problem with Mr. Carter is that he can't cook.

PLAYBOY: Do you think Reagan would be tougher with the Russians than Carter?

SCOTT: I don't think there's *anybody* who couldn't be. I have no brief against the Soviet Union, as long as they don't want to dominate everything, for Christ's sake. I believe in *détente*, in getting along, in not destroying the world with thermonuclear warfare. On the other hand, I think there's a point beyond which no one can be pushed. Not even us. I don't want to see the world destroyed, my children destroyed, grandchildren unborn destroyed. I couldn't give a shit about myself, I've had a nice life. I'm concerned about young people, about their future. I'm concerned for the Third World, about people starving to death. I think you're crazy if you're not concerned about that; but I'm also concerned about the United States. It's important that we cannot and do not allow ourselves to become so weakened and so strung out that none of our allies wish to be our allies anymore and that the world is slowly omnivorated by the Soviet Union.

PLAYBOY: Do you think the arms race should continue to escalate, even if both sides have more than enough power to wipe each other out?

SCOTT: What is interesting about the nuclear-arms race is that the Russians have managed to eat up half the world and haven't dropped a fucking bomb yet. We're the only ones who ever dropped a bomb on anybody. They don't have to. The horrible thing about the national revulsion against military power and preparedness that resulted in this country at the end of the Vietnamese crisis is that it has so weakened us tactically and geopolitically that they don't have to get into a thermonuclear war to get what they damn please! It's apparent in Afghanistan. Can you imagine the Russian embassy anywhere being taken over by somebody? Name it. There'd be 500 fucking tanks in there tomorrow. You know it and I know it and nobody would do a fucking thing about it! They don't kid around, the Russians. Certainly, we must all realize that now. They don't fuck around. They go and get what they damn well want to get and they protect what's their own.

PLAYBOY: Do you seriously believe we will soon be in a world war?

SCOTT: I think we're going to be involved in war sooner or later anyway, sir. There is no question in my mind about that



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and hasn't been for the past five years. It's almost unavoidable.

PLAYBOY: With Russia? In the Middle East?

SCOTT: I'm talking about global thermonuclear warfare. And I'm concerned about less powerful nations getting the atomic capability, such as Iraq. Those are very frightening things to contemplate, because the bomb is a big equalizer. One can only hope, to use that old cliché, that cooler heads can prevail. And that the war, when it comes—if it comes—will be limited to conventional weapons. I understand the Russians have a great capability of chemical warfare now. And we have none. We're scrambling. It's going to take us five years. But we have deliberately gotten ourselves into this situation for whatever reason.

PLAYBOY: When the hostages were taken in Iran, do you think we immediately should have gone in militarily?

SCOTT: My opinion was in 72 hours. It was the kind of thing that could not and should not have been prolonged. It had to be dealt with immediately. We, like so many other peoples, are not adverse to sacrificing people for what we believe. What the Iranian fanatics have done to us is beyond *anything* that has ever happened in the history of civilized man. All because of one senile zealot, who took the protection of France—which hasn't opened its collective yap—for 15 years. I see nothing Turgidsonian—what a good word!—about going in and releasing the American hostages. At whatever cost.

PLAYBOY: And your opinion of the Ayatollah Khomeini?

SCOTT: President Sadat characterized him perfectly: Lunatic. Also, the man is 80 years old and ill and doesn't give a shit. What is he going to care? It's over. He comes out and waves his hand like a senile old fool, and that's the story.

PLAYBOY: And yet he seems to have the people behind him, demonstrating at his will.

SCOTT: My friend, if you had the situation he's got, you'd do anything to keep them from realizing they don't have any jobs or food. I'd keep them in the streets all the time and make all the effigies I could make, get all the TV cameras and the still photographers I could get, wouldn't you? Otherwise, they're gonna sit around the cafés there and they're gonna say, "Wait a minute . . . who is that asshole with the beard here? Let's get him." And that's exactly what will happen. I hope he doesn't have the grace that the shah had. I hope he is turned up by the heels, as Mussolini was turned, and *burned alive!* That's my express hope. Now, unlike Miss Lillian, I wouldn't hire a hit man to get him. I hope his own people will turn on him,

because he's done them a massive disservice.

PLAYBOY: Among actors, are you alone in your outspoken opinions?

SCOTT: Are most actors Democrats, is that what you're asking? Now that the Duke is gone? [Laughs]

PLAYBOY: Do your friends agree or disagree with your views?

SCOTT: Seldom agree.

PLAYBOY: And when someone does?

SCOTT: I'm highly suspicious. [Laughs]

PLAYBOY: Given the perception abroad that U.S. power has dwindled, do you believe the military should have been allowed to win in Vietnam at any cost?

SCOTT: I'm afraid that I think that's true, yes. It may not be a very popular opinion, but I held it at the time and I hold it now. I don't believe in fighting wars that you don't want to win. I didn't believe in Korea and I didn't believe in Vietnam.

PLAYBOY: How would you have won in Vietnam? By blowing up all of North Vietnam?

SCOTT: Yes. I would have attacked North

"I don't believe in fighting wars that you don't want to win. I would have attacked North Vietnam and I really would have attacked it!"

Vietnam and I really would have *attacked* it! Of course, President Nixon couldn't do it, because he was under such incredible fire at home that he mined Haiphong and bombed only selected targets. Popular opinion had turned against the entire war effort. He literally could not win and he had no choice but to get us out of there. The military claimed then and I assume they claim to this day that they could have won it.

PLAYBOY: Would you say that the soldier's death is the most honorable of deaths?

SCOTT: I see no dishonor in it, let me tell you that. To skip the country and go to Canada I find dishonorable. To run out on your country and beg to get back in I thought was dishonorable at the time and I think it's dishonorable now.

PLAYBOY: What about Hitler's Germany? Would it have been dishonorable for the German soldiers to have refused to fight?

SCOTT: Not to try at all, not to go and see, is dishonorable. Many people disagree with me, but that doesn't make

me right and it doesn't make me wrong.

PLAYBOY: Surely, the parents of the 55,000 boys killed in Vietnam feel very bitter about what happened there.

SCOTT: You're lumping and it's a bad mistake. Don't lump. Many people are very proud that their sons died.

PLAYBOY: Often, they *have* to be proud, since they have to live with that and no one likes to feel he's living with a mistake.

SCOTT: I couldn't disagree with you more. Not being able to look at the truth, you're in big psychological trouble. There's the wellspring of neurosis right there that leads into much worse things.

PLAYBOY: It's not necessarily neurotic to disagree about the truth of Vietnam—

SCOTT: Let's look at what's happened, which is about the worst of about 12 alternatives, in my estimation. We got out. The disgrace that has occurred since we *left* the fucking place is *far* more traumatic and pervasive than any disgrace that we may have endured at the time. I firmly believe that. I sound like Duke Wayne, but I'm sorry.

PLAYBOY: You're not fully taking into account what was going on here at the time; this country was going to pieces from within. Vietnam was—

SCOTT: The Vietnam war was a direct, evolutionary reaction to the Korean War. That's something people don't seem to understand and some of our most brilliant political analysts refuse to write about. Our country started to go to *shit* in the Korean War, *not* in the Vietnamese war. The Vietnamese war was a unilateral continuation of a concerted effort that failed in the Korean War! And *every* one of our allies is equally responsible as we were. No one likes to look at the Korean War. It's the hidden war. The Vietnamese war is the degenerate war, because we had the Sixties and the upheaval. All our young people said, "Enough!" and went on drugs. The world went on drugs! I submit to you, the result of what happened in the Sixties *may* become, if history gives us long enough to view it, the darkest, most dismal hour in this nation's history. *Not* because we were fighting a war on far-flung shores, necessarily; we've done that before with other nations and come out better. The trauma of the Sixties, which is looked upon and *idealized* by people of your generation, of my wife's generation, as such a grand time, when we threw off the yoke of establishmentarianism and everybody let it all hang out and we tuned out and flipped out and *fucked off* and everything else, *may be the darkest decade of our history*, because that's when the country really started going downhill!

PLAYBOY: So you think the blame goes back to Eisenhower, who promised to go to—

SCOTT: No! I'm sorry. No. No. Blame

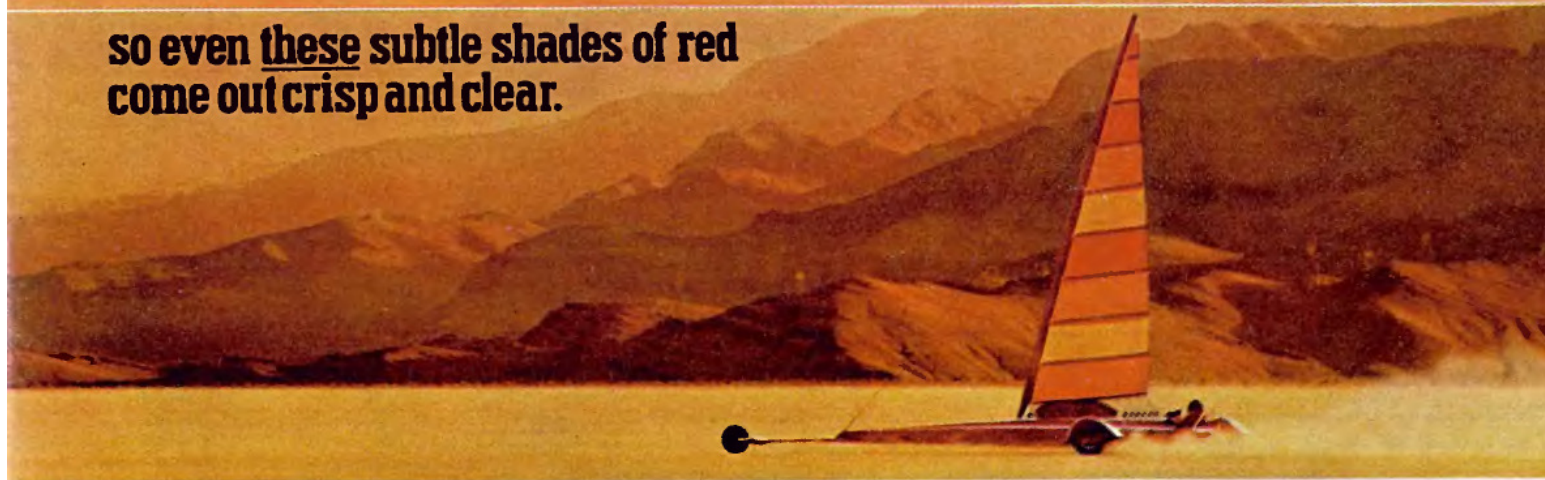
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Harry Truman, if you have to blame one guy, which isn't possible. But if you want to blame somebody, blame Harry and his fucking police action! Blame Harry and the MacArthur problem! Didn't let the son of a bitch fight the war. We've got 30,000 soldiers over there today as we're sitting here! They've been there for 35 years! What the hell is that? We don't have any troops in Vietnam, we *still* have them in Korea. Figure that one out for me sometime! It's a madness. Either get them the fuck out or . . . you know. The dogface in Korea, expending his life, bleeding away for nothing over that crappy peninsula called Korea, did something to the American fighting man that has never been done before. Everything I've ever read, everyone I've ever talked to speaks about the inanity, the cruelty, the stupidity, the indifference and the frustration of being placed in a position that our fighting people are placed in, ostensibly surrounded by allies, and of being castrated politically, which is what they were—it was the worst single thing you could do to a soldier, and that's what we did. That's what Harry Truman did. His reputation and his soul, if there is such a thing, are going to have to bear the brunt of that!

PLAYBOY: A lot of what you have to say is pretty gung-ho Marine. Are you proud of having been a Marine?

SCOTT: Yes, I'm very happy I was in the Marine Corps. Yes, absolutely.

PLAYBOY: You left home at 17 to join the Marines, but you missed fighting overseas. Did you feel, as General Patton did, that they stole the war from you?

SCOTT: Yeah. Darn. Darn. As a matter of fact, I was lucky. I missed *two* wars. I felt very cheated when they dropped the bomb. I thought, Ah, shit, we can't invade Japan, darn. Which, of course, was dumb.

PLAYBOY: Weren't you assigned to the graves detail at Arlington?

SCOTT: I did ceremonial burials three or four times a week. The flag, the three rounds, the whole thing.

PLAYBOY: Was it depressing?

SCOTT: It was *very* depressing.

PLAYBOY: Besides burials, what else did you do in the Marine Corps?

SCOTT: Other kinds of ceremonial details. I remember I went on a trip one time across the country, guarding the eternal flame from the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier in Paris. Just me and another noncom. Our job was to keep the flame from going out night and day.

PLAYBOY: Did you get into many fights in the Marines?

SCOTT: Yeah, doesn't everybody? When you're very young, you feel you have to uphold the honor of the Corps and that kind of shit, so if anybody says anything, you go *pop!* That's why I was

always getting beat up.

PLAYBOY: Did you know what you wanted to be when you left the Marines?

SCOTT: I definitely wanted to be a writer.

PLAYBOY: Didn't you teach a correspondence course in writing while you were in the Service?

SCOTT: I taught creative writing—about which I knew nothing except that I had taken the course and passed it—to Marines all over the world who would write in.

PLAYBOY: Who were some of the writers who impressed you at that time?

SCOTT: Hemingway, Steinbeck, Faulkner.

PLAYBOY: What war novels did you enjoy?

SCOTT: I liked *From Here to Eternity*, *The Naked and the Dead*, *The Young Lions*.

PLAYBOY: Probably didn't care much for *Catch-22*.

SCOTT: Not particularly.

PLAYBOY: What did you think of Brando and Montgomery Clift in the movie *The Young Lions*?

SCOTT: Clift reached his zenith in the picture *The Young Lions*. It was sad that those two young actors couldn't have had a great actor with them in that.

PLAYBOY: You're referring to the part Dean Martin played.

SCOTT: Yeah. It's a damn shame it couldn't have been a really first-class actor; then the picture would have been unbeatable. I'm not knocking Dean, I

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don't think he thinks he's a first-class actor.

PLAYBOY: Do you still believe America's three greatest actors were Brando, Clift and Barrymore?

SCOTT: Yes, I really do. It was sad about Monty, that he wasn't able to fulfill that enormous potential he had. But I would still hold to that.

PLAYBOY: Other than Clift, who died young, would you say that Brando and Barrymore wasted a good deal of their talent?

SCOTT: Barrymore certainly did. Marlon may have. Only because his talent is so colossal. One would be hard put to evaluate how consistently one could keep up to that talent.

PLAYBOY: You'll be appearing for the first time with Brando in the forthcoming movie *The Formula*, about a secret synthetic fuel developed by the Germans before World War Two. What was it about *The Formula* that so interested you?

SCOTT: Well, the subject was so stunning and so timely and, apparently, from everything I can understand, extremely well authenticated. I went over the document material myself and there is no doubt historically that the German war machine was run on synthetic fuel because they had no oil. All they had was coal. Also, historically, there was no doubt that a pilot hydrogenation plant was set up in this country in 1945 in Brownsville, Texas, using German scientists, and ran until 1956, at which time it was closed permanently and the scientists returned to Germany. They were producing synthetic fuel at that plant.

PLAYBOY: Then there is no doubt in your mind that the technology to make synthetic fuel is available and it's the oil companies that are stopping it?

SCOTT: There's absolutely no doubt in my mind. I'm told that there are 300,000 pages of documents in German dealing with the subject at Texas A & M that have never been translated. Captured German documents! There's certainly enough room for a large-scale investigation.

PLAYBOY: Do you think that will happen?

SCOTT: I hope the picture will help spark some sort of bloody investigation.

PLAYBOY: What you're saying is that big business—in this case, the major oil companies—has conspired in some way to keep the formula for the production of synthetic fuel out of the market place; is that correct?

SCOTT: There has been so much revelation in the past decade or so I hesitate to grab a brush and start tarring everybody. All I can say to you is that I think there is not only room but reason for some sort of curious look into the thing and I would like to see that happen.

PLAYBOY: If that is true, the reason for it would have to be profit motivated, wouldn't it?

SCOTT: I believe in profit. Hell, I'm a capitalist. There's never been a bigger one! I don't believe in suppression of anything and if it's true that that has been done, then I think that we should be apprised of it. This is a subject that is vital not only to America but to all of our allies.

PLAYBOY: Actually, hasn't Congress recently passed a bill providing in effect 88 billion dollars to develop synthetic fuel, and didn't House Majority Leader Jim Wright say it was the most significant piece of legislation of the decade?

SCOTT: The 88 billion dollars is a drop in the bucket. That's just what Marlon says in the picture, or what I say to him. Where does the money go? That's the key. Who the hell rides herd on it? Where are the contracts farmed out? It's too much money way too late, and it's going to feed into more money. They're

*"With Marlon, I wouldn't
want to do an entire film
with the little darling,
because he would drive
you crazy."*

going to nurse this one for a long time. The problem has just begun, as far as I'm concerned.

PLAYBOY: Are you satisfied with your role in the film?

SCOTT: Yeah. Very good part.

PLAYBOY: Why has it taken this long for you and Brando to act together?

SCOTT: I have no idea. It's a strange business in L.A.

PLAYBOY: Did Brando agree to the film before or after you did?

SCOTT: After. After.

PLAYBOY: Were you surprised when he agreed?

SCOTT: I was delighted, but I wasn't particularly surprised.

PLAYBOY: Did he memorize any of his lines?

SCOTT: I doubt it. Over a period of time, he just got it from osmosis. He has a theory that he doesn't care to do that. I don't necessarily subscribe to that. It's interesting to watch him work. He's an authentic genius in his field. No question in my mind about it.

PLAYBOY: What makes him so formidable?

SCOTT: The thing about his genius is the originality, the freshness that he brought to acting. Just overwhelming. Nobody had ever seen anything like that before.

I never had. And certainly nobody else had. Brando is in a class by himself. Been there for years. I can't conceive of a man who has suffered through more disappointing experiences than he has professionally. I'm not the least bit surprised that he doesn't want to work or that he wants 80 zillion dollars to work. I mean, if I were him, I would have told them to go fuck themselves a long time ago. He's been through a great deal. I wish to God he would work on the stage again, but I doubt if it will ever happen. I doubt he has the interest or inclination. It's sad.

PLAYBOY: What would you like to have seen him do on stage?

SCOTT: That's a good question. I would like to have seen him do some Miller. Maybe *All My Sons* a few years ago. Or even *Death of a Salesman*. It would have been a fantastic performance. I'm not sure how good a classic actor Marlon would be. He tried only once and he was quite good.

PLAYBOY: Did Brando influence you at all as an actor?

SCOTT: No. We're different kinds of actors.

PLAYBOY: He's Method, you're not?

SCOTT: I'm a rather technical actor. I was never very good at improvisation; it has never been easy for me and I don't do it well. I was never trained that way. I'm an affect actor rather than an introspective one. I don't expose either myself or my soul. It has nothing to do with me. There is nothing about my acting that is visceral or emotional. It's not emotional. It's contrived. I don't do anything that I don't plan on doing. I do exactly what I intend to do.

PLAYBOY: Since that description would put you in a small minority of the major actors working today, is it difficult for you to act with them?

SCOTT: It can be more interesting, frankly. It's very nice to work with people who don't subscribe to your particular style or your approach. With Marlon, I wouldn't want to do an entire film with the little darling, because he would drive you crazy, but I find him a wonderful man with a magnificent sense of humor.

PLAYBOY: How would he drive you crazy?

SCOTT: He is dreadfully slow. He thinks about everything and does it over and over and over. Marlon would improve *all* the time. I'm not sure about the rest of us, but he's always working at it, discovering the part. It's amazing. I just don't work that way.

PLAYBOY: Did you get a chance to know him personally?

SCOTT: We played chess together, that's all. Two or three games a day. We did not socialize off the set.

PLAYBOY: Who usually won?



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SCOTT: Me.

PLAYBOY: We take it you don't like to lose.

SCOTT: I don't like to lose. Even to a master, I don't like to lose.

PLAYBOY: Brando was on the set for only two weeks, wasn't he?

SCOTT: Ten days.

PLAYBOY: Does it bother you that while you spent six times as much time on the picture, he's paid more and is given a higher percentage of the film than you?

SCOTT: I'll tell the world: I couldn't agree more. [Laughs]

PLAYBOY: That it does bother you?

SCOTT: No, it doesn't bother me. Shit, he's worth every dime of it. More power to him. Everybody used to bitch when Liz Taylor got \$1,000,000 for a picture; remember that? Christ, she could have gotten \$12,000,000, as far as I'm concerned. It's only the brass that call it highway robbery—those guys who are making all the money off the picture.

PLAYBOY: Speaking of that, you've been saying you're quitting acting for your own peace of mind for years now—

SCOTT: I keep trying to quit.

PLAYBOY: Will *The Formula* be your last picture?

SCOTT: I don't see how it could be. I hope not. The reason, of course, is economic. Unless I can really get stronger into directing.

PLAYBOY: Do you feel you've made your mark as an actor?

SCOTT: I think I've done enough of it. I really do.

PLAYBOY: You're satisfied with your body of work, then.

SCOTT: I never set out to be a pillar of the theatrical, cinematic community.

PLAYBOY: Yet you became one.

SCOTT: I don't look at it that way. There's a certain amount of pretension there.

PLAYBOY: Has acting been a job more than a passion for you?

SCOTT: It's been a job. Or a profession. I don't have any idea what I would have been if it hadn't been for the theater, but I haven't been flamed about it since I was in my 20s, and that's a long time ago. When you get middle-aged, the priorities change and you look for other avenues, other forms of expression.

PLAYBOY: Did you ever hear John Huston's comment about you: "My opinion of him as an actor is much higher than my opinion of him as a man"?

SCOTT: Yes, I've heard that.

PLAYBOY: Do you have any idea why he said it?

SCOTT: I have no idea, except that we've had certain falling outs.

PLAYBOY: Huston was apparently upset with your behavior toward Ava Gardner during the making of *The Bible*. He claims you struck her and "damn near broke her nose."

SCOTT: That's not true, and I never talk about Ava. It wasn't true.

PLAYBOY: Is it true that your first real

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fistfight in the Marines was with a drunken sergeant major in Washington over Ava's acting abilities?

SCOTT: That's the most ludicrous thing I've ever heard in my life. But, again, I don't talk about her. Don't ask me anything about her.

PLAYBOY: May we ask you about that time in your life, around 1965?

SCOTT: Sure.

PLAYBOY: It's often described as the blackest period of your life. The London *Daily Express* reported that you were thrown out of the Savoy Hotel in London after a fight with Ava, that you were arrested and fined in court one pound for being drunk. The columnists had a field day—they reported that you followed Ava to the Beverly Hills Hotel and created another scene. It was around that time that you and Colleen Dewhurst first separated. Were you out of control?

SCOTT: I would say that was a very low point in my life. Very low.

PLAYBOY: Was it more difficult for you in Hollywood after that incident?

SCOTT: I was unemployed for a while, yeah.

PLAYBOY: OK, getting off the subject—

SCOTT: Thank you.

PLAYBOY: Wasn't it during that period that you went to London to appear in *The Three Sisters* and were booed by the audience?

SCOTT: Oh, yes. That was a *colossal* booing. They booed as one person, as though on cue. It was hilarious. Of course, we were all very upset about it.

PLAYBOY: Why did they boo?

SCOTT: They hated the show! They hated the actors, they hated the whole production. The chemistry was wrong. We had some excellent people and we were all totally lost. One actress mumbled; Kim Stanley, who talked me into it, you couldn't hear; and I roared and paced like a chained lion. Obviously, the styles were certainly conflicting. The producer went to Rome the first night and we never saw her again. Our little psyches were wounded there. It was a hilarious experience in retrospect. We went out and got drunk.

PLAYBOY: Lee Strasberg directed that, didn't he?

SCOTT: You could call it that, yes. That's the only experience I ever had with him.

PLAYBOY: Did you ever consider studying at the Actors Studio when you were starting?

SCOTT: No, it never occurred to me. As a matter of fact, I resisted it. It just wasn't my style.

PLAYBOY: Returning to some of your publicized incidents, when the play *Comes a Day* closed in 1958, you supposedly cut open your hand in rage and had to perform the last scene wearing a rubber glove. True?

SCOTT: I *did* tear up the dressing room during that production. There was some frustration going on; I can't even recall what it was. But the other time I badly hurt myself was in *Children of Darkness*. I hit a mirror that was thicker than I thought. It was a half inch instead of a quarter inch, and that was bad. I went through the bloody thing and hit an artery. It was like fountain time. They rushed and got me some bandages and a rubber glove and I played the third act with the glove on, filling up with blood. [Laughs] Nice little frustration.

PLAYBOY: The show must go on?

SCOTT: A matter of exigency. The people would have demanded their money back and the poor producers would have been up the creek; it was my responsibility.

PLAYBOY: Didn't you also break your hand hitting some scenery during *The Wall* because you couldn't tolerate your co-star?

SCOTT: That's true, I broke my hand.

PLAYBOY: Who was your co-star?

SCOTT: A British actress named Yvonne Mitchell.

PLAYBOY: What was it about her that drove you crazy?

SCOTT: Just a personality conflict. Those things happen sometimes, and rather than belt her, I hit the joint where the two two-by-fours come together. Broke that knuckle, broke that knuckle, really creamed this knuckle. The doctor said,

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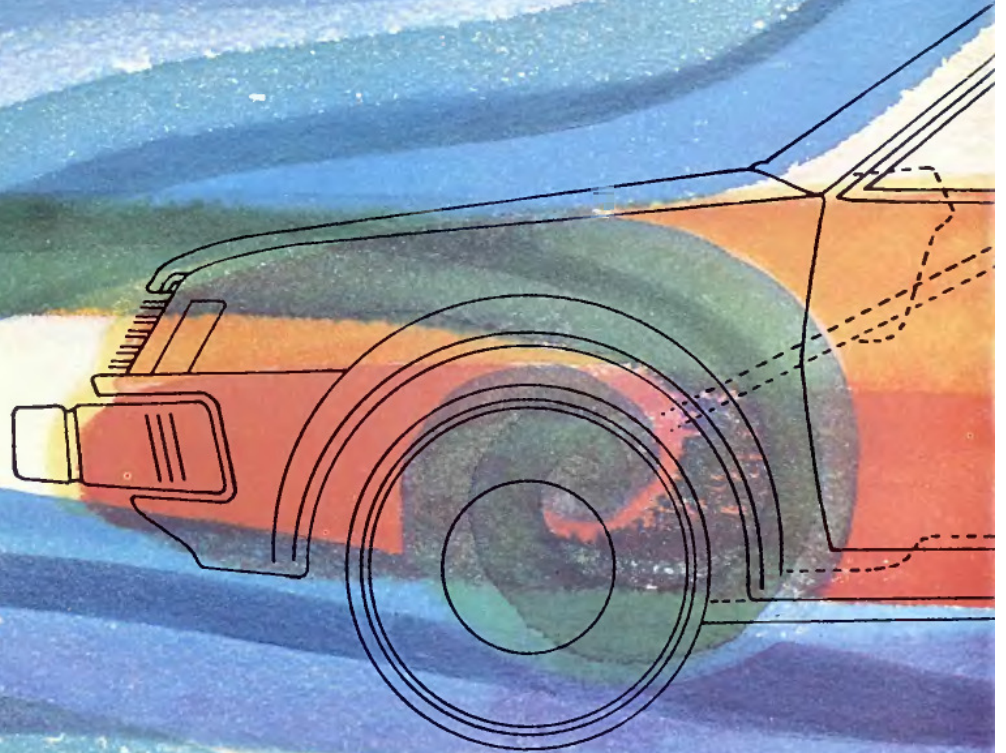
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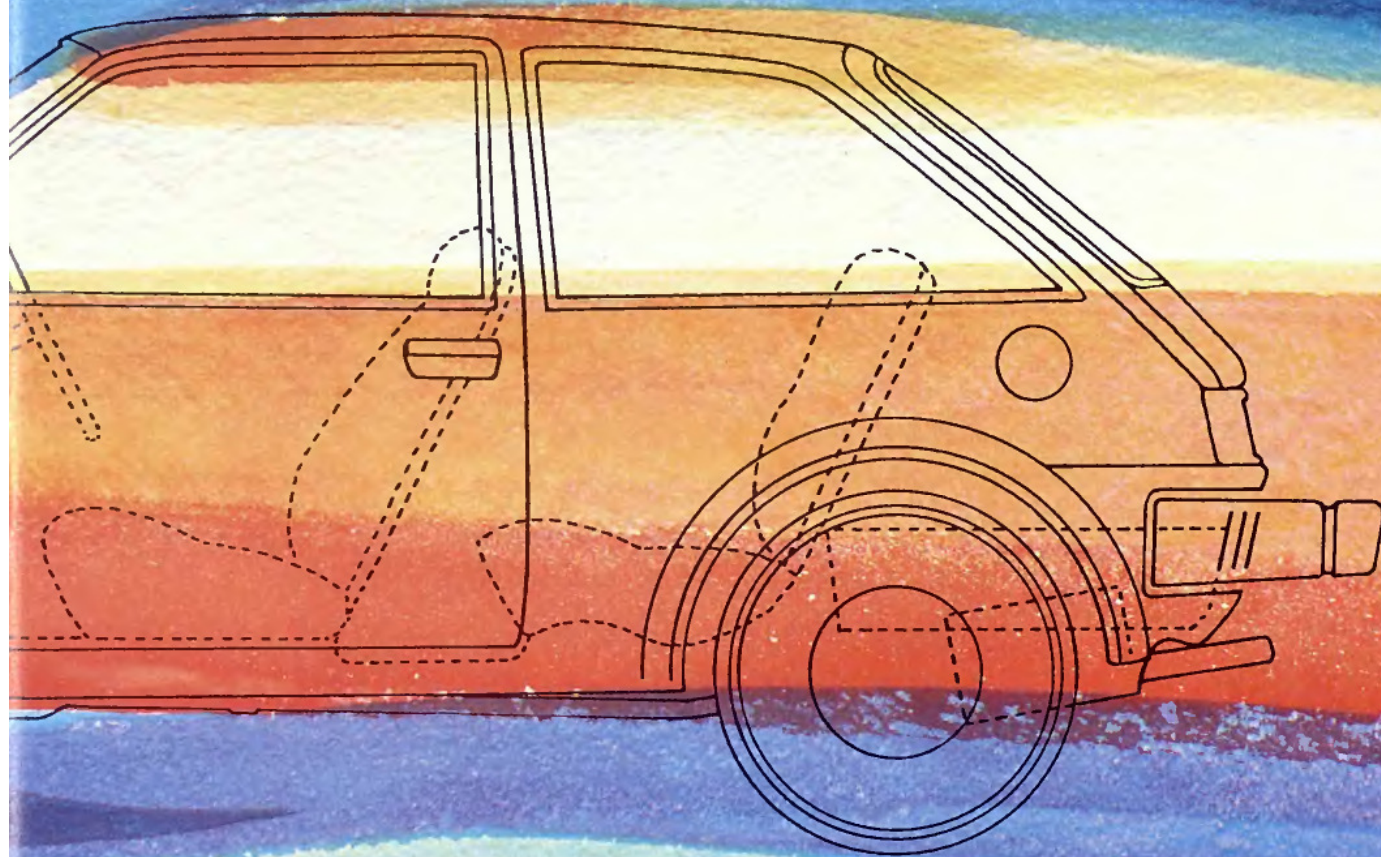
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"Jesus Christ, kid, what did you do?" I said, "I lost my temper." I haven't had any altercations with an actor since. I've had many with directors but never with actors.

PLAYBOY: Didn't William Wyler fire you from a film called *How to Steal a Million*?

SCOTT: It's the only time I've ever been fired from a film, and I sued Fox and collected.

PLAYBOY: Why were you fired?

SCOTT: I don't know. He never did speak to me after that. He wouldn't talk to me on the phone. I think it was personality. He didn't care for me. I didn't say anything to him. No point in dwelling on those things. They happen all the time.

PLAYBOY: Among other battles you've waged was the film you produced, directed, starred in—*The Savage Is Loose*. You tried to buck the distribution system, but the film failed at the box office. Do you still see that as the culmination of your career?

SCOTT: I still do. Yeah.

PLAYBOY: Did you lose a lot of your own money?

SCOTT: Yes.

PLAYBOY: How much?

SCOTT: Oh, God, it would amount to, I would think, \$500,000, plus maybe \$1,500,000 that I normally would have been paid, and perhaps \$150,000 for my wife. None of that was ever seen, of course.

PLAYBOY: So altogether, roughly, it was about \$2,500,000 you personally lost. Did you get any of it back?

SCOTT: We got enough back to pay off the private investors.

PLAYBOY: Didn't you rent a theater in New York for a year to show it?

SCOTT: Yeah, and it cost me \$230,000. [Laughs]

PLAYBOY: How was the business there?

SCOTT: Business was execrable, to coin a phrase.

PLAYBOY: Didn't your lawyer advise against the project, saying it couldn't be done?

SCOTT: He certainly advised against it, I'll tell you that.

PLAYBOY: And weren't you going against common wisdom to invest your own money?

SCOTT: *Common wisdom*; isn't that a lovely phrase? Common is very good. Yeah, I'm sure I was, but it's not the first time and probably won't be the last. I believed in it. I still believe in it. Essentially, it was a very good picture. I still think so. It's a very delicate piece. The notices were mixed. It was not a critical disaster, by any means. That's what makes baseball.

PLAYBOY: We'll spare you the comments of the critics we've read about the film, but looking back, would you make the same picture again?

SCOTT: I would make some changes in it, sure. I would put in some things that I had edited out. The key to the failure of the film was the lack of promotional money. You have to have enough money to give the picture a shot, give it a chance. I didn't have enough money.

PLAYBOY: So you still feel that bucking the distribution system can be done?

SCOTT: It's a very viable idea and it should be done by other independents. The problem with marketing a film is that there are so many middlemen between the producer and the consumer that you can't make a product and get it to the people.

PLAYBOY: Your wife Trish said she thought *Savage* was a good way to be able to stay and work together. Did you feel that?

SCOTT: Well, we certainly pulled hard together on it. We pulled like hell. There was almost nothing we didn't do. In that sense, it was most satisfying.

PLAYBOY: She also said that you need to learn how to create a better environment for the actor.

SCOTT: Listen, she has her opinion and I

"Kubrick is an incredibly, depressingly serious man, with this wild sense of humor. But paranoid."

have mine. Just like any other artist dealing one on one.

PLAYBOY: Do you have people around you when you direct with whom you feel comfortable? Good assistant directors?

SCOTT: I had a great A.D. on *Rage*. One of the best in the world. The poor man suffered a heart attack and had to retire. The man I had in *Savage* has since died. Liked them both.

PLAYBOY: Do you think you might have had an effect on them? The strain of working with you?

SCOTT: [Angry] That's a dreadful question! No, of course not. That's a very lousy question! People live and die, pal.

PLAYBOY: Sorry. [Long, tense pause] Let's move to neutral ground. How do you see the role of the director?

SCOTT: The whole process of directing, particularly for films, is to make the actors as comfortable as humanly possible. And to provide them with some sort of intelligence about what your plans are and how they fit in, and then let them alone, for Christ's sake. The less you mess with them, the better off everybody is.

PLAYBOY: You've said that you've never been directed by a director.

SCOTT: Directors are supposed to help the audience. Good directors don't direct actors. A director who messes too much with an actor is wasting everybody's time, his and the actor's.

PLAYBOY: How much of your own acting suffers when you direct yourself?

SCOTT: You've got to lose to a certain degree. The acting would be the first to suffer, because your mind is not on the acting, it's on the shot.

PLAYBOY: Are you more comfortable in front of the camera or behind it?

SCOTT: I feel a great sense of relaxation behind the camera. There is a certain kind of friction that is necessary in front of it. I don't feel that pressure behind the camera.

PLAYBOY: In the future, would you prefer to direct and not act?

SCOTT: I certainly would, yeah.

PLAYBOY: Didn't you accuse Irvin Kershner of ruining *The Flim-Flam Man* in the cutting room, claiming "Some of these directors get Jehovah complexes"?

SCOTT: That's my quote. You've got it. I believe that something happens to them. They sweat over that Moviola too long.

PLAYBOY: Does that happen to you when you direct?

SCOTT: I think it probably does. I certainly try to guard against it.

PLAYBOY: Did you enjoy doing *The Flim-Flam Man*?

SCOTT: I loved doing it. I enjoyed the character, loved the location. The picture didn't make any money, but it has become kind of a cult film.

PLAYBOY: So has *Petulia*, which Richard Lester directed. What did you think of that one?

SCOTT: I thought it was an intriguing project. I liked the character. He was a kind of off-the-wall guy. And she was certainly weird enough. I didn't particularly understand the film. Very often we didn't know what the hell we were doing. It was a very convoluted script. And Dickie doesn't talk about it, which is probably good. He has a terrific ability with a camera. I was kind of lost. I think Julie [Christie] was kind of lost. But Lester—now, there's a man who had enormous promise. And he hasn't done anything, except *The Four Musketeers*, that anybody's ever heard of since then.

PLAYBOY: He also directed *A Hard Day's Night*.

SCOTT: Yeah, like I said. . . .

PLAYBOY: You've half-jokingly claimed half credit for *Dr. Strangelove* because you rewrote half the script. True?

SCOTT: We rewrote every day. I don't take any more credit than anybody else. Stanley Kubrick, of course, gets all the credit and Peter [Sellers] gets the rest. But Stanley is very meticulous and hates everything that he writes or has anything to do with. He's an incredibly,

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depressingly serious man, with this wild sense of humor. But paranoid. Every morning, we would all meet and practically rewrite the day's work. He's a perfectionist and he's always unhappy with anything that's set.

PLAYBOY: Weren't you unhappy, as well, with the ending?

SCOTT: It bothered me a lot, but there was a very bad problem there. Stanley was right.

PLAYBOY: The original ending was to be a pie-throwing scene involving the President and all the top brass. What was the problem?

SCOTT: The assassination of President Kennedy was the problem, and that was a *bitch* of a problem! Peter Sellers gets hit with a pie and he swoons in my arms and I say, "Gentlemen, our beloved President has been struck down at the prime of life." What the fuck, you couldn't use the line and you couldn't use the rest of it, either; there was nothing Stanley could do about it. He had to find some other way to end the movie. It would have been so distasteful.

PLAYBOY: Didn't you pattern General Buck Turgidson after a real person?

SCOTT: Yes, a business acquaintance of my father's. He was like Buck exactly. Had he been in the Armed Forces, that's what he would have been. He was frightening. Those people are frightening, obviously.

And to make them funny is a good thing, because they're scary people.

PLAYBOY: Do you often pattern your characters after real people?

SCOTT: I used to do it much more than I do it now. That's the loss of observation. Dickie Burton said it one time, too, and I noticed it to be very true. He said, "I can't observe as well as I used to." When you're so concerned about yourself being observed, you cannot observe. It robs the actor of one of his great tools, which is the nondescript personality that can observe. It's just like writers who listen to dialog. Actors do it, too. I did it for years. But I certainly don't do it very much anymore. I'm so self-conscious in public. I can't go anywhere and sit down in the corner of a barroom and listen to the guy talking for an hour; no way. That's one thing fame does for you.

PLAYBOY: What does fame mean to you?

SCOTT: Well, we were talking about Streisand and she made that *incredible* statement I couldn't agree with more. She said that she had a terrible dream. Maybe she told you about it.

PLAYBOY: Yes, in her *Playboy Interview*.

SCOTT: Where she dreams she's lying under a fucking truck, crushed, and a guy rushes up and says, "Can I have your fucking autograph?" I feel *exactly* that way. I know *exactly* what she meant when she said that. Why autographs? It's

like they want some sort of piece of you, and how many pieces are there? I've always been relatively shy and what I find most offensive is that many people assume that they own you. They also assume that they can talk about anything and you're dying to talk about it. I've had the most incredible things said to me. Unbelievable.

PLAYBOY: What are some examples?

SCOTT: Comments about your private life, one's personality, one's physicality. I often say, "Well, look, I don't say that about you, why do you get off saying it to me?" And often that starts a fight. They become offensive and then they accuse you of being a sorehead, which maybe you are. At any rate, I find that I've always been surprised by it. I don't know why I should be, because it happens over and over and over.

PLAYBOY: Didn't you once say you could almost see the guy's talons coming out of his hand as you signed an autograph?

SCOTT: Almost entirely with women, very seldom with men. I don't know what inspires it. It's antagonistic, definitely. My experience has been that women are really much worse at that sort of thing than men. Usually, the guy has had way too much to drink. Most men are very friendly to me. Of all ages, strangely.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever tried disguises?

SCOTT: My favorite disguise is a camera

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PLAYBOY: What about people who try to meet you; are they also a problem?

SCOTT: You have no idea the whackos that try to contact you. There're a lot of sick fucking people out there. Holy God! I had a girl for two years would come and sleep at night in the fucking woods out there. I had the cops, I had my lawyers, it was unbelievable.

PLAYBOY: Did you ever meet her?

SCOTT: No, man, no way. I was old enough to be her father, for Christ's sake. In the second place, she was so ill. I got letters from her, gifts; it was awful. It went on for two and a half years. I had her parents contacted. It was horrible.

PLAYBOY: Is that the only time that's happened?

SCOTT: To that extremity. Before, I've had a lot of idiots. I used to get telegrams, letters from a guy who kept chastising me for not meeting him. "I was there and I waited a half hour and you weren't there. What the hell is the story here?" That kind of thing. Two days later, I get a telegram: "I will be at so-and-so, outside NBC, in Hollywood, at 10:30 and we'll discuss what we talked about last week," signed whatever his dumb name was. That went on for a year! Now, that's spooky, it really is. It would never fail, the follow-up telegram: "Where were you?" The guy must have spent a fortune on telegrams. This guy was holding these fucking conversations with me and I never laid eyes on the man in my life! And, Christ, I'm not a rock star. What *they* get must be unbelievable.

PLAYBOY: What about religious fanatics?

SCOTT: Oh, yeah, I get those. Most want to save your soul. Huge tracts of Biblical pamphlets. They're going to save me. My God!

PLAYBOY: You mean groups such as the Hare Krishnas.

SCOTT: Yeah, they seem like idiots to me.

PLAYBOY: What would you do if one of your children told you he'd joined the Krishnas?

SCOTT: I'd say, "Don't do it around me, pal. Piss off, because I can't take it. You're free, but, Jesus, don't come around here with incense and that bullshit."

PLAYBOY: What was your own religious upbringing?

SCOTT: I came from very, very fundamentalist religious people. No card playing, no drinking, no smoking, no nothing in my grandmother's house. We've come a long way from there.

PLAYBOY: You lost your mother when you were only eight, didn't you?

SCOTT: I lost my mother when I was quite young. We moved to Detroit January 1, 1935. My mother died November fifth of that year. Like the guy who was going to get hanged, it concentrated my mind. It's a great void in your life, obviously, losing a parent like that. My father worked like a dog and tried to be everything. He couldn't. He was never the warmest creature who ever lived. He was so harried and so overworked for so many years that he just didn't have the time. So I did feel a little lonely. He was strict. It's only been in the past 15 years or so that my father and I have been close at all. He's a very fine man, my father. He's got one ear and one eye and one lung and he's hanging on. I got him a place in Florida. He's very happy.

PLAYBOY: Do you now see qualities of your father in yourself? Do you ever hear your father's voice when you say things?

SCOTT: Repeatedly. I wish I *had* his voice! Christ, I'd rule the world! He has a magnificent speaking voice. I've always had a raspy, shitty voice.

PLAYBOY: But certainly distinctive.

"I cannot speak in public extemporaneously. I'm a nervous wreck. I shake all over like a dog shaking the water off."

SCOTT: Distinctive, yeah, but it's not a good voice. He was an excellent speaker, which I'm not. I cannot speak in public extemporaneously. I'm a nervous wreck. When I get up, I shake all over like a dog shaking the water off. It's terrible when I have to make a speech. I really suffer. Even if I've memorized it. It's worse than 12 opening nights.

PLAYBOY: But isn't giving a speech also acting?

SCOTT: For some people, but not for me, because there's nothing to hide behind. It's as simple as that.

PLAYBOY: Perhaps you should give your speeches in character. As Patton, for example.

SCOTT: Arf, arf, arf! Yeah. I could do that. [Laughs]

[From the picture window framing their 14 acres of property, Scott sees Trish taking the thoroughbred horse through its paces]

[Aside] She looks great bopping around there, her little trot.

PLAYBOY: Why do you prefer the East Coast to the West?

SCOTT: I love the winter, I love the snow. It's one of the reasons I don't like South-

ern California. Nothing changes. Here, God, it's different.

PLAYBOY: Over the past several years, you've acted mostly with your wife. Are you most comfortable acting with her?

SCOTT: No.

PLAYBOY: Is it more difficult acting with her?

SCOTT: No. I've had the experience of acting with wives. No, it really doesn't have too much to do with it, actually.

PLAYBOY: Is Trish sensitive to criticism that she shouldn't be acting with you because you overwhelm her?

SCOTT: You have to ask her about that. I have no way of knowing.

PLAYBOY: Of your six films together, which has been the most successful?

SCOTT: *The Changeling*, by far.

PLAYBOY: Aren't you on record as hating occult movies?

SCOTT: Well, it was kind of a little murder mystery, sort of. It certainly didn't have any green vomit, nobody was jacking off with a crucifix or any of that garbage. I thought it was somewhat more tasteful than the others of that genre, but some of the critics criticized it for that very reason. It was mild and low key; we deliberately kept that other kind of thing out of the sketch—people blowing up schoolrooms with their eyeballs. I mean, come on. There's a little bit of a jack-off in there and I never wanted to be involved. The fact that it had to do with supernaturalism is not necessarily my cup of tea, but I thought the other parts of the story at least made some effort to make up for it.

PLAYBOY: When the two of you look for parts, are you consciously looking for scripts in which you can act together?

SCOTT: Not at all. I look for something that I can do for myself and she looks for what she can do for herself. If it's possible to work together, we do that.

PLAYBOY: Didn't Trish once picket the *Hospital* set because there were no women doctors in the picture?

SCOTT: Yes.

PLAYBOY: How did you feel about that?

SCOTT: I thought it was the tackiest fucking thing I ever heard of and told her so. I said, "Get off my case, go pick on somebody else." The worst arguments my wife and I have ever had have been over politics or some social tradition of thought.

PLAYBOY: Do you find that the best way to solve that is not to talk politics at home?

SCOTT: Yes, and then she calls me uncommunicative.

PLAYBOY: How does it work privately with you both? You're not really getting away from the office, so to speak, when you go home.

SCOTT: It has caused problems from time



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to time; you're quite right. You're locked into the professional situation in the domestic situation. It can be bothersome. We think that if you can say something constructive at home, it's OK to say it. Critiques at home don't go over too good. It's better to leave that on the other side. I certainly don't ever say to her, "Now, why do you do that?" I'm too smart for that, for Christ's sake, because that just leads to trouble, man. And she doesn't do that to me, either. We've dealt with it as responsibly as possible. We fight.

PLAYBOY: Did you ever seek professional counseling?

SCOTT: Yes, we went to a marriage counselor three or four years ago. It was *not* my idea. I resisted it, but I was glad that I'd done it, glad *we'd* done it. He was a big help to both of us.

PLAYBOY: Did you ever feel that if your marriage didn't work out this time, it might be your fault? That it's something in your personality that's not going to let you live with one woman for any length of time?

SCOTT: I'm very convinced it's probably true. I must be so difficult, so insensitive. . . . Of course, I don't *feel* that I am, but with a track record like mine, something's wrong.

PLAYBOY: Speaking of your track record, do you feel it was a mistake to remarry Colleen Dewhurst?

SCOTT: No, absolutely not. The fact that we didn't succeed, you know, it's like the President saying, "The fact that raid [on Iran] didn't go had nothing to do with my decision to make it."

PLAYBOY: Are you still close to Colleen?

SCOTT: Not as close as I'd like to be.

PLAYBOY: With all that's been reported about your marital discord, does it disturb you to hear what people in your life say about you publicly?

SCOTT: I find there is very little that can hurt me. I must have some sort of rhinoceros hide. Even inside, there is very little that can hurt me. And let me tell you something: That may be one of the reasons I'm not as good an actor as I was. Interesting, when you stop to think of it. A certain callousness has built up inside me as well as the tough hide you have to have just to get out and go. But even inside, I find I'm not hurt by the things I was hurt by 15 years ago. Not at all. I don't mean to imply that I'm a better person. I think I'm a less sensitive person, that's all. Simple as that. It would take a lot to hurt me now.

PLAYBOY: Can that be turned around?

SCOTT: I don't see any reason why there should come a turnaround. Usually, you keep walking, you're going to get calluses.

PLAYBOY: But regarding your present marriage, do you feel you're easier to live with than in the past?

SCOTT: Gee, I don't. We still have problems. It's not easy to be married.

PLAYBOY: Can traditional marriages work?

SCOTT: Traditional marriages do work. Unfortunately, they don't work as much as they did in my time. There is less a feeling of female imprisonment. It's probably a stronger feeling of male imprisonment in marriage. If there has been a liberation, it certainly has been for women.

PLAYBOY: You've never been a proponent of women's lib, have you?

SCOTT: I have never been a proponent of the cause of women's liberation to where it became a cause, no. If you're asking me if I believe that women should be free and equal, the answer is yes.

PLAYBOY: Then you support the Equal Rights Amendment?

SCOTT: I believe in equal rights. I've never known whether or not it was necessary to have a Constitutional amendment. I'm a little leery of that, frankly. If you can start amending the Constitution for everything, then it begins to lose some of its—

"I didn't hang out in porno shops, looking at the dicks, if that's what you mean."

PLAYBOY: But the Constitution's 200 years old; there are issues that *need* updating.

SCOTT: I'm not gonna argue with you about it, I'm just trying to tell you my opinion. I think any document as sound as that document should be amended very, very circumspectly. Because if you're going to amend it over one thing, you're going to amend it over 25 other things. It should be very carefully done.

PLAYBOY: What about the changing role of women in Hollywood? How do you feel about Sherry Lansing becoming the president of 20th Century-Fox?

SCOTT: If they can cut it, why not? It certainly might cause a more humanistic approach to film making. Could be. It's like women in politics. Why not? As long as it's not Bella, or her ilk.

PLAYBOY: You certainly have it in for certain people. What about David Begelman and the \$10,000 check he had written in Cliff Robertson's name?

SCOTT: Having done it to a fellow actor, he might as well have done it to me. He got off unbelievably easy, in my opinion.

PLAYBOY: He's back now as the head of a studio.

SCOTT: Certainly is. I just worked for him! I don't think he was properly punished for it. If it had been somebody else, he would have gone into the slam-

mer over it.

PLAYBOY: You had a few run-ins with the law in the early Fifties yourself, didn't you?

SCOTT: I've spent some time in the old slammer, yes. Nothing very extreme. I never committed a crime. I never stole money or held anybody up. It was usually for fighting or being drunk.

PLAYBOY: Do you remember those times?

SCOTT: As little as possible, and I talk about it even less. I have no criminal record, you know.

PLAYBOY: What about the time in 1954 when you didn't make an alimony payment and wound up in jail?

SCOTT: My God, I'd forgotten about it! It's absolutely true. I remember I was sleeping on the stage and a deputy sheriff tapped me on the shoulder and we went to the pokey.

PLAYBOY: With all your wild living, how has your body held up over the years?

SCOTT: All I have is high blood pressure. I'm healthy as a hog, except for my eyes. I've never even had a swollen liver. All the booze I've drunk in my life, you'd think I'd die of cirrhosis. Never had a problem.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever been drunk before going on stage?

SCOTT: I have gone on stage under the influence of alcohol. I'm not proud of it. Not very often. Usually *after* the play, I'd hit the bottle.

PLAYBOY: You've given as your reason for drinking the expectation of failure.

SCOTT: I've failed many times professionally, but that's not a reason to drink. There is *no* reason to drink.

PLAYBOY: Doesn't an alcoholic usually have a problem even with one drink?

SCOTT: There are all forms of alcoholism. I guess I've experienced every conceivable form. I stopped drinking for 16 months last year and came off again and I'm not happy about it. I'm much happier when I don't drink. But I've been drinking for a long, long time. It's a continual problem in my life. Maybe it'll kill me someday. I'm not particularly interested one way or the other. It's a compulsive situation. Maybe if I were out of a stress situation personally and professionally, I wouldn't need it as much. Maybe I'd need it more.

PLAYBOY: Ever try drugs?

SCOTT: Never. Never smoked pot. Never been a pill taker. I don't like to take aspirin. If you have an addictive personality, and I assume I do, booze is enough. I've had enough problems over the years with booze.

PLAYBOY: You also smoke a great deal. Ever try giving that habit up?

SCOTT: Eight months was the best I ever did and there wasn't a moment I didn't want to smoke. Asleep or awake.

PLAYBOY: And always unfiltered cigarettes?

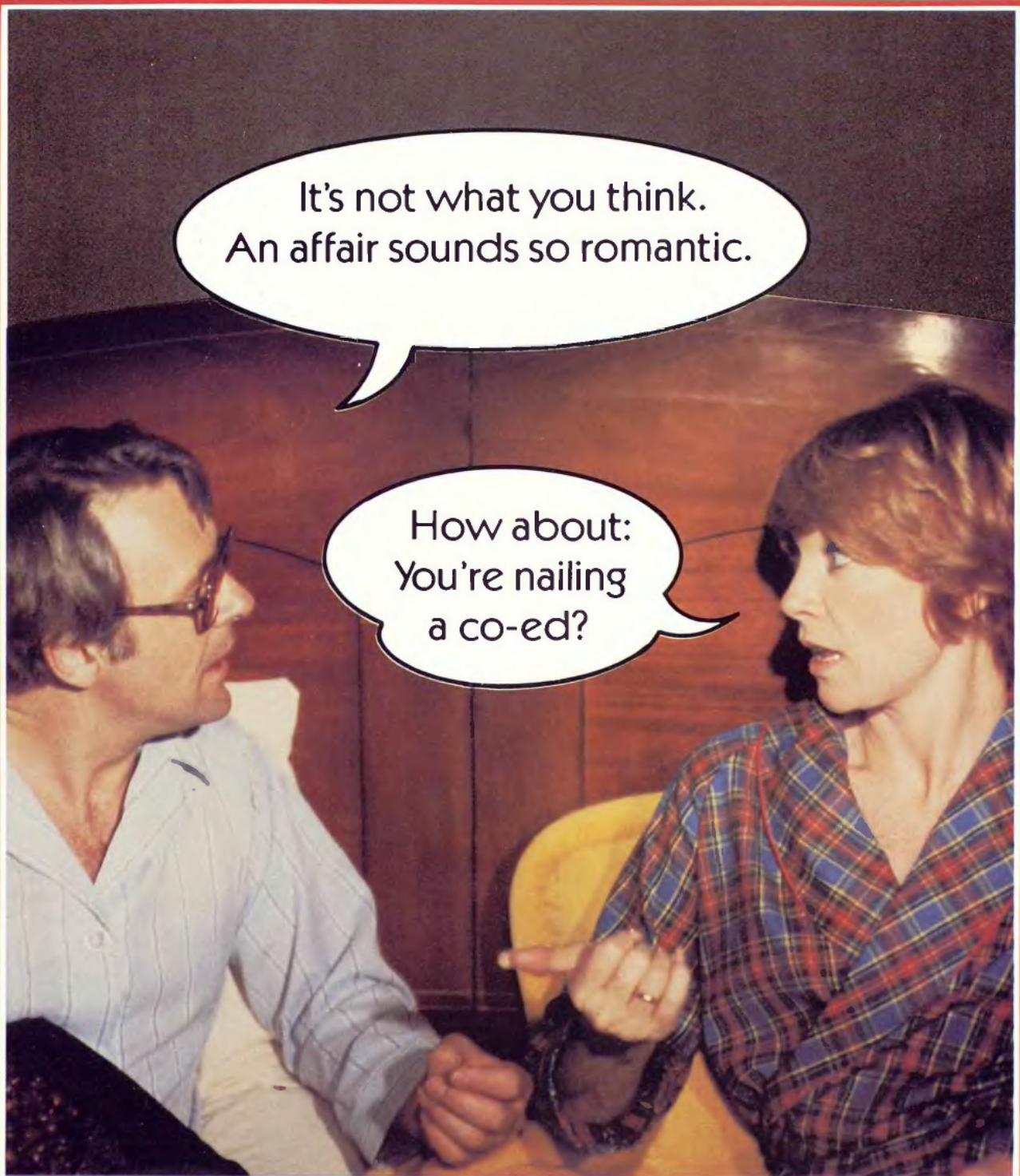
SCOTT: I've smoked Lucky Strike for 37

**Bo Derek cordially invites you
to a very Open House with her and her lover...**

A color photograph of a woman with long, dark, wet hair, partially submerged in a bathtub. She is looking upwards and to the left with an open mouth, as if speaking or calling out. A white speech bubble with a black outline is positioned to her left, containing the text "Come on in!". The background is a soft, out-of-focus light brown. The entire image is framed by a thin red border.

Come on in!

**Her, her lover (Anthony Hopkins),
and her lover's wife (Shirley MacLaine)...**



Her, her lover, her lover's wife and her lover's wife's lover...

You mean to tell me that
you can't make love to **me**
while your husband's downstairs
making love to **another**
woman?



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years. I hate filtered cigarettes. I tear the filters off and the tobacco's so bad. At least you know you're going to get some kind of taste with a Lucky Strike, and that's not a commercial. I get so mad because nobody else smokes 'em but me. I went to the goddamn airport the other day and the girl's got 58 varieties of cigarettes—no Lucky Strikes. I really got pissed off. I said, "Horseshit!" [*Pauses. Lights another cigarette*] When can we wind up this lovely affair? We've got to stop meeting like this.

PLAYBOY: We thought we were just getting started. We haven't even asked you your views on gun control.

SCOTT: I believe in everyone's having the right to have a gun in one's home, to protect one's family. I couldn't agree more with the National Rifle Association. I do not see any reason why people should be preyed upon in the streets. I'm very propolice. I'm against police brutality and harassment. I believe in law and order and due process, but I honestly think that everyone should have a right to protect himself in his home. Particularly women who live alone. I'm tired of women being raped and beaten and murdered in the streets. Men don't seem to be able to defend women anymore. The American male finds himself castrated by a society. He cannot defend his own woman, let alone the women who belong to somebody else. It's a terrible thing. That sort of society is gone. OK, then there should be other contingencies. The police, with all due respect, with all the best intentions in the world, cannot help the assault on women in every way. I'm certainly not a flag-waving feminist, but I don't see why any woman should have to go anywhere and feel frightened. So I evolved a system whereby the Government should sanction a weapon for all women who qualify. I don't care which company, as long as it makes a good weapon. It should be known as a feminist gun. The serial number should be the same as that of the female to whom it is registered. That weapon would be her responsibility just as her children are. It would never be fired except in a provable case of assault. If it is fired otherwise, she's prosecutable. Any people of bad character, such as hookers or whatever, people with a police record, would not be licensed to carry a gun, but every woman above a certain age should be able to apply for a weapon. It sounds rash. I'm sure there would be mistakes over a period of a year. Innocent men would be shot by women. Husbands would be shot by jealous wives. I just wonder what the ratio would be between the several thousand women who are raped, brutalized, cut up, chopped, stabbed and shot to the

other way. I don't espouse vigilantism. I espouse somebody's having a right to protect himself or herself. If you're going to talk about whistles and the rest of that nonsense, Mace—we have to have a permit to carry Mace, which is damn near lethal—that's not going to do the job. It's got to stop. It's got to stop!

PLAYBOY: And arming women will stop it?

SCOTT: Make every woman a walking lethal weapon and it will stop. You'd be surprised how quickly it will stop! It may seem extremely primitive—

PLAYBOY: *Seem?*

SCOTT: But I tell you, 99 percent of the women in this country are responsible people. They're not flakes. They're not crazy. They're not drug addicts. I'll tell you what they are: They're terrified. Particularly in urban centers. Show me one politician who would have the balls to make such a presentation. He'd be thrown out of the party!

PLAYBOY: Let's talk about the hard-core world of pornography that you recently helped bring to the screen. We've heard you felt that was your most difficult film.

SCOTT: It was not an easy or pleasant film to make. Very depressing. Everybody got that way. The crew, we all got very down, because you can't spend that much time in that environment and come out smelling like Mary Poppins.

PLAYBOY: Did you spend much time in porno shops, researching the picture?

SCOTT: Only when I had to. I didn't hang out there looking at the dicks, if that's what you mean. That kind of voyeurism doesn't appeal to me.

PLAYBOY: Did the film heighten and disturb your perceptions of that world?

SCOTT: Yes. I'm still disturbed that those places exist and that that much money is being made. There's a great line that I thought summed up the whole sickness, said by the guy who played the porno producer. He said, "Look, you want to get into these movies, start small. Start with kiddie pictures. Kiddie porn." And he'd give it this with his hands, like measuring maybe a five-year-old child. To me, that was the epitome of this sickness. He was right, you see. And that summed the whole thing up.

PLAYBOY: Were you satisfied with the results of the film?

SCOTT: I had higher hopes for the film than materialized. Not only commercially, but I don't think it was received as well as it might have been critically. I liked the message. Maybe that was the problem. Maybe it had too much of a message and the message was too much on the nose. But the problem exists. Maybe it was too much lecture and not enough entertainment.

PLAYBOY: What can we do about the

problem? Can we legislate morality?

SCOTT: It can be done and should be done only on the local community level. If you don't want to clean up your own back yard, then you don't deserve to have it cleaned up. Community groups and community efforts are the only way in which to do it.

PLAYBOY: Should it be extended to the printed word as well?

SCOTT: To the kind of literature that one sees in those places, yes. I'm afraid it should. I don't think the Federal Government should legislate against it, I do not approve of that. You can't deny anybody's right to write anything he chooses to write, but somehow I think life could be made so fucking miserable for the disseminators of this material that they would find some other way to turn a rotten dollar. You could *really* lean on them.

PLAYBOY: What about a magazine such as *PLAYBOY*, which is often sold in such places? Would you censor it as well?

SCOTT: Oh, boy, you sure got me by the balls on that one! I'm not sure I approve of *PLAYBOY*, and yet I'm sitting here doing this interview for you. I think it's gone too far. Every time you open a magazine and you see a girl with her finger up her cunt, I don't think that's terribly nice or healthful. I don't think it produces feelings of enjoyment of the beauty of the feminine body or anything else. I think they're hustling us, Mr. Hefner and the rest of them. There are other parts of the magazine I think are perfectly acceptable, but they press it too damn far. How much can we get away with? seems to be the philosophy, rather than, Let's make a terrific magazine that's got some beautiful-looking broads in it and stop somewhere already! I'm not even sure it's sexual. It can be very disturbing to young people.

PLAYBOY: Do you see a difference between *PLAYBOY* and any of the other men's magazines?

SCOTT: Not much. Some of them are grosser and more extreme than the others.

PLAYBOY: You made your own moral decision when you turned down the male lead in "*10*," didn't you?

SCOTT: That's true. I didn't want to be in that kind of picture. It's done marvelous business and had very good notices, but I would have been uncomfortable in it; it would have been ugly with me doing it. I've been in a lot of pictures for various reasons. Some I wish to God I hadn't turned down, I'll tell you that!

PLAYBOY: Was one of those *The Poseidon Adventure*?

SCOTT: It was one of those dumb comments I make, like I should have done the fucking thing because I could have

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made a lot of money on it. But I'm just as happy that I didn't. I saw that picture.

PLAYBOY: Is it true that you turned down something like \$8,000,000 to do *Tai Pan*, a two-picture deal with Steve McQueen?

SCOTT: They came back to me the other day again, a year later! I said no thanks.

PLAYBOY: But \$8,000,000?

SCOTT: But you know you're going to be miserable, it's not going to be a good experience; why do it? Life is too short.

PLAYBOY: What other big pictures have you turned down?

SCOTT: *Godfather*.

PLAYBOY: You turned down *The Godfather*?

SCOTT: I didn't want to play that old.

PLAYBOY: What did you think of Brando's performance?

SCOTT: He was remarkable in it.

PLAYBOY: What else did you turn down?

SCOTT: *Dirty Harry*. I thought it was too strong.

PLAYBOY: And Eastwood's performance?

SCOTT: It was typical of where they wanted to go with it.

PLAYBOY: What about *Death Wish*?

SCOTT: It seems that was offered to me, too. I would have done it a lot differently. Although I admired what Charley [Bronson] did with it, I would have tried to get him to lean in a little different direction.

PLAYBOY: Saul Braun, in his April 1971 *PLAYBOY* profile on you [Great Scott!], said one of your pet peeves is the highly skilled actor who "pulls back at the end and lets himself be used by the system." The examples you gave were Lee Marvin and Richard Burton.

SCOTT: I don't know where they get those quotes, man. I have bent over backward all my life to avoid making comments about colleagues of any nature except when they're good. I don't go around bad-mouthing colleagues. If I can't say something good about them, I don't say anything, usually. How the hell would I presume to understand Richard Burton or Lee Marvin, for Christ's sake? I barely know them. I've never worked with either one of them. I find that phenomenal. Jesus, if I said that, I must have had about nine drinks. Because I hate that kind of comment. Certainly, Burton, above all, has demonstrated an ability and a desire to risk himself. You don't go out in *Hamlet* at the age of 40 and not risk something.

PLAYBOY: What are some of the risks you've taken in your career? How personally courageous have you been?

SCOTT: [Laughs] Everything I did was a risk. I'm always disgusted with the lack of personal courage in myself. Always disgusted. You try to be a better person and courage is at the core of being a better person. I've done a lot of things that I'm not happy with and that's

essentially lack of self-discipline and courage. I don't like to dwell on it.

PLAYBOY: While you're still down on yourself, how do you react to Joseph E. Levine's blaming you for expensive delays during filming of *The Day of the Dolphin*?

SCOTT: That asshole! Jesus Christ. I didn't delay his fucking picture. We had terrible weather. Ask Mike Nichols whether or not I delayed his picture. That old cunt! What a remarkable claim on his part.

PLAYBOY: What went wrong with that film?

SCOTT: We had script problems before it started. Trish and I met with Mike in Hollywood, I had a problem and I laid it out for him and Trish agreed with me. I was very interested in the film as long as it dealt with the dolphins and the communication problem and that incredible kind of metaphysical situation of man reaching to his past. Where the picture seemed to turn a corner for me that I didn't like was when we got into blowing up the President and all the

"I'm always disgusted with the lack of personal courage in myself. You try to be a better person and courage is at the core of being a better person."

rest of that melodramatic television crap. I thought it was two different movies. In essence, Levine said, You could be right, but there is nothing we can do about it at this juncture.

PLAYBOY: Let's talk about acting for a while. You distinguish yourself from most other actors by being anti-Method, by saying you're a cold, technical, objective actor. Who, besides yourself, feels that way about acting?

SCOTT: Someone I admire greatly and who is an external actor is Lawrence Olivier, always has been. He believes that in films and television, I don't know about the stage, the eyes are the most important thing, and if the eyes work, the rest is easy.

PLAYBOY: Do you find that true?

SCOTT: I certainly do for a man like him, and probably for me, too.

PLAYBOY: Besides those already mentioned, who are some of your favorite actors?

SCOTT: Anthony Hopkins is one of the better actors alive, in my estimation. Hopkins is the natural heir to Olivier. I

don't see anybody in England who can come closer to Larry. If Tony Hopkins can keep his health and keep working, he will become the Olivier of the Eighties. I very much admire a couple of young men in this country, Jim Farentino, Peter Strauss. Martin Sheen is a favorite actor of mine. Of course, Bette Davis is my bloody idol. I admire her more than any film actor.

PLAYBOY: What about someone more contemporary, such as Jane Fonda?

SCOTT: Ah, gee, that's really hard. I don't know what to say. I have no comment on her.

PLAYBOY: Turning to the men, do you have an opinion of Warren Beatty?

SCOTT: That's another one with no comment.

PLAYBOY: Robert Redford?

SCOTT: I'm afraid he's been trapped: Mr. Pretty and this terrible sexual thing that women seem to have for him. It's hurt him badly. He's very socially aware and conscientious.

PLAYBOY: Al Pacino?

SCOTT: I admire Al. I think he's done some marvelous things. Pacino has every possible potential for being a really fine actor. He's had bad luck in choices and he probably knows that. I'm delighted to see him back on stage. I don't care if it's *Richard III* or what the fuck. I admire him for that and I believe he has the quality of being a very first-class actor.

PLAYBOY: Jack Nicholson?

SCOTT: He's eccentric but very interesting. A unique kind of approach. He shines because he's himself a rather interesting eccentric. A very fascinating actor, Nicholson.

PLAYBOY: Robert De Niro?

SCOTT: I find him rather sullen. I would like to see him do something a little away from the kind of thing I've seen him do. I think the jury's still out.

PLAYBOY: Dustin Hoffman?

SCOTT: I've always liked Dustin's work. He's an extremely gifted actor. He can get a little mannered at times, but that's the only criticism.

PLAYBOY: What about some of the earlier actors, such as Bogart, Tracy, Cagney?

SCOTT: I was never a great fan of Bogey's, never thought he was much of an actor. He was a hell of a personality. I was very fond of Tracy and his work; he was an extremely naturalistic actor and got away with it very well. I always admired Cagney. I think my favorite was Paul Muni of all of them of that era. I learned more from watching Paul Muni than anybody else, although we're not at all similar in type. I liked the kind of things he did, especially those biographies like *Zola* and *Pasteur*.

PLAYBOY: Do you recall whom you've called the only true tough guy in film and on stage?

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SCOTT: Mitch. [Robert Mitchum] Mitch over the years was as tough as anybody who ever lived out here. He'd go with anybody. He didn't give a damn. Lovely man.

PLAYBOY: What about Burt Reynolds?

SCOTT: I admire him greatly. The man's paid his dues. He's been around a long time, longer than most people dreamed. He has ability. He has courage. I just hope they don't work him to fucking death doing their shit. I don't know him personally. I'd like to know him. He seems like the kind of guy you'd like to know. He's not superficially humble, none of that stuff. Also, I don't find him oppressingly egocentric, either. He has humor about himself, which is essential.

PLAYBOY: What about your own sense of humor?

SCOTT: I wish to God people would give me more credit. I love to laugh, I love having a good time, I love jokes, I love fucking around. I think I'm funny. I think I laugh all the fucking time. Not nearly enough of that is written or said about me. I'd appreciate it if you'd put that in; I'm so tired of being looked upon as some dreary sicko. It really is such a bore. Most of the work I've done has really been comedic. No one really realizes that. The large body of stage work I've done has been vastly comedic, but no one ever saw it. The two most memorable things comedically that I've done onstage were *Plaza Suite* and *Sly Fox* and they were separated by about ten years. People are awfully astonished that I do that.

PLAYBOY: Probably because you've played such memorable heavies.

SCOTT: Yeah, and I'm going to go back to them. I've been playing Mr. Nice Guy too much the past few years. It's dull. I want to go back to playing psychopaths. I did it well.

PLAYBOY: You're a good psychopath. What about psychoanalysis?

SCOTT: I saw a psychiatrist four times in my life. Four visits. I kept laughing; I couldn't really get serious. The average asshole like you or me, who is trying to function, get along, cope in life under the stresses and strains, most of us were so romanced into going that route that it became such a fad and such a scheme within itself that it became, to me, hilarious. If it helps you, it helps you. If standing on your head on a roof helps you, it helps you if you think so.

PLAYBOY: Tell that to Woody Allen.

SCOTT: I have never been a fan of Woody Allen's. I'm sorry. Somebody closed the door on me there. God knows, many people say he's the funniest in the world, but I've never been able to appreciate his humor. I find him neurotic. I know him only very casually. Played ball with

him once or twice. I never found him a particularly pleasant person, but I'm sure he didn't walk away thinking I was King Shit, either. As far as the humor goes, I find it so neurotic that it's unappetizing.

PLAYBOY: What about Mel Brooks?

SCOTT: Terribly funny.

PLAYBOY: Who else do you find funny?

SCOTT: Art Carney destroys me. Red Buttons I love. I've always been very fond of Jackie Gleason. Bill Cosby's a genius. There's nobody who can touch him. The guy kills me. He's not dirty. There isn't a blue joke, a dirty word, he does people humor and it's sidesplitting.

PLAYBOY: How about yourself? Are you happy very often?

SCOTT: I never thought that happiness was a particularly attainable state and if it is, I'm not so sure that it's particularly desirable. We all have such problems and feel such personal inadequacies from time to time. You can't go to pieces and stop. You've got to find some way to cope and go on. If I've learned anything,

"I never thought that happiness was a particularly attainable state and if it is, I'm not so sure that it's particularly desirable."

I've learned that, because, God knows, I've survived up to now.

PLAYBOY: OK, we're almost done. Just a few last questions. What's your greatest fault?

SCOTT: I'd say that the plate is so crowded with delicacies it would be hard to pick out my greatest fault. It's scrambled eggs or the bacon strip. Whatever, I certainly try to avoid thinking about it.

PLAYBOY: Do you think anyone has ever really known you?

SCOTT: I think so. A few friends.

PLAYBOY: What occupies your thinking hours most these days?

SCOTT: I'm trying to write a novel now, after 30 years. It's going to have eight or nine books in it. I've finished two of them. I've written 450 pages.

PLAYBOY: It's going to be your *Remembrance of Things Past*?

SCOTT: No, it has nothing to do with me.

PLAYBOY: We meant Proust and his seven volumes.

SCOTT: Oh.

PLAYBOY: Is this the first time you've talked about it?

SCOTT: Yes.

PLAYBOY: How many hours a day do you write, when you're writing?

SCOTT: About five hours a day. I get very fatigued if I go longer. When I write, I write every day. Discipline is what is difficult about it. Forcing oneself to do it when you don't feel like it. It's going to take some years. It looms as an insurmountable obstacle. It really does. Dorothy Parker said something like, I love having written, but I hate to write.

PLAYBOY: What is it about?

SCOTT: It's concerned with the Mexican-American War. I own more books about the Mexican war than any other person alive. I plan to go to Mexico and spend several months next year.

PLAYBOY: Are you ready to publish anything yet?

SCOTT: Oh, God, no.

PLAYBOY: Have you had any interest from publishers?

SCOTT: I have, a half dozen so far.

PLAYBOY: Have they read anything yet?

SCOTT: No. [A flying insect enters the room. Scott notices it] There's a wasp back there! It's not a wasp, it's a bee.

PLAYBOY: It's under the paper.

SCOTT: [Folds a magazine, approaches the bee menacingly] Sorry, babe. [Whacks it] Murder strikes again.

PLAYBOY: Have you thought about death much?

SCOTT: All artists think about that, if one calls himself an artist, which I don't like to do. One thinks more about it when he's young, because there's so much you want to try to do and you're so scared that something will happen and you'll be chopped off.

PLAYBOY: Perhaps that was a young bee. Do you fear growing old?

SCOTT: I have no fear of growing old or of being a has-been. If the public rejects me tonight, I've had a terrific ride, a hell of a time.

PLAYBOY: How would you like to be remembered?

SCOTT: I would like to be remembered positively by my friends and such family as would care to remember me. Friends and family are important. As far as how the world sees me, I can't think of anything less important. Unless a person is some sort of a leader. I'm not a leader. I've led nothing and nobody nowhere.

PLAYBOY: Well, we've covered a lot of territory, been through some peaks and valleys of your life. Just one last question: With all you've said about global war and violence in our society, is there any hope? Are you at all optimistic?

SCOTT: You have to be optimistic. It's too easy to be pessimistic. What is it Faulkner said? "Mankind will not only survive but endure."

PLAYBOY: "Prevail."

SCOTT: "Prevail," thank you. Otherwise, you know, you would blow your brains out.

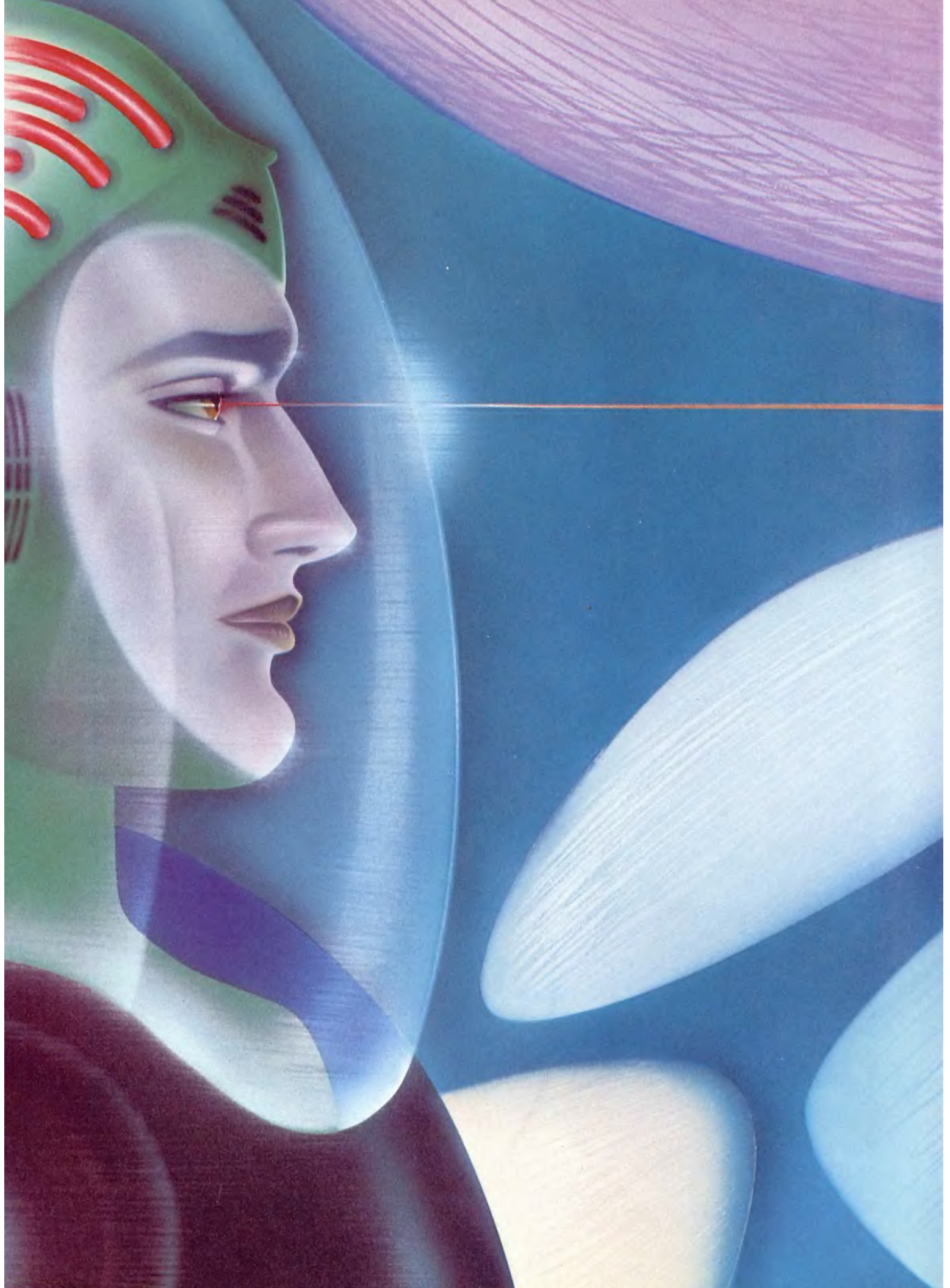




WHAT SORT OF MAN READS PLAYBOY?

One who can be intimate without being possessive. A man who can give—a long silky robe or an irresistibly soft kitten—because giving nurtures the quality of a relationship. He reads PLAYBOY because it guides him, wisely and knowingly, to the enduring pleasures of life. What sort of man reads PLAYBOY? A man who knows that his awareness of taste and style will take him where he wants to go. For all such goals, and more, he depends on PLAYBOY month after month.







"you are in faulty cryonic suspension," said the ship. "i can't correct it and i can't repair it. you will be conscious but paralyzed for ten years." "oh, my god," said victor kemmings

fiction **BY PHILIP K. DICK** After take-off, the ship routinely monitored the condition of the 60 people sleeping in its cryonic tanks. One malfunction showed, that of person nine. His EEG revealed brain activity.

Shit, the ship said to itself.

Complex homeostatic devices locked into circuit feed, and the ship contacted person nine.

"You are slightly awake," the ship said, utilizing the psychotronic route; there was no point in rousing person nine to

**FROZEN
JOURNALS**

full consciousness. After all, the flight would last a decade.

Virtually unconscious but, unfortunately, still able to think, person nine thought, Someone is addressing me. He said, "Where am I located? I don't see anything."

"You're in faulty cryonic suspension."

He said, "Then I shouldn't be able to hear you."

"Faulty, I said. That's the point; you can hear me. Do you know your name?"

"Victor Kemmings. Bring me out of this."

"We are in flight."

"Then put me under."

"Just a moment." The ship examined the cryonic mechanisms; it scanned and surveyed, and then it said, "I will try."

Time passed. Victor Kemmings, unable to see anything, unaware of his body, found himself still conscious. "Lower my temperature," he said. He could not hear his voice; perhaps he only imagined he spoke. Colors floated toward him and then rushed at him. He liked the colors; they reminded him of a child's paintbox, the semi-animated kind, an artificial life form. He had used them in school, 200 years ago.

"I can't put you under," the voice of the ship sounded inside Kemmings' head. "The malfunction is too elaborate; I can't correct it and I can't repair it. You will be conscious for ten years."

The semi-animated colors rushed toward him, but now they possessed a sinister quality, supplied to them by his own fear. "Oh, my God," he said. Ten years! The colors darkened.

As Victor Kemmings lay paralyzed, surrounded by dismal flickerings of light, the ship explained to him its strategy. This strategy did not represent a decision on its part; the ship had been programmed to seek this solution in case of a malfunction of this sort.

"What I will do," the voice of the ship came to him, "is feed you sensory stimulation. The peril to you is sensory deprivation. If you are conscious for ten years without sensory data, your mind will deteriorate. When we reach the LR4 system, you will be a vegetable."

"Well, what do you intend to feed me?" Kemmings said in panic. "What do you have in your information storage banks? All the video soap operas of the last century? Wake me up and I'll walk around."

"There is no air in me," the ship said. "Nothing for you to eat. No one to talk to, since everyone else is under."

Kemmings said, "I can talk to you. We can play chess."

"Not for ten years. Listen to me; I say, I have no food and no air. You must remain as you are . . . a bad compromise, but one forced on us. You are talking to

me now. I have no particular information stored. Here is policy in these situations: I will feed you your own buried memories, emphasizing the pleasant ones. You possess two hundred and six years of memories and most of them have sunk down into your unconscious. This is a splendid source of sensory data for you to receive. Be of good cheer. This situation, which you are in, is not unique. It has never happened within my domain before, but I am programmed to deal with it. Relax and trust me. I will see that you are provided with a world."

"They should have warned me," Kemmings said, "before I agreed to emigrate."

"Relax," the ship said.

He relaxed, but he was terribly frightened. Theoretically, he should have gone under, into the successful cryonic suspension, then awakened a moment later at his star of destination; or, rather, the planet, the colony-planet, of that star. Everyone else aboard the ship lay in an unknowing state; he was the exception, as if bad karma had attacked him for obscure reasons. Worst of all, he had to depend totally on the good will of the ship. Suppose it elected to feed him monsters. The ship could terrorize him for ten years—ten objective years and undoubtedly more from a subjective standpoint. He was, in effect, totally in the ship's power. Did interstellar ships enjoy such a situation? He knew little about interstellar ships; his field was microbiology. Let me think, he said to himself. My first wife, Martine; the lovely little French girl who wore jeans and a red shirt open to the waist and cooked delicious crepes.

"I hear," the ship said. "So be it."

The rushing colors resolved themselves into coherent, stable shapes. A building: a little old yellow wooden house that he had owned when he was 19 years old, in Wyoming. "Wait," he said in panic. "The foundation was bad; it was on a mud sill. And the roof leaked." But he saw the kitchen, with the table that he had built himself. And he felt glad.

"You will not know, after a little while," the ship said, "that I am feeding you your own buried memories."

"I haven't thought of that house in a century," he said, wonderingly; entranced, he made out his old electric drip coffeepot with the box of paper filters beside it. This is the house where Martine and I lived, he realized. "Martine!" he said aloud.

"I'm on the phone," Martine said, from the living room.

The ship said, "I will cut in only when there is an emergency. I will be monitoring you, however, to be sure you are in a satisfactory state. Don't be afraid."

"Turn down the right rear burner on the stove," Martine called. He could

hear her and yet not see her. He made his way from the kitchen through the dining room and into the living room. At the VF, Martine stood in rapt conversation with her brother; she wore shorts and she was barefoot. Through the front windows of the living room, he could see the street; a commercial vehicle was trying to park, without success.

It's a warm day, he thought. I should turn on the air conditioner.

He seated himself on the old sofa as Martine continued her VF conversation, and he found himself gazing at his most cherished possession, a framed poster on the wall above Martine: Gilbert Shelton's *Fat Freddy Says* drawing in which Freddy Freak sits with his cat on his lap and Fat Freddy is trying to say, "Speed kills," but he is so wired on speed—he holds in his hand every kind of amphetamine tablet, pill, Spansule and capsule that exists—that he can't say it, and the cat is gritting its teeth and wincing in a mixture of dismay and disgust. The poster is signed by Gilbert Shelton himself; Kemmings' best friend, Ray Torrance, gave it to him and Martine as a wedding present. It is worth thousands. It was signed by the artist back in the 1980s. Long before either Victor Kemmings or Martine lived.

If we ever run out of money, Kemmings thought to himself, we could sell the poster. It was not a poster; it was *the* poster. Martine adored it. The Fabulous Furry Freak Brothers—from the golden age of a long-ago society. No wonder he loved Martine so; she herself loved back, loved the beauties of the world, and treasured and cherished them as she treasured and cherished him; it was a protective love that nourished but did not stifle. It had been her idea to frame the poster; he would have tacked it up on the wall, so stupid was he.

"Hi," Martine said, off the VF now. "What are you thinking?"

"Just that you keep alive what you love," he said.

"I think that's what you're supposed to do," Martine said. "Are you ready for dinner? Open some red wine, a cabernet."

"Will an '07 do?" he said, standing up; he felt, then, like taking hold of his wife and hugging her.

"Either an '07 or a '12." She trotted past him, through the dining room and into the kitchen.

Going down into the cellar, he began to search among the bottles, which, of course, lay flat. Musty air and dampness; he liked the smell of the cellar, but then he noticed the redwood planks lying half-buried in the dirt and he thought, I know I've got to get a concrete slab poured. He forgot about the wine and went over to the far corner, where the

(continued on page 344)



"Oh-oh! Looks like we're in for another long evening of humbuggery!"





Bunny Birthday

an affectionate tribute to the playboy club's most enduring attraction; 14 pages of memorable cottontails, past and present



SHE'S BEEN CALLED a sex symbol, a girl scout, an Occidental geisha, a "good girl dressed as a bad woman," "pure sin on sight," the embodiment of a perpetual male erotic fantasy. Her working uniform is arguably the world's most recognized. She was born 20 years ago. She's the Playboy Bunny, and ever since that memorable night in February 1960, she has been the subject of curiosity—then, and now, often manifested in goggle-eyed stares—and controversy. Back in 1960, purse-lipped Mrs. Grundys feared that the mere sight of these shapely young ladies would corrupt the morals of their sons. In 1980, militant feminists, some of them equally grim-visaged, complain that the Bunnies themselves are the victims of some sort of sexist corruption.

Still, the (text continued on page 260)

The Bunny now and then: On the opening page, three Los Angeles Bunnies (from left), Wanda Huizenga, Betsy LeVeille and C. J. Mobley, in the new cabaret costume to be worn in Playboy Club showrooms. This page, top: Hugh M. Hefner surrounded by some of the Bunnies from the early days of the Chicago Playboy Club, several of whom subsequently became Playmates of the Month. By the end of its first month of operation, the Club, at 116 East Walton (above), had already entertained 16,800 keyholders and guests.



Note the collarless, cuffless Bunny costumes modeled by June "The Bosom" Wilkinson (left) and Cynthia Maddox (below) during the infancy of the Chicago Club. June, an actress, was a hit on TV's *Playboy's Penthouse*; Cynthia was the magazine's Assistant Cartoon Editor in the early Sixties.



Miss December 1958, Joyce Nizzari (left), took advantage of her travel opportunities to Bunny-hop through the Miami, Chicago and New Orleans Clubs. Our 1963 Playmate of the Year, June Cochran (below), was Miss Indiana in both Miss Universe and Miss World competitions.



Playboy Clubs earned a reputation as showbiz' biggest talent incubator with early bookings of such performers as (below, from left) George Carlin, Professor Irwin Corey and Dick Gregory, the first black comic to break the color barrier (here shown with Hefner at the Chicago Club).





Carrie Radison, Miss June 1957 (above left), and Terri Kimball, Miss May 1964 (above center), were two more cottontails on PLAYBOY centerfolds; the photo of Kelly Collins (above right) was featured on the cover of the Bunny training manual. November 1960 Playmate Joni Mattis (left), a Bunny in Chicago, came to us as a model for Playboy's Penthouse, later served on the staff of *Playboy After Dark* and is now a social secretary at Playboy Mansion West; Bunny Christa Speck (below), Miss September 1961, is married to Hollywood producer Marty (Middle Age Crazy) Krofft.



Bunny Birthday

To celebrate the Chicago Club's second birthday, a key-shaped cake for a Michigan Avenue cop, delivered by Bunny Pat Higgenbotham.

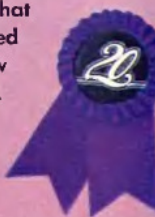




Reviewing the troops (above): Hef checks out new Bunny-costume developments at the Playboy Mansion in Chicago. At upper left, keyholder Johnny Carson and Manhotton cotton-tails in one of TV's first Bunny-spoof sketches, telecast in April 1963. It's a genre that remains popular to this day. At lower left, Steve Allen receiving televised instruction in the Bunny Dip from Playmate/Bunny Sheralee Conners of the New York hutch. Below, June 1963 Playmate Connie Mason, who was a Bunny in Miami and Chicago, and whose daughter Elise later became a Bunny in our New York Club.



Miss August 1964, China Lee (above), got so good at being a Bunny that she trained girls for Club openings in several cities; in 1963, she pitched the Bunny Baseball team to a no-hit victory in the Broadway Show League. Later on, she retired to become the wife of comic Mort Sohl. An unknown writer named Glorio Steinem (below left), calling herself Marie Ochs, landed a Bunny job in New York to write an exposé for *Show* magazine; Lauren Hutton (below right) was yet to become famous when she table-hopped in our East 59th Street digs in 1963.



Bunny Birthday





Three of the stars of *PLAYBOY*'s August 1964 *Bunnies of Chicago* pictorial: Sharon Rogers (above left), Kai Brendlinger (above right) and Morika Lukacs (below left). Both Sharon and Kai appeared on the magazine's centerfold—Sharon in January 1964, Kai in November of that year; Budapest-born Marika never did, but she obviously possessed some of the qualifications. She also trounced many keyholders at bumper pool.



Cartoonists throughout the world have enjoyed a 20-year romance with the Bunny as subject; a 1964 example appears above. Below, Bunnies Condis Eoyrs and Morjie Martin pose poolside at our Jamaica Club-Hotel.





When the London Club opened in 1966, photographers snapped Hef and friends in Hyde Park (right). One of the first British Bunnies was Dolly Read (below), Miss May 1966, now the wife of comedian Dick Martin and a popular TV game-show guest.



Bunny Birthday



Princess Margaret gets her first glimpse of Bunnies at 1967's Dockland Settlements Ball in London's Hotel Savoy (above). Montreal Bunny Majken Haugedal (below) became our Playmate of the Month in October 1968.

Relaxing in the London Club (below) are Victor Lownes, now President of Playboy Clubs International, Inc., and actress Joanna Pettet, one of many celebrities who have frequented the hutch. At bottom, Astrid Schulz (Miss September 1964) has her cuffs autographed by Beatle George Harrison in the Los Angeles Club as Apple recording artist Jockie Lomax looks on.





April 1967 Playmate Gwen Wong (above) alternated her duties at the Las Angeles Club with those of a Jet Bunny flight attendant aboard Hefner's customized stretch DC-9, the Big Bunny. Below, five members of the crew of Jet Bunnies who accompanied Hef on a trip to Europe and Africa in 1970 pause for a few moments of sight-seeing in Piazza San Marco, Venice.



Another Jet Bunny, Carole Green, poses on Hefner's elliptical bed aboard the Big Bunny (above); Carole's sister Cathy was a San Francisco Bunny. Marilyn Cole (below), our Playmate of the Year for 1973, discarded her Bunny ears and tail in favor of a public-relations position at the London Club, her home hutch.





Above left, PLAYBOY artist extraordinaire LeRoy Neiman sketches our first Bunny of the Year, 1970's Gina Byrns; above right, looking nothing like she does with Blondie, is Deborah Harry, who did a 1970 stint in the New York Club. Below is December 1968 Playmate/Bunny Cynthia Myers, a star of the film *Beyond the Valley of the Dolls*.

Bunny Birthday



Playmate/Bunny Karen Christy (above), a former Hefner girlfriend featured in Gay Talese's best seller *Thy Neighbor's Wife*, is now married to Baltimore Colts line-backer Ed Simonini. Oops (below left): Kathie Witt's waterlogged cottontail drags her Bunny bikini bottom down in Miami's Biscayne Bay. Below right, 1971 Bunny of the Year Cheryl Lee, in Snow Bunny gear, tries Playboy's Great Gorge ski slopes.





Miss October 1969, Jean Bell (left), an actress (*The Choirboys*) who was once linked romantically with Richard Burton, and Ava Cherry (right), who appeared with David Bowie's singing group, really were Bunnies; Farrah Fawcett (above) faked it for a 1971 TV movie, *The Feminist and the Fuzz*, opposite David (Good Morning America) Hartman.



Below is another view of Cheryl Lee, the Chicago cottontail who was crowned Bunny of the Year for 1971. During her reign, she was much in demand for personal and TV appearances.



Ringers in cottontails: Above, Cher, Chastity and Sanny Bono during an engagement at Lake Geneva; below, Bunny Geraldine and Bing Crosby on an episode of *The Flip Wilson Show* on TV.



Carol Vitale (below) has been a Bunny in Miami, a Playmate (July 1974) and a *PLAYBOY* cover girl (August 1972); in *Sammy Somebody*, she played—a Bunny.





We found the generously endowed Janet Lupo (right) working as a Bunny at our Great Gorge Resort and Country Club and—no fools, we—quickly rushed her onto the gatefold of our November 1975 issue.



Above, a scene from 1973's televised Bunny of the Year pageant, at which Lake Geneva's Coni Huguee succeeded Los Angeles' Ruthy Ross. Below, five Bunnies visit Tokyo's Yasukuni Shrine on a 1973 good-will visit to Japan, where they boosted Playboy Products—and scouted territory for the subsequent openings of four Clubs.



Victoria Cunningham, Miss April 1975 (below), was discovered working in our Los Angeles Club; she later became a Jet Bunny and our March 1976 cover girl.



The Smothers Brothers, Dick and Tom, borrow Bunny ears from twins Glenda and Brenda Lott during a 1974 appearance at our Great Gorge resort (above). Below, Hef and *Saturday Night Live*'s Gilda Radner, Jane Curtin and Loraine Newman pose for his 1977 gig as its host.



Lake Geneva Bunny Barbara Sawyer (below), interviewed for our Bunnies of '75 feature published in November of that year, told us she'd taken up belly dancing to improve her stomach muscles. They look just fine to us, thanks.



Bunny Birthday



Angie Chester (above left), Bunny of the Year 1974, is now a professional dancer. When Beth Martin won the silver ears of Bunny of the Year 1975 (above right), Groucho Marx was there to wish her well. Actress and L.A. Bunny Maria Richwine (below left) played Buddy's wife in *The Buddy Holly Story*.



A St. Louis Bunny, Patti McGuire (above left), became Miss November 1976, Playmate of the Year for 1977—and wed tennis ace Jimmy Connors. Lynne Moody (above right, as a Los Angeles Bunny) was Alex Haley's great-grandma in TV's *Roots*. L.A. Bunny Hope Olson (below) was Miss October 1976.



Chicago cottontails in 1975 picketed on behalf of Bunny lib, including the right to date keyholders—and won.



Yurika Aoki welcomes keyholders to the Tokyo Club (right); below, twins Moira (left) and Sheila Stone, who have worked in both the Chicago and the Dallas Clubs.



At right, Bunny Louise Palmer gives Britain's Queen Elizabeth a doisy at 1978's Epsom Downs Derby Day. Below, at the Los Angeles Club, Dorothy Stratten, whose reign as Playmate of the Year was tragically cut short last summer.

Chicago's Candace Collins (above) abandoned Bunnydom for modeling after appearing as Miss December 1979. Chicago hutchmate Venice Kong (below) is the daughter and niece of former Jamaica cottontails Barbara and Paula Anderson.

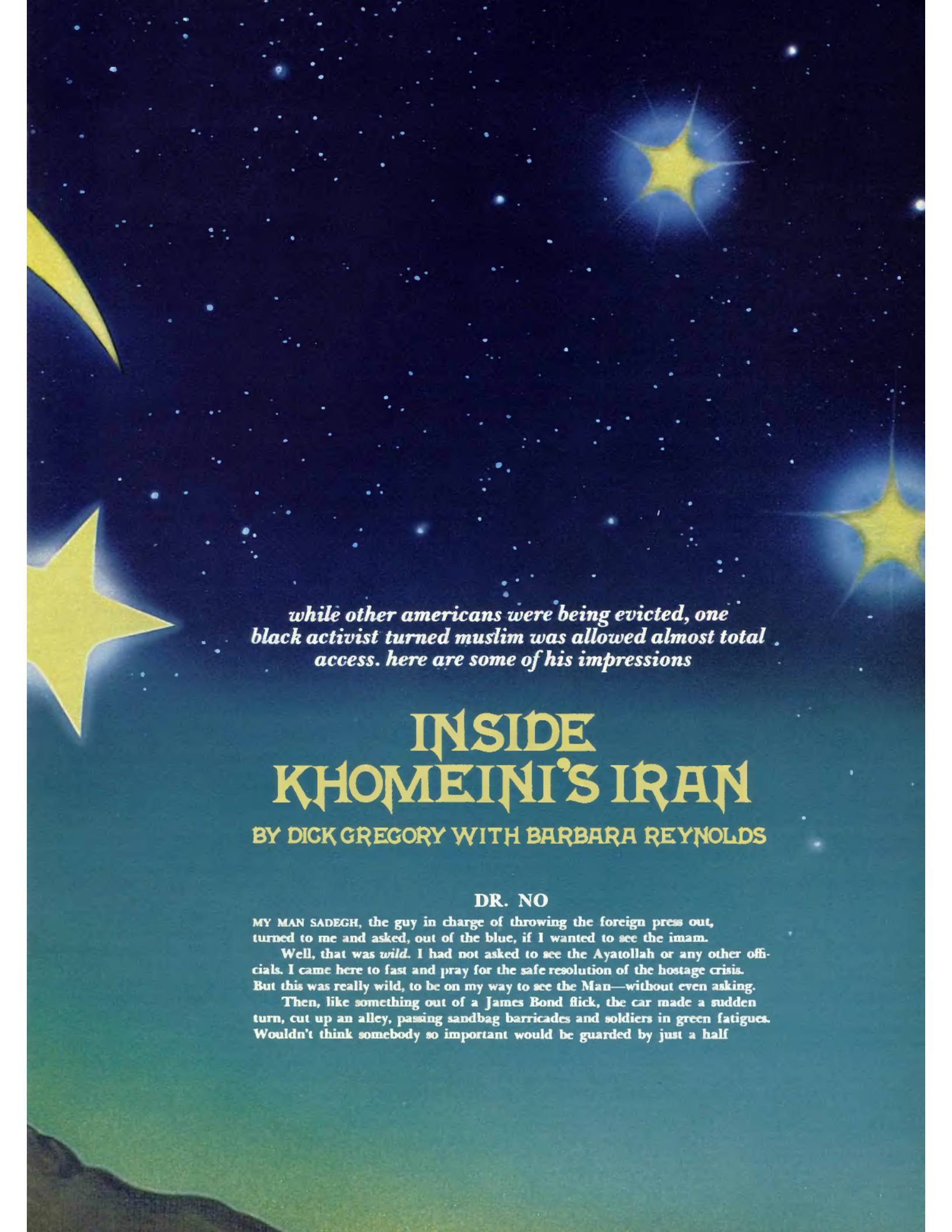




When the Playboy Clubs were getting ready to celebrate their 20th birthday, they put out a call for girls born on February 29, 1960. The happy outcome: 20th Anniversary Bunny Danita Jo Fox.

Bunny Birthday





*while other americans were being evicted, one
black activist turned muslim was allowed almost total
access. here are some of his impressions*

INSIDE KHOMEINI'S IRAN

BY DICK GREGORY WITH BARBARA REYNOLDS

DR. NO

MY MAN SADEGH, the guy in charge of throwing the foreign press out, turned to me and asked, out of the blue, if I wanted to see the imam.

Well, that was *wild*. I had not asked to see the Ayatollah or any other officials. I came here to fast and pray for the safe resolution of the hostage crisis. But this was really wild, to be on my way to see the Man—without even asking.

Then, like something out of a James Bond flick, the car made a sudden turn, cut up an alley, passing sandbag barricades and soldiers in green fatigues. Wouldn't think somebody so important would be guarded by just a half

dozen guys. A boy-scout troop could have run through here. These guards can't be here for security alone—maybe they're here for crowd control.

The imam, victim of a recent heart attack, was living in a borrowed house in Tehran to be near the hospital. Natch, I was not surprised to see an ambulance parked out front. (Before I left Iran, the Ayatollah returned to his home in northern Tehran, so I assume he got better.)

We walked into the yard, were searched by the guard, entered the house and took our shoes off. On the first floor, we encountered a lot of people eating on a tablecloth on the floor. There were no tables or chairs in the room, just people squatting around the tablecloth. Folks do a lot of squatting over here.

In one corner, a group of religious leaders were meeting with Ahmad, the imam's 35-year-old son. Ahmad rose to power as chief aide after his older brother Mustafa died mysteriously in 1977. It's believed that Mustafa, a cleric in his mid-40s, was poisoned by the shah's secret police, SAVAK. His death sparked an outburst of rioting, with the students really shooting up the place.

Sadeqh asked the appointment secretary if I could see the Ayatollah. The secretary said the imam hadn't seen anyone other than the revolutionary council in the past several months. The secretary said he'd let me know if I could see the Man.

The next day was Wednesday. I hadn't eaten for 12 days, but that day I drank some juice. I wanted to be strong. Sadeqh called early—the imam would see me. We returned to the house, but that time we weren't searched. The guard looked at Sadeqh, said something in Farsi and waved us in. (I later found out the guard said, "Oh, you're with the little black fellow.") Once inside, we spent a half hour waiting for the imam's appointment secretary to get us. Sadeqh was nervous, and I was trying to figure out what to call this man: Mr. Ayatollah? Just then, the guy nodded and we entered this huge room with nothing in it but a couch—and the Ayatollah.

What a sight! The imam was on the couch with his feet out on a huge stool. A blanket covered him from chest to feet, leaving only the turbaned head and beard exposed. Sadeqh was perspiring—he had never met the imam before. And to most Iranians, the Ayatollah is a personage akin to Jesus Christ.

The Ayatollah appeared intractable and uncompromising. But this is what the Iranians want him to be. He is the complete antithesis of the shah, who had been too accommodating. The monarch allowed the nation to be bled by the

leeches of the superpowers; foreigners were allowed to exploit and raid the resources of the country, regardless of the needs of the Iranian people. Even the agricultural base of the nation was deliberately destroyed to turn Iran into an export market for others.

Between 1972 and 1976, the U. S. sold more than ten billion dollars' worth of arms to Iran—maybe ten percent of the Iranian G.N.P. This arms game, just part of the transformation that made Iran the U. S. policeman in the Middle East, drained the nation of resources needed to improve education, housing, health services and urbanization. Ironically, many of the arms bought were so complex that the Iranians couldn't use them.

When you look at the Ayatollah, that tiny man with the black turban, you know with all certainty that the superpowers will never regain control of Iran without a fight to the death. The Ayatollah hates the Soviets and would align with them only if we pushed him into their camp. He is powerful, not because he represents the most radical point of view but because he first said no to the shah and, therefore, can say no to everyone else who is considered to be anti-Iran. Iranians aren't afraid he'll give their country to the superpowers. They know he'll just sit there on his rug and say no. And after all that's been ripped off, the Iranians want a Dr. No.

Partially because of the imam's health, the plan I had presented to the Iranian government for the release of the hostages was not discussed at my first meeting with him. After all, its purpose was ceremonial—just to get acquainted. Phase one of the plan called for the immediate release of the hostages who could not be considered spies, as a show of good faith in continuing negotiations with the U. S. Phase two called for the U. S. to return an estimated eight billion dollars in Iranian funds frozen in American banks. The money would be matched by other nations to establish a world food bank, with the shah's palace serving as headquarters. Phase three would necessitate the gathering of the world press in Iran to check out what really went on under the shah. The plan was announced in the local newspapers in a three-part series. One day I hope the Ayatollah will let me know what he thought of it.

I didn't mention the return of the shah in the plan. He was never ours to return. There are many indications that the Iranians are ready to resolve this crisis. They are tired of it. I was told that the joy of making the superpowers squirm is becoming insignificant. Besides, this crisis is hurting poor people not only in Iran and America but in the rest of the world as well. Iran has had to increase its defense budget at the

expense of domestic services to the poor. And America is in the same fix.

I thanked the imam for seeing me and told him that millions of people across the world had followed the struggle here, a struggle I hoped would give strength and courage to oppressed people everywhere. However, I said, I felt it wouldn't be as easy for the oppressed to rise up elsewhere, because of one important ingredient—fear. Sadeqh translated that and for a split second, the imam held his head down a bit, like he didn't feel well. Then Sadeqh said we should leave.

Downstairs again, I put my shoes back on. A big newspaper publisher here told me the imam had stopped having his picture taken with people. Something had embarrassed him. Maybe it was like the something that embarrassed Rosalynn Carter after she had her picture taken with mass murderer John Gacy.

As I left, I saw Ahmad hurrying away. His grandmother had just died.

THE RESCUE MISSION

Attended a prayer meeting at Tehran University today. My buddy, Sadeqh, was showing me how to bend down on this rock to ask forgiveness. The army chief of staff and the defense minister were worshiping nearby. The service was interrupted by an announcement—later proved erroneous—that two American planes had been shot down over Iran. Like most people here, I thought it was an attack—that this was finally it, the start of World War Three.

Well, I hit the rock and really began praying for forgiveness. Thought they were going to try to bomb this town off the face of the earth. But, in a sense, I felt a rush of real peace. Momma would be proud of me. I bet she always thought I was going to die in one of those Chicago taverns I used to hang out in. But now I was going to die at a prayer meeting. I left the service and got caught up in a crowd of some 400,000 people heading toward the U. S. embassy.

In America, everybody would run inside and hide if they thought they were under attack. Here, the people run out into the streets. As I stood in front of the 24-acre embassy complex in the heart of the city, it was easy to see why initially nobody thought this was a rescue mission. It looked like an impossible mission to pull off without killing the hostages. This was just the type of thing I was fasting about, and praying would never happen. Lord, help us all, if Carter tries any more "rescue missions." Next day's headline: "CARTER WILLING TO COMMIT ANY CRIME FOR RE-ELECTION."

THE RALLY

The day I met with the imam, one of his doctors asked me to speak at a rally



"We've had it with wage earning—we're all going out and becoming small businessmen."

in place of Ali Agah, the former Iranian chargé d'affaires to the United States, who was in Africa. I told the physician that my purpose here was not political and attempted to decline the invitation. I was told, however, that I would be speaking to the poorest people in the city. Poverty in southern Tehran is worse than anything seen in U.S. ghettos. Three fourths of the people in Iran live on one fourth of the land. Although I did see some low-income-housing construction, it's nothing to see ten people to a room here. But it is clean. No dogs, rats or roaches.

This same section of town has a horrible drug problem. Iran is known to have probably the worst heroin problem in the world, with some 200,000 registered addicts and about 2,000,000 users. Some believe the addiction problem is part of a conspiracy to retard the revolutionary spirit of the people—a theory not unlike the explanation of the introduction of heroin to the inner cities of America, or the strategy that moved the then-Rhodesian government to give the blacks free beer on the weekend. Some say the heroin was sent to Iran by the CIA or by Western European or SAVAK agents who had escaped to Britain or France during the revolution. It's dirt-cheap. Heroin that should sell for eight dollars goes for 50 cents.

Many Iranian officials believe that drastic measures must be taken to stem this addiction before the people start having opium wars. Consequently, one of the penalties for pushing dope is execution. On June third, a man and a woman were killed. But that's nothing—on another day, 20 pushers were executed. In one celebrated case, a man was sentenced to death on charges that he turned an eight-year-old girl into an addict and then raped her. You know *he* saw the firing squad. But the government is kind to the addicts. Recently, it took the shah's summer resort, complete with his \$226,000,000 air-conditioned palace, and turned it into an addiction center. Going through the palace, I saw that the shah must have laid the place out. His stereo system was bad. He had tape decks all over the place. I found a tape of Aretha Franklin in his john.

I spoke for two hours at the rally, basically relating how poverty can become a state of mind you can't outgrow. About 700 young people were in the audience, women on one side, men on the other. I told how American blacks had come out of slavery and made moves away from poverty because of a profound belief in God. I told them a story about two blind men, both of whom roamed the streets, looking for help. One beggar cried, "He is helped whom

God helps." The other beggar cried, "He is helped whom the king helps." The king heard that and was flattered. He baked with a bar of gold in it a loaf of bread and sent it to the man who had flattered him. Thinking the bread was heavy and unfit to eat, he sold it for a few pennies to the man with faith in God. He took it home, found the treasure and thus had to beg no more. The other beggar was still crying, "He is helped whom the king helps." The king sent for him and asked him what had happened to the bread he had sent. The beggar said that it had seemed heavy and poorly baked, so he had sold it to a friend. Said the king, "Truly, he is helped whom God helps."

In a place that had just had a shah who was supposed to be greater than God, that story really went over. They clapped and carried on. Then they passed about 100 questions up to me: They wanted to know what I thought about Muhammad Ali and they had a lot of questions about the Black Muslims. I told them Ali was the most important and influential human being on the planet, because of his visibility. Regarding the Black Muslims, I told them I never understood the great job Elijah Muhammad had done until I came to a Moslem country. The Black Muslims don't smoke, don't eat pork, don't drink and don't have a drug problem. Elijah Muhammad took Christians, black Americans, who were raised on pork, and converted them. You have to respect the man.

After the speech, a religious man walked toward me. He made me nervous at first, because I thought he was going to say I had talked too long. Instead, he thanked me for speaking and gave me an autographed picture of the Ayatollah. As I left the podium, the revolutionary guards pulled out their guns and waved them in the air to show they liked my speech. They escorted me back to my hotel, the Semiramis.

When I got back to the hotel, the English-speaking desk clerk told me I was a hero. The imam had mentioned me on the radio, saying I was fasting for peace and had lost about 50 pounds.

THE STUDENTS

The embassy take-over was a surprise, not only to the United States but to the students themselves. They didn't have a take-over in mind when they marched toward the embassy, shouting death slogans against the shah and President Carter. They were enraged by the U. S.' allowing the shah into a New York hospital. The students did not believe the monarch was ill. If he *were*, they protested, why did the U. S. refuse to let the Iranian doctors examine him? Were

the Americans trying to harbor the shah in order to restore him to the throne, as was done by the CIA in 1953?

The students felt they had to do something to show their outrage, and the hated embassy was as good a place as any. They actually hated the American embassy even more than the shah's palace. They had always believed the embassy was Iran's true seat of power.

During the march to the embassy, some students decided to jump over the wall and go as far into the compound as they could before they were shot down or killed. Few things are as sacred to Iranians as martyrdom—to them, that's greater than the Nobel Peace Prize. Custom dictates that the bodies of martyrs be wrapped in white shrouds and paraded around the city.

Once at the embassy gates, the students cut the heavy chain and swelled inside. Meeting no armed resistance from the Iranian guards, they kept going. They shouted to those inside that they did not want to hurt anyone, only to stage a sit-in. It was at that point that they expected the Marines to open up with automatic fire and blow them away. When that failed to happen, the students became bolder, and from then on, their plans developed on the spot—beginning with their seizure of weapons from the embassy arsenal. The students said they had only a few handguns when they entered the complex; they were no match for the automatics wielded by the Marine guards. But not a single shot was fired and the students ended up with the embassy—something they hadn't anticipated, hadn't wanted and really didn't know quite what to do with once they had it.

Whatever their intentions, the students showed me a State Department document, dated August 1, 1979, warning Washington that such a take-over could happen if the shah were admitted to the United States: "No moves should be made toward admitting the shah until a new and substantially effective guard force is obtained for the embassy."

The document went on to say: "When [a] decision is made to admit the shah, we should quietly assign additional American security guards to the embassy to provide protection for key personnel until the danger is considered over." It was stamped, SECRET & SENSITIVE. It should have been stamped, IGNORE.

I met with the students once for two hours. I got the call at the hotel, which is across Taleghqani Street from the captured embassy, and walked over there to be met by Mary—the lady in the chador who got all the television coverage, was educated in America and speaks

(continued on page 288)

PLAYBOY'S CHRISTMAS GIFT GUIDE

exceptional goodies that make giving and getting a yule delight

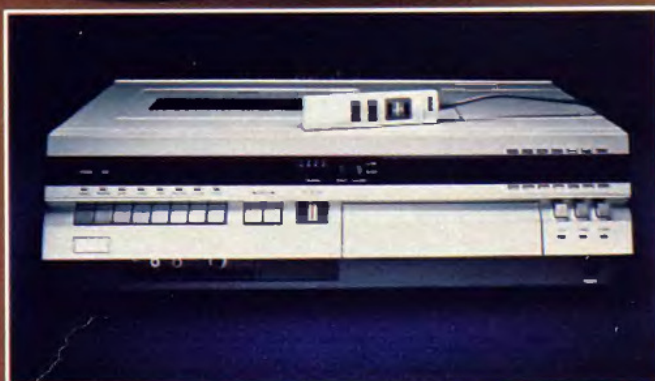
PHOTOGRAPHY BY DON AZUMA



Top: For the man who has everything and now wants something special to hold up his pants, there's a leather belt that features an 18-kt.-yellow-gold buckle studded with 27 diamonds weighing 2.03 carats, from Oscar Heyman & Bros., New York, \$10,000. Next to the buckle is a 14-kt.-gold and crystal cuff link, from Steuben Glass, New York, \$310 the pair. Under it are two solid-gold Mexican coins, a centenario and an azteca, from Citibank, New York, or local coin dealers. Prices are based on the current market value of gold.

PLAYBOY'S CHRISTMAS GIFT GUIDE

Below: A study in black and tan—two battery-powered Tik-Tek Octo 45-degree quartz desk clocks that stand eight inches high, from Kirsch/Hamilton, Cambridge, Massachusetts, \$55 each. Bottom left: The F78, a lightweight Danish-designed telephone, features a four-setting ring control and a removable receiver cord for either left- or right-handed operation, from GNT Automatic, Waltham, Massachusetts, \$135. Bottom right: RCA's VET250 videocassette recorder can record up to six hours on one cassette; included is a handy remote-control unit with picture scan, pause and channel change, \$995.





Top left: For some truly fine auto fidelity, check out Jensen's J2000 car stereo speakers; housed in each ten-and-one-half-inch-long aluminum cylinder is a powerful four-and-one-half-inch woofer and a lightweight passive radiator that, together, pump out tremendous sound, \$199.95 the pair. Top right: The Help Radio, a compact 40-channel two-way citizens'-band radio that plugs into your cigarette lighter, comes with a magnetic rooftop antenna, by General Electric, \$115.95. Above: Start the morning happily in a lather with a covered ceramic shaving mug and boar-bristle brush, by Halston, \$50 the set, including soap.



PLAYBOY'S CHRISTMAS GIFT GUIDE

Above: The sound that emanates from this black-and-white 801 loud-speaker (it stands 37.3 inches high) is sure to satisfy the finickiest of fidelityniks; inside it is a three-way acoustic-suspension system that includes a low-frequency driver that can dive with minimal distortion to the lower limits of audibility, by Bowers & Wilkins, \$3190 a pair. Above right: The Kawasaki KLT 2000, a rugged three-wheel off-road runner that's powered by a tough 198-c.c. four-stroke engine with electric starter, \$1399. Right: The Fashion-flash 110, by ITT Photo Products, is a nifty little push-pull camera with a built-in flash and a nifty little price—only \$60. Snap one up.





Top: This solid-walnut master-craftsman tool chest with five felt-lined drawers is really too handsome for carpentry equipment; atop a bureau, it's a terrific repository for cuff links, lighters, etc., from The Cutting Edge, Los Angeles, California, \$240, not including tools. Top right: The DC-1, a \$5000, four-and-one-half-foot-tall radio-controlled robot that totes ice cubes, bottles, cans and glassware, from The Price of His Toys, Beverly Hills, California (where else?). Right: The KV-4000 portable color TV has a tilting 3.7-diagonal-inch screen, by Sony, \$550. Atop it is a superthin Mariner SG watch that's water-resistant to depths of about 100 feet, by Concord, \$890.

*she was a raven-haired irish beauty, purposely
alluring, and he was caught in her game*

MAY I HAVE SOME MARMALADE, PLEASE?

WHEN ELLIE slammed the front door, he slowed his cup's approach to the coffee table to glance across his shoulder at the clock on the mantelpiece. Six forty-five? Of course. Monday. Her night for bridge, his for the art class. His coffee made a smooth landing. He sank into his armchair, carefully unfolded his evening paper, looked blindly at its headlines for a while, let it fall into his lap. If only! If only! If only they had had a child! All day she had not spoken one word to him since she said at breakfast, "May I have some marmalade, please?" And now she was gone for the night.

Which of them first mooted this crazy idea of one night a week apart? She had been sarcastic about it. "Divorced weekly? A comedy in fifty-two acts."

He had been sour. "The road back to celibacy? Act five."

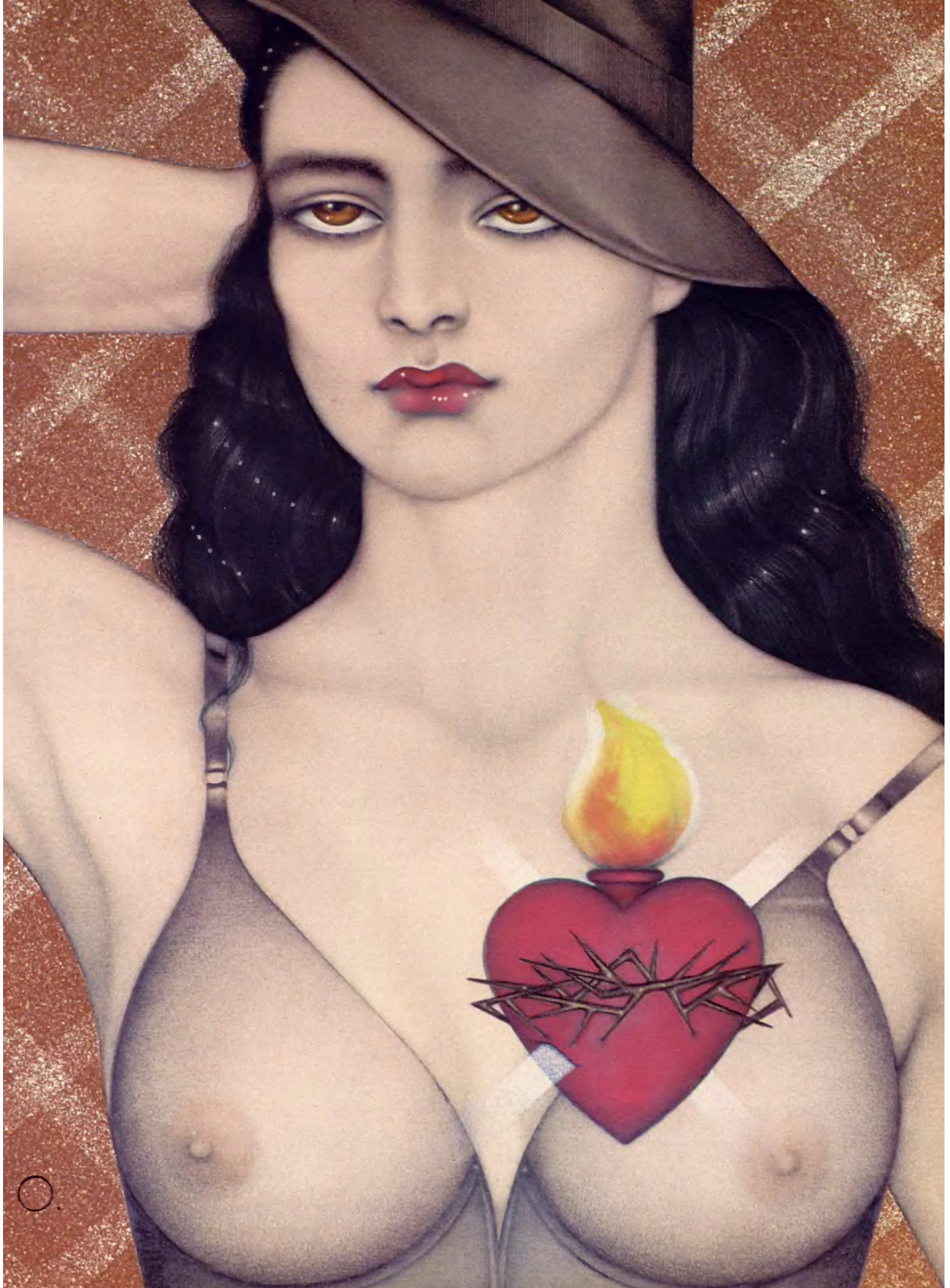
Probably neither of us began it. Just another knight's move, another oblique assertion of another imaginary speck of precious bloody personality threatened by some other imaginary attack by one on t'other. *Quid pro quo*. My turn now. Tit for tat. Even Stephen. Omens common to every failing marriage? Like her insistence on rising early every Sunday

morning for first Mass and his on staying in bed late. His demanding roast leg of lamb on Fridays against her preference for black sole—not that he did not always let her have her way; he liked black sole—or her wanting flowers before her Madonna's statue all through May. It was not the flowers he minded; it was the silent betrayal of her man who had given up "all that" for . . . for what? At which, as if an earth tremor made the ornaments on the mantelpiece tremble, he heard all around him for miles and miles the tide of Dublin's suburban silence. Out there, how many mugs like himself were enjoying the priceless company of their own personalities?

He flung the newspaper onto the carpet, tore off his gray tie and pink shirt, went into his bedroom, dragged on his old black roll-neck Pringle pullover, groped for his old black homburg hat and began to brush it briskly. As good today as the day I bought it in Morgan's in Westmoreland Street for the mother's funeral. He curled a black scarf around his neck, felt for his car keys, switched off the Flo-Glo fire and the electric candles on the walls, checked the bathroom taps and the taps of the electric

fiction

By SEAN O'FAOLAIN



cooker, put out the hall light and slowly drew the front door behind him until he heard the lock's final click.

Fog. A drear-nighted February. Every road lamp on the estate had its own halo. He drove with care. Bungalow, bungalow, bungalow. Some lighted, most caverns of television's blue flicker. Exactly the kind of night he had first persuaded Father Billy Casey to doff their Roman collars, black jackets, black overcoats, black hats, put on sports jackets, checkered caps, jazzy ties and set off for some, any lounge bar in the city, in search, Father Billy had hooted, rocking with amusement, of what laymen call Life.

He was able to accelerate a bit on the yellow-lighted bus route. After 15 minutes or so, he felt space and damp on his right. The sea. The new hospital. Lights in a church for benediction. Inner suburbia's exclusive gateways. The U. S. embassy. He crossed the canal. The city's moat.

"Whither tonight?" Casey had always said at this point, rubbing his palms. Anywhere west of O'Connell Bridge used to be safe from episcopal spies; the east was less safe, too many people coming and going between the big cinemas, the bars of hotels. The Abbey Theater, the Peacock, the Busáras Theater. There was the same contrast on the other side of the bridge between Dublin's only pricey hub, the cube of Grafton Street, Nassau, Dawson and Saint Stephen's Green on to the east and the old-folksy Liberties off to the west. Once you got that bit of geography clear in your head, you knew the only danger left was the moment of exit from the presbytery and your return to it. Holy smoke! Supposing the parish priest caught you dressed in civvies! As Father Billy once put it, a priest in a checkered cap is as inconceivable as a Pope in a bowler hat or, suddenly remembering some scrap of his seminarian's philosophy, if not inconceivable, at least unimaginable. He had enjoyed and hated these small risks, so much so that he could still groan and laugh at the thought of their hairbreadth escape the night they were nearly spotted by the P.P.'s housekeeper coming home late from what she always spoke of as her Fwhishte Diriuve. That was the night Father Billy had in his Edenish innocence pushed him out of the Church.

"Here's to us!" Billy had cheered from where he lay strewn like a podgy Pompeian on the triclinium of his secondhand sofa, his nightcap of malt aloft. "Who have at this triumphant moment once more unarguably demonstrated the undeniable truth that privacy is the last and loveliest of all class luxuries. Look at us! Boozing to our hearts' content in peace and privacy and nobody one penny the wiser. Whereas all the most

overpaid, socialist, lefty poor working-man can do when he is thrown out of his pub at closing time is to take home half a dozen bottles of beer in a pack. In a pub, Foley! That's the key word. In a pub! A public house. Subject to public inspection, permission to drink only in public, get drunk in public, puke in public, under the public eye, to public knowledge. But you and I, Foley, privileged nobs by virtue of our exclusive, elitist rank as officers of the Pope's *Grande Armée*, can sit here at our ease, luxuriating in the lordly privacy of Father William Casey's personal sitting room in Saint Conleth's Roman presbytery, and not another soul one penny the wiser."

He had replied coldly:

"You've got it all wrong, Father Billy. We do not drink in lordly privacy. We drink in abject secrecy."

One word and he became aware of the duplicity of all institutions, the Law, the Army, Medicine, the Universities, Parliament, the Press, the Church dominated by the one iron rule, Never let down the side. There was only one kind of people from whom you might get a bit of the truth, not because they are more moral but because they have no side to let down. Outlaws. Join any organization and truth at once takes second place. They went on arguing it down to the bottom of the half bottle of Irish. "Sleep on it, Billy," he had said. "In whishky weritas."

A kindled traffic light halted him as he approached O'Connell Bridge. He peered up at the Ballast Office clock, 7:32, and remembered the night—*The Night*—when he had answered Father Billy's ritual "Whither tonight?" with the daredevil cry of "Why don't we try the Long Bar in the basement of the old Met?" which—bang in the middle of O'Connell Street—spelled maximum danger. He was still chuckling at Casey's reply when the green let him through.

"The Long Bar? The short life! Onward to booze, death and glory." Poor Billy! Poor in every sense. All a booze meant to him was a large whisky, or two glasses of ale. He remembered how the two of them had cheered like kids that night when they found a parking spot directly opposite the Long Bar of the Met.

And, behold! Here it was, waiting for him again. He slid smoothly into its arms, sighing, "This is what I should be doing every night, instead of staring into bloody TV or an electric fire!"

He halted at the foot of the stairs, pushed open the glass door, three semi-circular steps above the floor of the saloon, and surveyed the babble. He saw one vacant table and his mistake. A mob of youngsters. Mere boys and girls. Pint

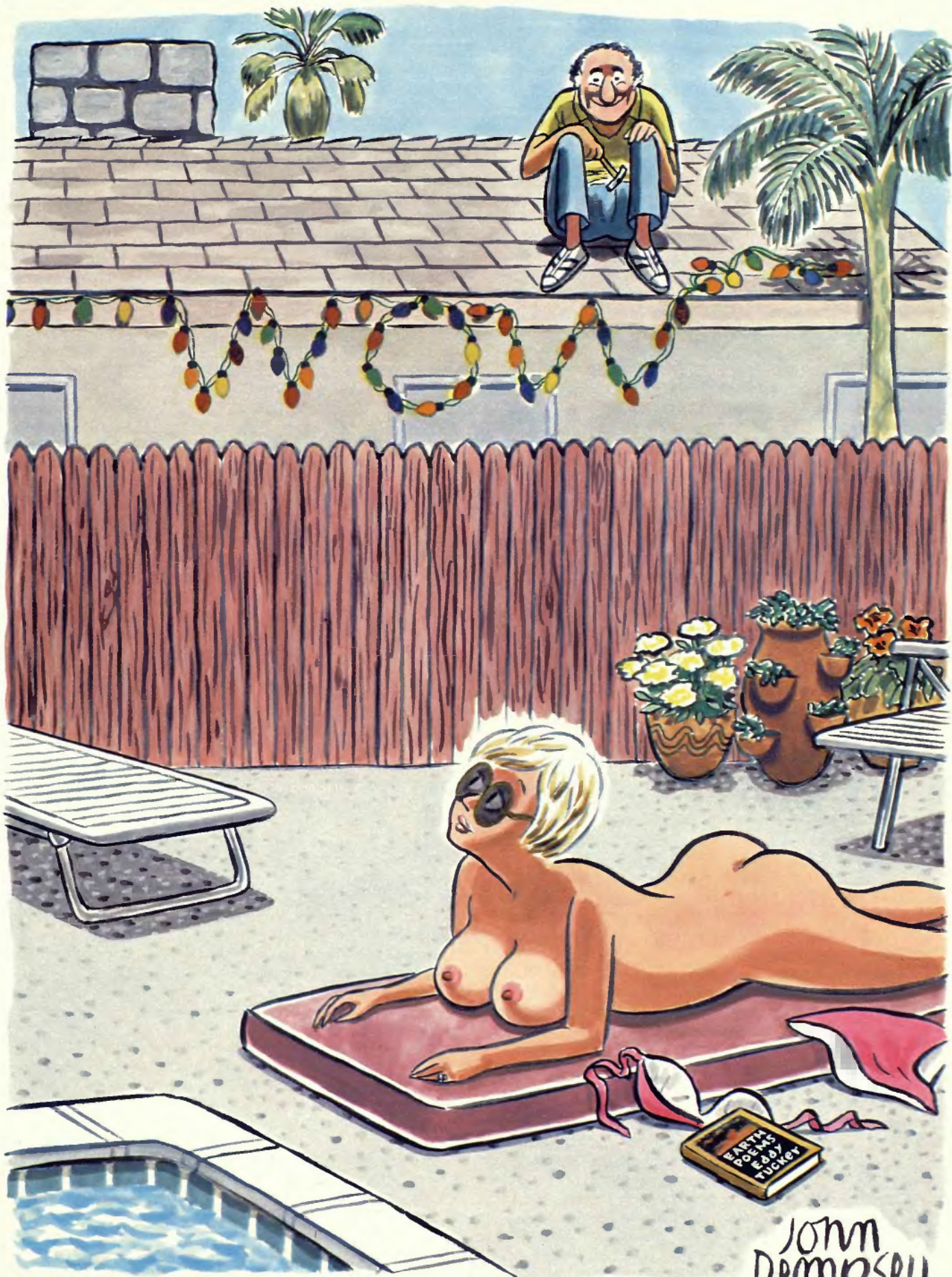
drinkers. Years of tobacco smoke. Life? Gaiety? Unconventional? Bohemian? It was just any ordinary bar. Or had it changed? Or had he? Or was it she who had transformed it that night? He edged down to the vacant table and gave his order to the bar curate. After two slow dry martinis, he surrendered. He took up his homburg—no other man or woman in the rooms wore a hat—felt for his car keys, foresaw fog, the drive, the empty bungalow. How Father Billy had stared around that night at all the pairs and quartets!

"Well, here it is, Foley! Life! And I can't tell you how glad I am to see it, because only last night I found myself going through the dictionary to find out what the devil the word means. I was as nearly off my rocker as that! I can now reveal to you, Father Foley, that Life is, quote, unquote, that condition which distinguishes animals and plants from inorganic objects and dead organisms by growth through A, metabolism, B, adaptability and C, reproduction. Look around you. Look at us. They are growing up. I put on seven pounds since Easter. Look at their fancy dress. Look at our fancy caps and jackets. We all adapt. Reproduction? Look at 'em, every single one of 'em with a one-way first-class ticket for the double bed. All booked!"

"Not all! Or don't I see over there in the corner two unaccompanied young women? The dark one isn't at all bad-looking. Four people spoiling two tables who could be improving one? Maybe those two young ladies are in search of Life? Come on, Billy Casey! Let's ask them over for a drink."

He had not meant one word of it. What they had already done on half a dozen nights was, every time, an act of the gravest indiscipline. Two soldiers of a victorious empire frolicking in taverns with conquered barbarians? At the sight of Casey's terrified eyes, he had leaned back and laughed so heartily that the dark young woman had looked across and smiled indulgently at their happiness. One second's thought and he would have merely smiled back and resumed his chatter with Casey. He spontaneously lifted his glass to her. Her smile widened whitely. His questioning eyebrows rose, his eye and thumb indicated his table invitingly, hers did the same to hers, he said, "Come on, Billy, in for a penny, in for a pound!" and the unimaginable of five minutes before became reality.

"Ellie," her companion apologized admiringly for her friend, "is very saucy." She was herself a striking redhead, but he thought the dark one much more handsome and she had by her laugh and gesture across the bar suggested a touch of dash and character. As for her looks, she had only one slight flaw; her mouth



John
Dempsey

was by the faintest touch awry, and even this was in itself an attraction, that delicate, that charming fleck of imperfection that never fails to impress a woman's looks unforgettably. Her black hair, divided down the center of her skull, was drawn back boldly like two curtains. Her eyes were as clear as her clarid speech. Their large brown irises, shining like burred chestnuts, harmonized with her willow-colored skin. She was dressed entirely in black, apart from the little white ruff on her high neck that somehow made her look like a nun. He confided to himself the next day that her smiles came and went like the sly sunshine of April.

He introduced himself as Frederick Cecil Swinburne and his companion, to Casey's grinning delight, as Arthur Gordon Woodruffe, both of them final medicals at Trinity College. She said, "I am Ellie Wheeler Wilcox and my friend is Molly Malone," both of them private secretaries to directors of the Irish Sweep. They passed what any casual observer would have seen as a merry hour, as light, bright and gay as a joking and laughing scene in an operetta.

On parting, they all four said they might meet again the next Monday night. He said a couple of hours later in Father Billy's rooms in the presbytery that the only thing missing was that those two young women should have been nuns in disguise and they should all have burst out into an Offenbach quartet. Casey's solemn reply had infuriated him:

"I am afraid, Father Foley, we went a bit too far tonight. We deceived those two young ladies. We pretended. We were guilty of bad faith."

He responded in exasperation with a whisper of "Well, I'll be damned!"

This restored Father Billy's sense of humor far enough to let him disagree about the damnation bit, though, possibly, there might be an extra couple of thousand years of purgatory in store for them both. All the same, he kept coughing dramatically the following Monday morning to indicate the onset of a bad cold.

The corner table was empty. No Miss Wilcox. No Miss Malone. He sat at the table that he had shared the week before with Father Casey, prolonging three tasteless martinis for an hour. Thereupon, cursing his silliness, he had clapped on his checkered cap and risen to his feet, and there she was on the platform of the three semicircular steps of the entrance door, tall and slim, dressed in black, her eyelashes overflowing her cheeks, her hair as close-fitting as a cap, her high neck extended to assist her searching gaze. He flung up his hand. Smiling back at him, she slowly edged her way between the tables. She

sat opposite him though still looking about her, explaining that she had expected to meet her friend Molly Malone, though Molly did mention something today about feeling a cold coming on; but he felt so happy in her presence that he heeded little she said until he got her to talking about herself, her girlhood in the country, in County Offaly, where her father was a national teacher, her two younger sisters, her brother Fonsy, short for Alphonsus, who had emigrated to England and was now married in Birmingham; not that he attended to her chat half so much as he did to the fleeting mobility of her features, her contralto laughter, her vivacious gestures, though he did heed her carefully when she described her Auntie Nan with whom she was lodging in a little house in Ranelagh, and her friends, working mostly in the Irish Sweep, which led her in turn to ask him about what it is like to be a final medical in Trinity College and about his plans when he became a doctor, a question that instantaneously reminded him of Father Billy's words about bad faith. She listened to his lies with such a transparent expression of belief that he felt thrown down beneath her feet by a whirlwind of shame that kept gnawing at him for the rest of the night, until the moment came when he had halted outside her aunt's little red-brick home in that terraced cul-de-sac at Ranelagh. There, drawn up beside the curb, he gripped her hand, not, as she obviously thought and by her warm smile showed, to say a grateful good night but to plead for her trust. He must confess the truth about himself.

"Miss Wilcox, I have been deceiving you."

"The truth? Deceiving me?" Staring, frightened by his intensity and tone.

"I am not a medical student. I made all that up."

If only he could have stopped there. Neither, she could laugh, was she Ella Wheeler Wilcox. He had to tell her the essence of him. He kept pressing her hand tighter and tighter.

"I am a clerical student. Trying to become a priest. You have been a revelation from heaven to me. I can't go on with it. I no longer want to be a priest."

Her eyelids shot open at that last word. While he went on to half explain, they opened wider and wider, as if she were opening the doors of her soul to him. In the silence that followed, she kept staring at him and he at her. In his celibate ignorance, he was feeling for the first time the full blast of power that Woman when reduced to one special woman possesses by the mere fact of being female. She in her virginal ignorance was transfixed by the power that Man in the person of this one man held over her by the mere fact of being

male. Each was at that moment so evenly conqueror and conquered that if the essential god of all lovers had in that blind alley breathed over them so delicately as would not have shaken the filaments of a dandelion in full cloud of seed, they would have sunk into each other's arms.

That they did not, he often thought later, was due less to the gods than to her aunt, or to whatever other hand had suddenly lit the fanlight. What she may have said before she jumped from the car and ran up the brief concrete path to the door beneath the light he was never after to remember verbatim except for the petals of her voice declaring with unarguable clarity that they must never meet again, and her "Very well!" to his wild pleading that they must meet just once more so that neither of them should remember the other ungratefully.

They did meet just once again, and went on meeting just once again for the whole of the next year, propelled as gently and as irresistibly as a yacht before a summer breeze by sympathy, chivalry and self-immolation, until, to his astonishment, one gentle May evening in the stodgy bedroom of her Auntie Nan's dim house in Ranelagh, while the old lady was away on holidays in County Cork, a typhoon of passion swallowed them both. After another year, marked by more agonizing and less passion, he extricated himself from his priestly vows. They married.

All that was five years ago, and he had long since accepted that he was never to understand what estranged them, he who had so often in his presbytery given counsel and comfort to young marrieds lost in the same fogged wood. All he knew for certain was that that year of waiting, of tenderly comforting each other, of trying to decide what he should do, had been the happiest year of his life, conjoined then by the misery of separation, divided now by the disaster of domesticity.

They had never really quarreled, never violently confronted each other, though of course they now and again "had words," the worst being the night he had evaded her clamant desire on the eve of Good Friday, the anniversary of the execution of a great man in whose alleged godliness he no longer believed. She had spat at him, "Your very skin is dyed black! You will never wash yourself of your precious stigmata!" To which he had retorted, "You? You, of all people, dare say that to a man who has cast off every last trace of what you call black? You with your getting up at dawn, your statues and your flowers and your evening benedictions and all the rest of your pietistic falderals and fandangos, you say that to me?" All of which she

(continued on page 272)

THE EMPERORS' NEW CLOTHES

*want to convey authority and influence people? think like the men
at the top and put your money into some conservative fashion investments*

attire By DAVID PLATT

CLOTHES SERVE MANY PURPOSES. But there are times when the necessity of covering your hide or the fun of making like a peacock is subordinate to the single need to project an image of authority, power, success and influence. Call it the Walter Cronkite syndrome—or subliminal dressing. (Notice the man, not his clothes.) The guidelines for image dressing are quite simple. First, your clothes should look expensive without being



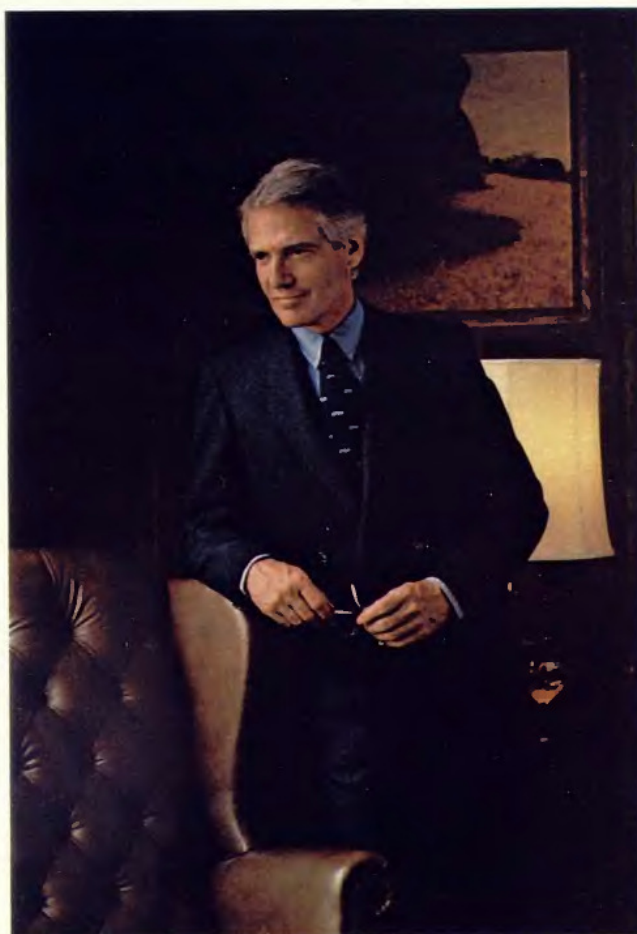
Oh, how sweet it is—that intangible aroma of success that the right clothes give off. Case in point is our captain of industry, above, who's wearing a three-piece worsted wool herringbone suit, by Moda Tallia, \$225; over a cotton shirt with barrel cuffs, by Gates Shirt Company, about \$40; and a polyester/silk dotted tie, by Yves Saint Laurent, about \$11.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ANTHONY EDGEWORTH



ostentatious. Second, the color range should be subdued; quiet in everything except, perhaps, for your tie, which tradition dictates can let go a little for self-expression. (Still, even here, the Mies van der Rohe rule of thumb "Less is more" applies.) The third point is that dressing for success almost always requires a necktie, even when you're casually attired in a sports coat or blazer for drinks or a game of bridge at the club. For business, a navy pinstripe is your power base, then gray flannel (one with and one without stripes is a good idea). The other acceptable color is brown in solids, stripes and tweeds. Sports coats are more flexible, though leave horse-blanket plaids and Day-Glo blazers for traveling Bible salesmen from Nebraska. Remember, clothes that project the image of power in high places—like old money—*whisper* instead of shout.

Above: Those old-school club ties that bind inevitably are worn with the best threads—as these two well-tailored elbow benders attest. The fellow at left relaxes in a wool tweed sports jacket, about \$195, that's coupled with a suede vest, \$95, a corduroy buttondown shirt, \$42.50, wool double-pleated socks, \$65, and a wool striped tie, about \$15, all by Country Britches. His drinking buddy casts an equally stylish shadow in a wool muted-plaid jacket, by Daks Gentlemen's Apparel, about \$250; cotton buttondown shirt, by Bert Pulitzer, \$27.50; wool knit tie, by Close Ties, about \$13.50; gabardine slacks, by Fitzgerald, about \$55; and a lizardskin belt, by Justin Belts, about \$32. Right: The measure of a man often begins with the suit on his back, and this one definitely passes the test; it's a wool flannel double-breasted, by Chester Barrie, \$550; coupled with a cotton pinstriped shirt, \$45, and a silk tie, \$30, both by Kenneth Gordon (New Orleans). Opposite page: As an alternative to the ubiquitous blue-blozer look, try this pewter-gray wool/alpaca model, by Geoffrey Beene for J & F, about \$240; plus flannel slacks, by Borry I. Bricken, about \$90; cotton/polyester shirt, by Nino Cerruti Shirts, \$27.50; and wool knit tie, from Chops by Ralph Lauren, \$11.



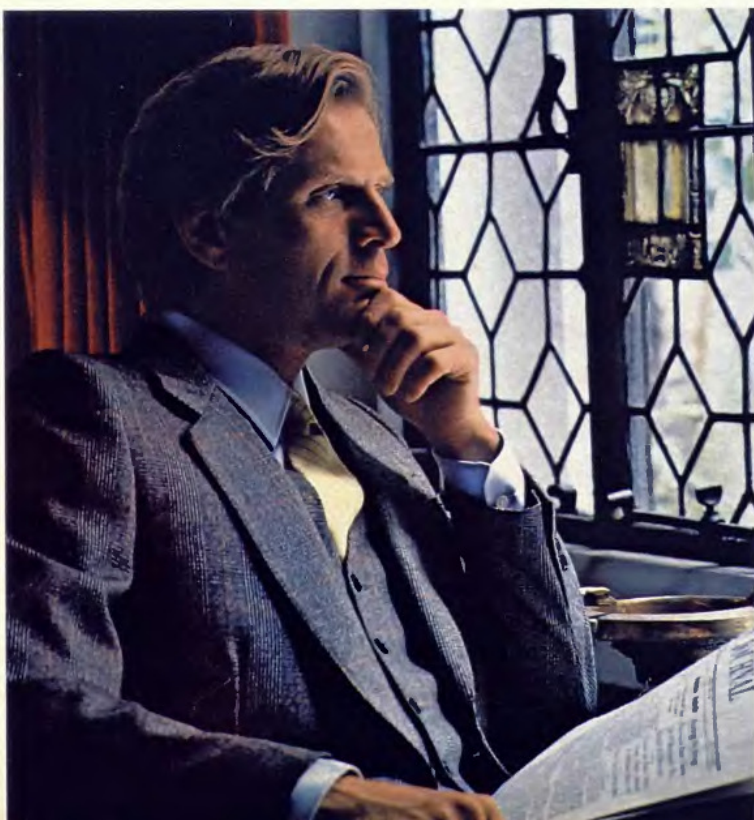




Left: It's not going to be all that lonesome at the top when you step out for the evening in a cashmere topcoat, from Bill Blass by Malcolm Kenneth, about \$500; worn over a wool three-piece evening suit, about \$240, polyester/cotton shirt, about \$30, and a satin bow tie, about \$7.50, all by After Six. His cuff links/stud set is by Christian Dior Accessories, \$45.



Below: It's tough to beat the classic easygoing elegance of a glen-plaid suit; this one, by Gary E. Miller for Cafra, is a wool three-piece two-button model with notch lapels and straight-legged trousers, about \$500. It's worn with a veddy expensive Sea Island cotton long-sleeved dress shirt with a medium collar and barrel cuffs, from Private Stock by Hathaway, about \$100; and a striped silk tie, by Yves Saint Laurent for Berkley Cravats, \$16.50.



Below: Only the strong survive—with a little help, we'd say, from some well-chosen additions to their wardrobes. The fellow at left has opted for a look that conveys authority in a quiet way: a wool navy-blue pinstriped two-piece suit with notch lapels, center vent and flap pockets, by Daks Gentlemen's Apparel, \$265; worn over a white cotton pinpoint oxford buttondown shirt with barrel cuffs, by Bert Pulitzer, \$38.50; and a multicolor silk foulard tie, by Damon Creations, about \$16.50. The other chap takes an equally classic approach to project his image; he's chosen a wool pinstriped three-piece suit that features a ventless jacket with notch lapels and pleated trousers with straight legs, by Bill Kaiserman Design, about \$395; plus a cotton/polyester buttondown shirt, by Bert Pulitzer, \$23.50; and a striped silk tie, by Close Ties, \$27.50.

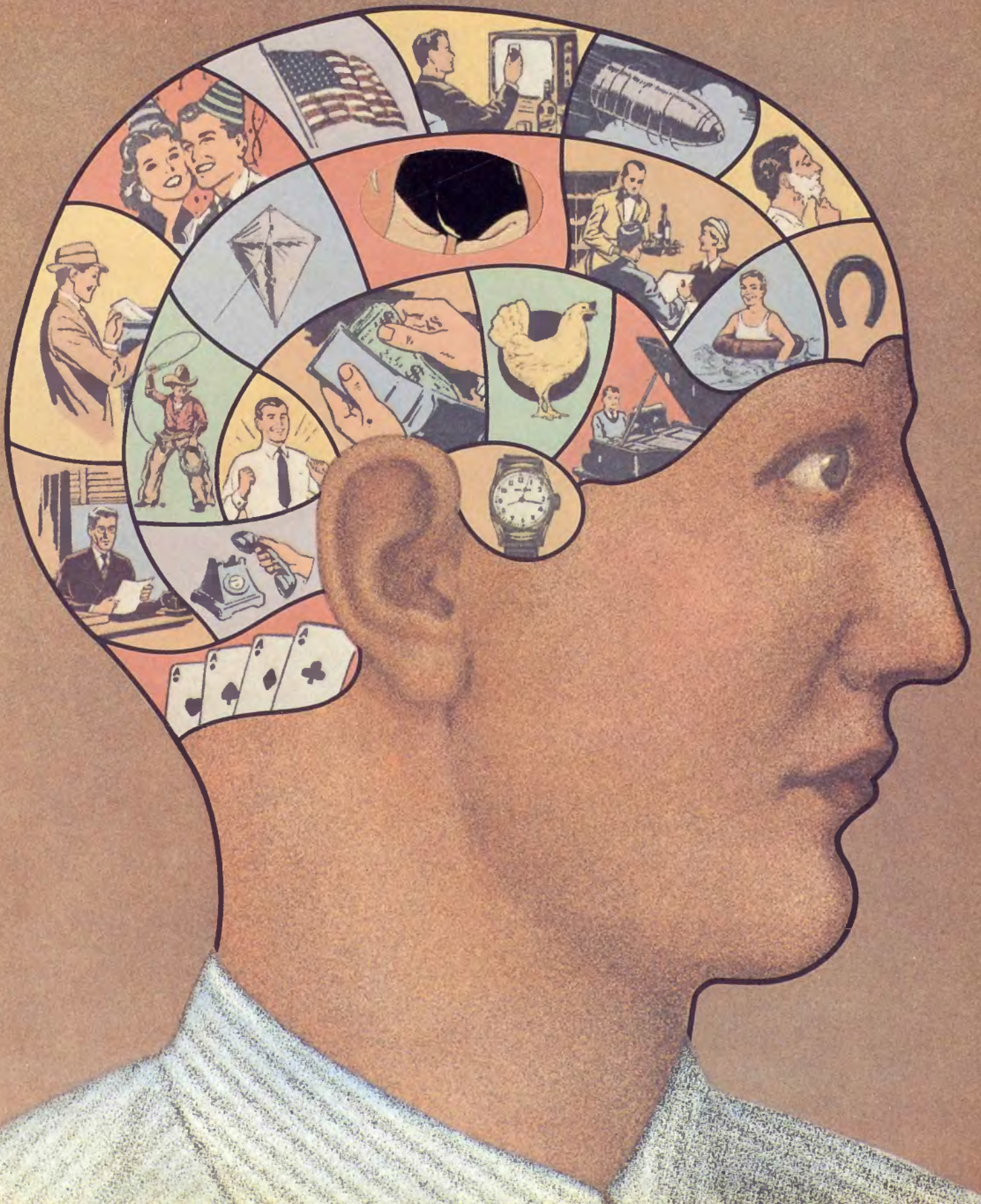


DESIRE

article By JAMES R. PETERSEN



why do we do the things we do?



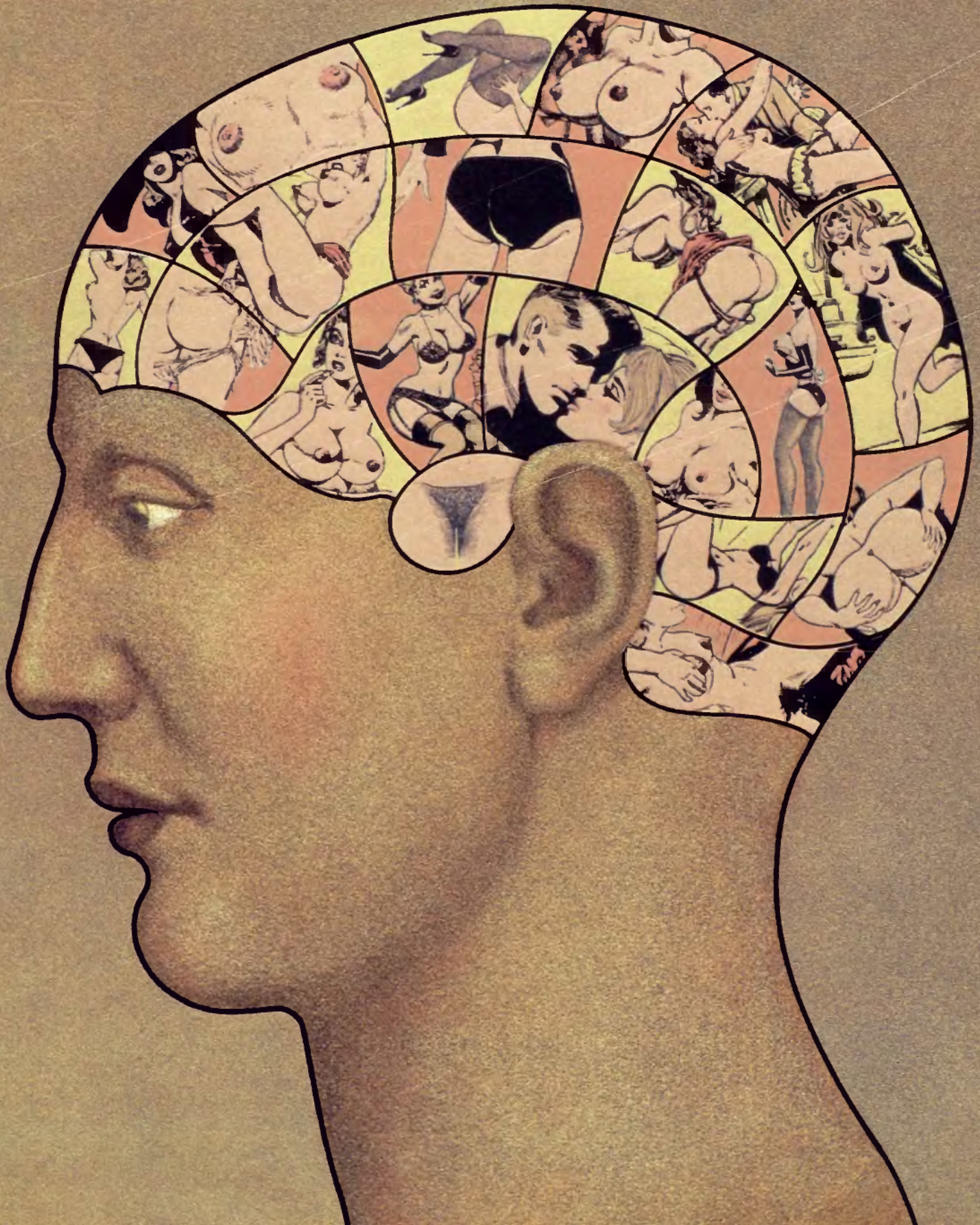
It has surprised me recently to find almost no professional literature discussing why a person becomes sexually excited. There are, of course, innumerable studies that have to do with that tantalizingly vague word "sexuality": . . . Statistical studies of the external genitals, foreplay, afterplay, accompanying activity, duration, size, speed, distance, metric weight and nautical miles. Venereal disease, apertures, pregnancy, berdaches, morals, marriage customs, subincision, medical ethics, sexism, racism, feminism, communism and priapism. Sikkim, Sweden, Polynesia, Melanesia, Micronesia, Indonesia and all the tribes of Africa and Araby. Buttocks, balls, breasts, blood supplies, nervous supplies, hypothalamic supplies, gross national product, pheromones,



implants, plateaus, biting, squeezing, rubbing, swinging. Nude and clothed, here and there, outlets and inlets, large and small, up and down, in and out. But not sexual excitement. Strange.

—ROBERT STOLLER, "Sexual Excitement"

I AM A VETERAN of the sexual revolution, or, perhaps more accurately, one of its correspondents. I collect war stories. The walls of my library are filled with books on the various aspects of human sexuality. I started my collection when I was a boy scout. My motto, then and now, is, Be prepared. I read everything there was to read about sex, in case it ever happened to me. I



have read *The Joy of Sex*, *More Joy*, *Human Sexual Inadequacy*, *Human Sexual Response*, *Homosexuality in Perspective*, *Xavier's Supersex*, *Sex in History*, *Sexercise*, *Total Sex*, *Sexual Behavior in the Human Male*, *The Hite Report*, *The Redbook Report on Female Sexuality*, *The Herpes Book*, *It's Your Body*, *Our Bodies, Ourselves*, *The Clitoris*, *Whipped Waitress*, *Chained Cheerleaders*, *Jungle Fever*, *Office Gynecology*, etc. . . . And nowhere in those volumes was there a paragraph on why we like the things we like, why we want the things we want, why we do the things we do. We know how it's done in Micronesia, Polynesia, in the blue-blood streets of Boston, up in Berkeley and out in Queens, but we don't know why. What is this thing called lust?

"You can't photograph desire. You can't put it on tape. You can't measure it in any way. It is a very slippery concept." That was the response of the first sex researcher I called. A month later, I was mostly willing to believe him.

I had talked with therapists, social psychologists, medical investigators, biologists, friends and lovers. I had added another shelf of books to my library. I had discovered that we are just *beginning* to look at the roots of sexual excitement, at what turns us on and why. The research is as intriguing as it is incomplete. Is desire the result of the male hormone testosterone? Is immediate, undying love an altered state of consciousness, a by-product of a kissing cousin of Dexedrine that the body releases in the brain? Is lust the result of learning, or is horniness inherited? Can the fascinating variety of sexual behavior be traced to fantasy, the secret garden of erotic daydreams? Is the desire that drives a rapist to commit his crime the same that causes the rest of us to cruise for action? Perhaps it's all of the above. As one of my contacts noted, "It's amazing what can be crammed into one erection, isn't it?"

Sociobiology is a theoretical discipline that tries to analyze social behavior in terms of genetic imperatives of natural selection. In the sociobiological scheme of things, I try to get into your jeans because my *genes* want to get into your genes. In lower life forms, mating behavior is automatic, the result of genetically inherited signals and responses. At first glance, it seems that the biochemical puppet strings have been severed in humans. We are the only species that deliberately separates sex from reproduction. We have to invent reasons to reproduce and reasons to have sex. Pleasure is our rationale.

It is suggestive work, this sociobiology. Its premise is that we are not far removed from our ancestors stalking the

savanna, and, in fact, I've *been* to bars where some of the males have not yet descended from the trees. One sociobiologist—Richard Hagen, author of *The Bio-Sexual Factor*—cites studies that seem to suggest, for all the potential equality of the sexes, that males are far and away the more interested party. One study revealed that the average male has over 1500 orgasms before marriage, while the average female has fewer than 250. Another study suggests that the difference begins early: During adolescence, single males report 20 times as many orgasms from all sources as do single females. Single males report 131 times as many orgasms from nocturnal dreams as do single females. A nocturnal dream is not learned behavior; it is what the body discovers for itself.

"Why did we ever start the myth that women are just as orgasmic as men?" asks Hagen. "There is no evidence for it. In fact, there is all kinds of evidence against it. And from an evolutionary standpoint, there is no logical justification for it." Hagen parades an intriguing array of statistics showing that approximately half of the sexual encounters that end in orgasm for a male partner do not end in orgasm for a female partner. It is not a matter of technique or of timing.

Hagen believes that nature has "selected" males who are both more interested in sex and more successful at sex for two reasons: (1) the fact that, historically, males have had to be aroused in order to copulate, while females can copulate while unaroused; and (2) the fact that males must be orgasmic if they are to pass on their genes, while females may pass on their genes whether they are orgasmic or not. In other words, men are horny because they are descended from generations of fathers who were horny at least once in their lives. Hagen does some nice probability studies to show that it is to nature's advantage for males to mate with anything that moves, while it makes little difference to females. Lenny Bruce apparently understood this—he once noted that a man will fuck mud.

Sociobiologists believe that the trigger for desire is testosterone, the so-called male sex hormone. Actually, testosterone is present in both males and females. So, for that matter, is estrogen, the female hormone.

During adolescence, the surge of sex hormones ignites the development of secondary sex characteristics that separate the men from the boys, and—hallelujah!—the women from the girls. In the female, progesterone causes the hips to flare and the breasts to swell—producing the hourglass shape of the mature woman. Girls develop internal genitalia and the ability to lubricate—which is a sign

of receptivity according to some and of arousal according to others. On the other side of the fence, the tide of testosterone gives the boy a beard, lowers his voice, broadens his shoulders, puts hair on his chest and starts to take it off his head, precipitates sexual fantasies, frequent erections, nocturnal emissions—the whole ball game.

It is obvious that testosterone is a likely suspect in rampaging teenage sexuality—at least for boys. Kinsey found that most males reach their peak of orgasmic frequency within two or three years of pubertal onset. The boys who catch the wave of hormones at an earlier age than their peers become involved in more types of sexual activity, have higher frequency rates in each type of activity and subsequently remain at higher rates of total orgasmic outlet. It's the old story—first served, first come.

In contrast, women who have only about one tenth as much testosterone are relatively unaffected by the hormones and do not reach their peak sexual activity until their mid-20s and 30s. They discover masturbation at a later age and are less inclined to show up in line at the patent office when they do.

Testosterone seems to be partly responsible for whatever level of desire there is in women. A man who is castrated may gradually lose interest in sex. If a woman loses her adrenal gland (the source of testosterone in females), the same thing may happen. There are also suggestions that women with high levels of testosterone experience greater levels of desire.

Some researchers have suggested that rapists, who seem to be unable to control their desire, might be puppets of high levels of testosterone. Yet a recent study of rapists revealed that their hormone levels were normal. Another research team thought there might be a connection between the amount of damage inflicted on a rape victim and the level of testosterone in the rapist. There was no correlation. If a little does a lot, more doesn't seem to help. John Wincze, a clinical psychologist at Brown University in Rhode Island, found that if a normal male takes a shot of testosterone, he can get an erection quicker—but he'll lose it quicker, too. Big deal. Anke Ehrhardt, a psychologist who specializes in gender differences, warns against making too much of testosterone. "We like to say that testosterone is the fuel of desire," she says. "It puts gas in the tank. It adds octane. But the basic vehicle is already there."

The onset of the sex hormones in puberty is dramatic. Most of us experience our first infatuation around the age of 13 and our first real love around 17. But

(continued on page 228)



"Did I thank you for rekindling the Christmas spirit in me?"





Flashing her most diplomatic smile (left), Terri Welles cements Japanese-American relations on a recent work-and-pleasure tour of the Orient.

Golden Girl

*we finally landed ex-flight attendant terri welles.
now we're walking on air*



PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY



G

OOD-LOOKING GIRLS don't have it easy.

It's not so much that people try to take advantage of them; it's more that they're constantly being underestimated. Anyone who underestimates Terri Welles had better duck. She's a scrapper.

Take the time she was pulled over for speeding just after having entered a freeway in her home state of California. Terri was charged with doing 63 where only the double nickel was allowed.

Now, Terri didn't think she'd been on the freeway long enough for the officer to have measured her speed accurately. So just before her court date,



she got into her car and checked the distance on her odometer from the on ramp where she'd started to the off ramp beside which she'd been pulled over. When her case came up, the patrolman testified he'd clocked her over a one-mile distance, but Terri produced homemade maps showing that it was only six tenths of a mile. Case dismissed. Had it not been in a courtroom, Terri would have gotten a standing ovation. A move like that takes

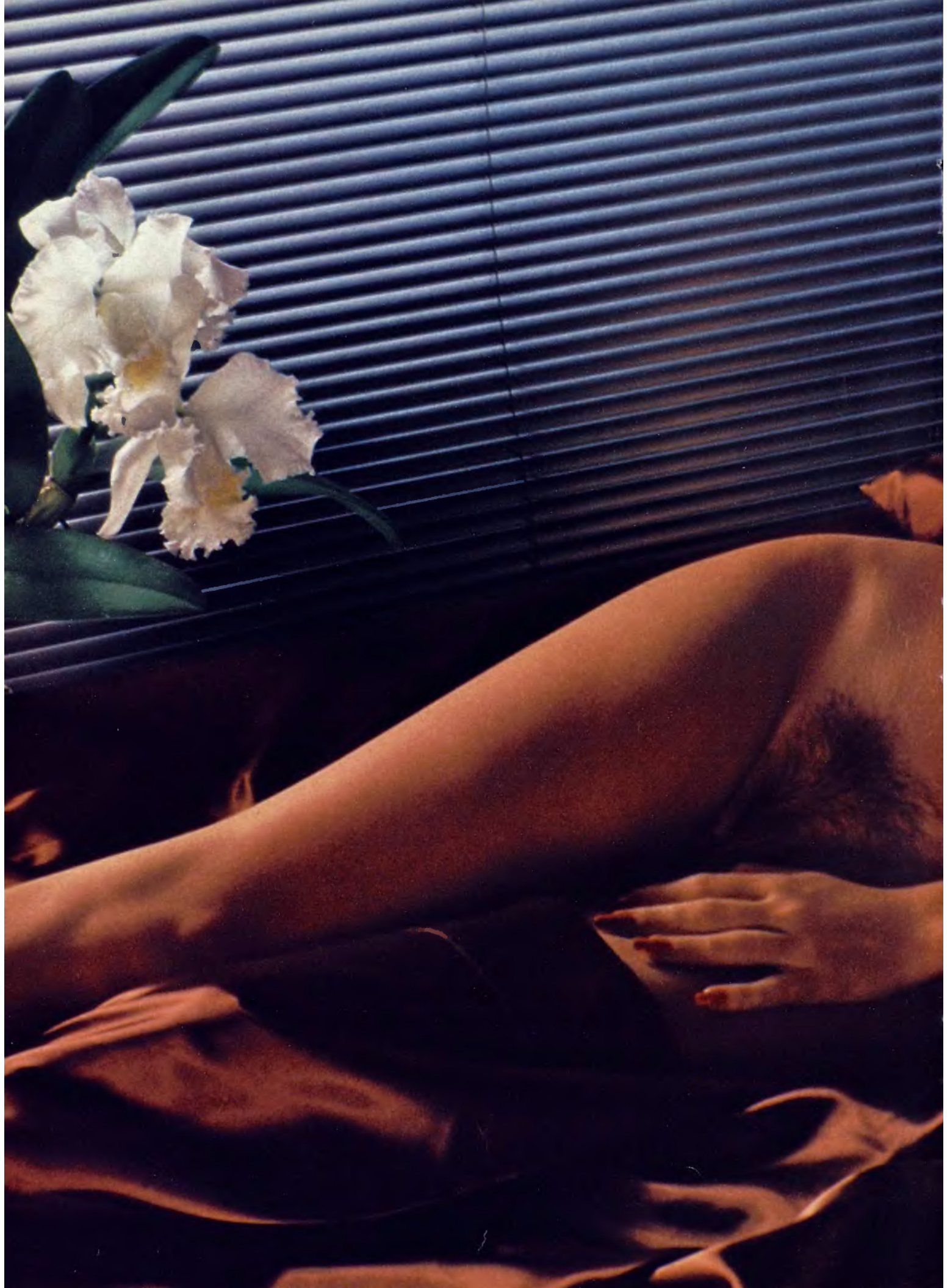
In a typically Terri glamor shot (right), Miss Welles does her water-fountain imitation. "Look, I once saw Warren Beatty walk out of a restaurant with a napkin stuck to his shoe. I mean, we're all human!"





"My ideal man would have wit and drive, intelligence and ambition—as well as being my best friend. I've never had a one-night stand. Sex is just too special to me."









self-confidence, poise and intelligence. Terri just happens to have all three in abundance. Cynics, of course, would scoff at the idea that any girl who looks like Terri could lack self-confidence. But then, they didn't see her at the age of 14, when sheer boredom caused her to balloon to 180 pounds. "One day I just rolled out of bed—I mean, *literally* rolled. That's when I put the nix on eating." Although it didn't seem so at the time, putting on the weight may have been the best thing that could have happened to her. When you're a 180-pound 14-year-old, you develop a quick wit and a sparkling personality or you just don't survive.

When the weight finally went away, her beauty surfaced and the wit remained. By her senior year in high school, modeling offers were coming in. But Terri wasn't quite ready for that life yet. First she did secretarial work in a loan office, where hard work soon got her promoted to escrow officer. "I was quite proud of myself for that," she says, "but eventually I felt too confined by it. Something inside me kept saying, 'Get out, get out!'"

So she hopped on a plane; in fact, she hopped on a lot of planes. As a stewardess. First for PSA, then for United. And that's when *we* got lucky.

An old friend, who just happened to be the brother of Playmate Sondra Theodore, took Terri to visit Playboy Mansion West. Making a splash in that sea of beauty isn't easy, unless you're Terri Welles. She created a tidal wave of enthusiasm. Coincidentally, we were planning our pictorial on flight attendants at the time. Terri was asked—or, rather, implored, cajoled and begged—to be our cover girl for that issue. The lure of the bright lights finally convinced her to take the big step into modeling. She relented and her career was launched.

Terri was an immediate hit. Naturally, in the back of our mind, a centerfold was taking shape: her shape. Then, just before she was to leave for a modeling assignment in Japan, Terri agreed to a Playmate shooting. Wasting no time, we dispatched a photographer to follow her to the Orient. You're enjoying the results of that trip here.

What the camera couldn't record is the amazing effect Terri has on all who meet her. Blessed with a verve and easy good humor that are absolutely infectious, this bright, vivacious lady is obviously from a special mold. There's only one Terri Welles.



Terri's appearance on our May cover (left) led to her centerfold. It was her grandfather who talked her into it. "He said, 'Don't you dare pass up this opportunity! You may never get another chance.' I thought, of all people, my 70-year-old grandfather!"

On a commercial assignment in Japan (below), Terri tries out her pigeon calls. Successfully. Terri won't try acting until she's really ready. "I don't want to have my name get around as a joke."





MISS DECEMBER

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: Terri Welles

BUST: 36 WAIST: 24 HIPS: 36

HEIGHT: 5'9" WEIGHT: 120 SIGN: Scorpio

BIRTH DATE: Nov. 21, '56 BIRTHPLACE: Santa Monica, California

GOALS: To always be true to myself and be there when those closest to me need me.

TURN-ONS: The beginning of a new relationship, Christmas, Anything French, 450 SL3, music, the future.

TURN-OFFS: Renewing my driver's license, tax time, junk mail, running on empty.

FAVORITE BOOKS: The Best and the Brightest, Notes to Myself, The Nite Report, Illusions

FAVORITE MOVIES: All That Jazz, Fame, The Deer Hunter, Marathon Man, The Longest Yard, Yanks.

FAVORITE MUSICIANS: Eagles, Billy Joel, Bogie Scaggs, Bob Seger, Rod Stewart, Jackson Browne, Linda Ronstadt, Stephen Bishop

FAVORITE SPORTS: Fred Dryer, Golden Richards, Jim Palmer, Vince Ferragamo, Tom McMillen and Monday Night Football

BIGGEST JOY: My family and friends
Age 2 Age 7 Age 16



How could I laugh with that haircut?



Your basic 2nd grade school pic!



Sweet 16 and never been —.

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Goodness!" gasped the well-bred young lady in the taxicab when her escort's hand slipped under her skirt and between her legs and then moved unhesitatingly up to the heart of her womanhood. "This is certainly one of those nights when feeling is running high!"

Sign in a lingerie-shop window: SPECIAL BRAS FOR JOGGERS. YOUR BOUNCE CHECKED.

I've had a complaint about you from that recently bereaved rich Mrs. Frothingham," tut-tutted the escort-service manager.

"But you know damn well," snapped the gigolo, "that I don't do widows!"

Ah-h-h-h, oh-h-h-h," sighed the small-town bachelor girl as she experimented with the vibrator she had just received by parcel post. "Now I know what it feels like to be one of those 'mail-order brides'!"

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *asshole* buddy as a bun ami.

What is the significance," asked the game-show host, "of the numerical progression—or maybe it's a numerical recession—ten . . . nine . . . eight . . . seven . . . six . . . five——"

"That's pretty easy," interrupted the contestant. "It's Bo Derek getting older."

HAPPY 25TH ANNIVERSARY, FEMLINI



Each time the shapely exotic dancer who was performing for the isolated troops removed another veil, there was a thunderous response. But then, when she had whisked away the final length of concealing fabric, there was no applause from the tropical darkness in front of the brightly lit makeshift stage. "What's the matter with you guys?" the nude girl yelled at the shadowy audience. "Don't you appreciate my art?"

"It's pretty difficult," said a strained male voice, "to clap with one hand."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *bivalve* as an A.C./D.C. oyster.

You may have heard about the weak-willed teenager who was forced into voyeurism by his Peeping Tom friends. It was peer-group pressure.

How did things work out, honey?" the mother asked during a long-distance call to her daughter just back from her honeymoon.

"Oh. Mom, Mom—we had a big fight half-way through," the girl wailed, "and Leonard hasn't talked to me since!"

"What was the fight about, dear?" the woman pursued.

"It was about Leonard's impracticality. Mom," was the sobbed reply. "He kept insisting that he wanted me to go around the world, and I kept refusing because I felt I'd rather stay home with him and save all that money!"

Heard a funny one lately? Send it on a postcard, please, to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, Playboy Bldg., 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611. \$50 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.



"Rescue? Who said anything about a rescue?"

fiction
By THOMAS BERGER

author of *Little Big Man*

TALES OF THE ANIMAL CRIME SQUAD

*maybe you haven't heard that crimes
committed by animals are on the
rise. my job: to track down
the criminals. between
you and me,
it isn't easy*

IF I'VE LEARNED ANYTHING in the years I've worn a shield, it's that there are two things that have an irresistible attraction for animals. One is any kind of fad, the sillier the better. The other is breaking the law. I'm Sergeant Vinnie DiFalco of the Animal Crime Squad, N.Y.P.D. My partner is a good-natured slob named Fogarty.

I'd say the average citizen is totally unaware of our job, and those who have heard of us assume we enforce the various city ordinances that have to do with pets. Nothing could be further from the truth. We couldn't care less about expired licenses, pooper scoopers and cats that scream all night on the fire escape. We're out to get the big fellow, like— But let me tell you about a typical recent case. You might learn something.

Now, at first, some people thought it was cute that a fox terrier would run a telephone-answering service, and in a few short weeks after this animal started his business, he had more subscribers than he could handle. So what did he offer that was so special? He answered the phone with a bark. That was it, and that was all. For the rest of it, he switched on the machine and tape-recorded the message, if you were leaving one. Or, if you were picking up the messages that came in while you were out, then he ran the tape back and played it for you. I mean, he wouldn't say a word, now, would he? But you know how people are—fact is, you might (continued on page 216)



ILLUSTRATION BY WILL NORTHERNER



PLAYBOY'S CHRISTMAS CARDS

missives and missiles for the jolly season

TO FIDEL CASTRO

We send you our deep consolation
In time of your greatest travail.
Your troops are patrolling Angola;
Your foes have succumbed while in jail.
Your dentists have fled to Miami;
No boatowners answer the phone.
According to our calculations,
You're left on that island alone.



TO A COUNTRY-MUSIC STAR



Your songs of trains and dusty plains
Have filled our radios,
And rent the air with wailed despair
You warbled through your nose.
Each good old boy finds you a joy;
Your sound is down-home Austin.
You've risen far, O superstar,
Since you drove cabs in Boston.

verse **By TOM KOCH**

TO THE NATIONAL FOOTBALL LEAGUE

Each year, you face a bigger mess
With Christmas cards you must address.
To start, the Giants moved away.
Now Irving's where the Cowboys play.
Your Boston team's sought living space
In some obscure New England place.
This Christmas, please recall in time
The Rams now live in Anaheim;
And cards to Lions may come back
Unless they're mailed to Pontiac.
Each team, it seems, has reached its goal:
To play in the Suburban Bowl.



TO A GAY LIBERATION LEADER

We hail your fight for equal rights,
Though some who've watched are wincing.
To them, your bold and strident march
Has seemed a trifle mincing.
Your lesbian auxiliary
Has stood with pride unswerving,
But tank-topped dames with bold tattoos
Can sometimes be unnerving.
We feel it's to a noble cause
You've all made your deposit;
Yet there are those who only wish
You'd go back in the closet.



TO DAN RATHER



Great Christmas cheer is yours this year,
For Cronkite, long of tooth,
Announced he's through and leaves to you
His golden anchor booth.
You've gained new wealth through office stealth,
Yet chills run through your blood;
On some dark street, you fear you'll meet
The ghost of Roger Mudd.



Warm Regards

drink *By Emanuel Greenberg*

FAR FROM BEING a drag, the White House ukase on lowering thermostats may herald a great leap forward in conviviality, at least if we take a page from history. Our forebears lived in damp, drafty houses with rudimentary heating systems, yet the rigors of winter held no terrors for them. Those canny types knew the perfect antidote to bleak weather—a lusty, steaming, scented hot drink and a snapping fire. In a pinch, they could forgo the blaze.

The lore of England is studded with tales of hot wassails, possets, caudles “made with sugar and sweet wyne” and hippocras—a hot spiced wine, favored by Chaucer. “Serve hit forth with wafurs both in chambur and Celle” was his precise directive. No wonder it was called merrie England.

Britain is by no means unique in the matter of hot potions. All lands with nasty climates have developed dandy ideas for coping with them. The Swedes

have their glögg—hot spiced wine. *Jouluglögi*—a similar snort—helps Finns through their long, dark winter. Russians quaff *zbiten*—hot beer and honey. Guggle muggle, a Middle European soother, takes egg yolk, honey, hot milk and a nip of *wisniak* or whatever liquor happens to be around. Colonial stalwarts relied on the mollifying effects of hot buttered rums, hot toddies, flips and the dashingly titled Yard of Flannel—basically, a flip made in large quantities.

With the spread of central heating, hot drinks were given the cold shoulder—except at winter resorts. It’s a real loss, because these brawny, fragrant sips are singularly satisfying. They engender warm feelings all the way down and put a glow on any gathering. Be sure to offer them at your holiday get-togethers. Recipes given here are a combination of modern and traditional, the latter adapted to contemporary palates. For a crash course on preparation, service and

*nogs, grogs, toddies and other
cold-weather concoctions to get things heated
up when the temperature dips low*

suitable munches, see our "Guide to Hot Cheers" at right.

COLONIAL MELLOWED TODDY
(16 servings)

Eighteenth Century hosts often prepared a toddy base in advance, so that the mixture could ripen and the flavors blend.

- 8 ozs. boiling water
- ½ cup sugar, or to taste
- 1 bottle (750 ml.) whiskey
- Peel of ½ lemon, yellow zest only
- 6 cloves
- 6 allspice berries

Combine boiling water and sugar; stir to dissolve. Cool. In large bottle or decanter, combine whiskey, lemon peel, spices and sugar syrup. Cover and let stand 2 to 3 days to mellow, shaking once or twice a day. Strain and rebottle.

To make one drink: Pour 2 ozs. toddy mixture into warmed mug or large toddy glass with handle. Add 3 to 4 ozs. boiling water. Serve with rock-candy stirrer across top.

ORSINI'S SUGAR BUSH TODDY

Another simple and somewhat unconventional toddy, courtesy of restaurateur-scientist Armando Orsini.

- 1½ ozs. rock and rye liqueur
- ½ oz. ginger liqueur
- 2 dashes orange bitters
- 2 ozs. boiling water, or to taste
- Small wedge Bosc pear

Pour liqueurs and bitters into small warmed cup or toddy glass; add hot water. Spear pear wedge on pick and pop into glass.

LIME BISHOP
(12 to 15 servings)

- 1 orange
- 3 or 4 cloves
- 2 bottles ruby port
- 2 cinnamon sticks
- 1 lime, thinly sliced
- 2 tablespoons sweetened lime juice
- 8 ozs. California brandy

Stick orange with cloves, place on pie-pan. Roast in oven preheated to 350° Fahrenheit until rind turns light brown and heads of cloves powder. Meanwhile, combine wine, cinnamon sticks and lime slices in enamel pan and heat. Remove orange from oven, quarter and place in warmed punch bowl. Muddle orange sections moderately with potato masher or back of soup spoon. When wine mixture reaches simmer, add sweetened lime juice and brandy. Pour into punch bowl. Serve in stoneware mugs or heavy heatproof glasses.

BLUEGRASS MILK PUNCH

- 2 ozs. milk
- 2 ozs. light cream
- 1 teaspoon sugar, or to taste
- 1½ ozs. Kentucky bourbon

Cool Hosts' Guide to Hot Cheers

• When heating, hold mixtures containing alcoholic beverages below the boil. Boiling evaporates the alcohol and takes the zip out of the drink.

• Don't be overgenerous. Heating brings up the flavor; too much liquor spoils a hot drink.

• On the other hand, don't drown the drink. Many recipes call for a mixer (water, apple juice, etc.) "to fill," which can result in a flabby, flat drink. Strive for balance.

• Always preheat cups, mugs or other vessels. That will inhibit breakage and retain warmth. Placing a metal spoon in a glass before pouring is another precaution against cracking.

• Avoid using metal mugs. They look chic, but metal is a heat conductor and can sear your lips.

• Another jazzy idea that seldom works is using a cinnamon stick as a stirrer. To be functional, sticks must be fairly long, extending at least an inch beyond the rim of the mug.

• Use good-quality wines and spirits when making hot drinks. Cold mutes flavor characteristics, while heat intensifies them, spotlighting both the virtues and the flaws.

• The thoughtful host will provide a small pitcher of the hot mixer along with the drink, so guests can adjust it to their own tastes. Sweetening—sugar, honey, maple syrup, etc.—may be handled in the same way.

• Unshelled walnuts or pecans, smoked almonds and unglazed dried fruits—prunes, apricots, apples, peaches and figs—are pleasant, easy-to-handle hot-drink accompaniments. Roasted chestnuts complement port-based drinks such as negus. And raised doughnuts do nice things for buttered rums and apple-juice or cider-based drinks. You might also consider holiday bakes such as *Lebkuchen*, *Pfeffernuss* and fruitcakes; thinly sliced Smithfield ham or smoked baked ham on dark bread; cheese straws and sesame-coated bread sticks.

- ½ oz. peach-flavored brandy
- ⅛ teaspoon vanilla extract
- Freshly grated nutmeg

Warm milk, cream and sugar in saucepan, stirring until hot. Pour bourbon and peach-flavored brandy into warmed mug or heavy heatproof glass. Add milk mixture, then vanilla; stir. Lightly sprinkle nutmeg over drink and serve.

HOT BRICK
(four servings)

- 1 can (10½ ozs.) condensed cream-of-mushroom soup
- 7 ozs. water or milk
- Pinch each curry powder, chili powder, garlic powder
- 6 ozs. añejo rum
- 4 sprigs parsley or cilantro

Stir soup with water or milk until lumps are out. Buzz in blender, in two batches, to pulverize mushroom pieces. They won't liquefy, but the tiny bits are pleasant in this hearty drink. Pour soup mixture into saucepan. Add seasonings. Place over moderate heat until simmering, stirring constantly. (The mixture tends to scorch.) Add rum. Remove from heat; stir. Divide among 4 warmed mugs. Garnish with sprig parsley or cilantro.

Note: This is a nice one to take to the football game, ice skating, etc. Just pour into warmed Thermos and close securely. It will keep warm for hours.

TOM AND JERRY
(two servings)

- 1 egg, separated
- 1 oz. brandy
- 1 oz. dark rum
- 1 oz. crème de cacao
- 2 teaspoons sugar, or to taste
- ¼ teaspoon cinnamon
- Boiling water
- Freshly grated nutmeg

Beat egg white until stiff and glossy. Beat egg yolk with brandy, rum, crème de cacao, sugar and cinnamon until thick. Combine beaten white and yolk. Divide between 2 warmed mugs. Add 3 to 4 ozs. boiling water to each; stir lightly. Sprinkle with nutmeg.

A LA Russe

- 2 teaspoons apple jelly, or to taste
- 4 ozs. hot, full-bodied tea
- 1 piece stick cinnamon
- Lemon wedge
- 1 oz. vodka

Spoon jelly into preheated mug or heatproof tumbler. Add splash of tea and stir to dissolve. Add cinnamon stick, lemon, vodka and remaining tea; stir. Russians prefer heavy, straight-sided water tumbler, wrapping napkin around glass as holder.

(concluded on page 354)

CONTEMPORARY MASTERS: AN EROTIC PORTFOLIO

Bradley Smith, the well-known art historian and photographer, has devoted much of his life to the study of sex in art. His recent work culminated in a new book, "20th Century Masters of Erotic Art," from which most of this portfolio was selected. In the course of his study, Smith and Henry Miller became good friends. Miller's commentary on page 214 was culled from their many conversations.



Above, lithograph, *D'après Schatz* (After Schatz), © by Henry Miller. Collection of Bradley Smith. Right, *Portrait of Sylvia Bourdon*, by José Puigmortí-Vollés, © by Sylvia Bourdon. Courtesy of J.-M. Lo Duco, Paris.





THERE IS NOTHING ABSTRACT about erotic art. The surface scene may be as thin as new ice, but down below, the sexual fires burn brilliantly. The viewer may wonder what the artist means, but he never has to ask what the painting is about. By viewing the erotic paintings of contemporary artists, we can hope to understand some of our sexual frustrations, as well as our satisfactions.

We live in a society in which sex is widely and wildly exploited. Television, motion pictures, newspapers, plays, all devote much time and space to erotic themes. The important difference between sex exploitation and erotic art lies in the sensitivity and talent of the artist, his imagination and technique permanently stamped on the work.

As with all art, erotic painting is a quest. In this search, the strange, bizarre or fantastic becomes understandable. In erotic

Top left, *Fight with an Amazon*, by D. H. Lawrence. Collection of and © by Saki Karavas. Bottom left, *Dancer*, © by André Mosson. Collection of Bradley Smith.

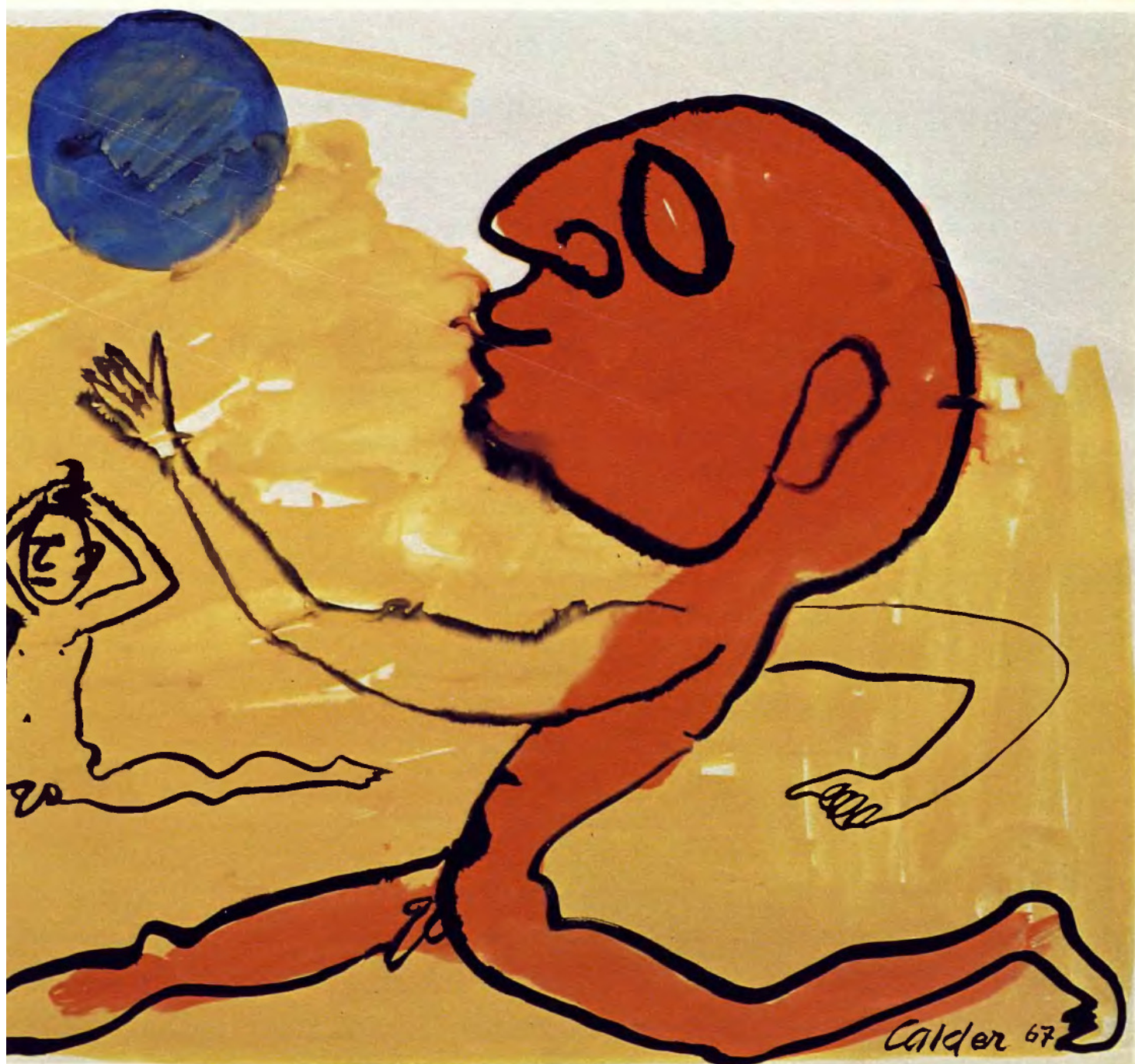


Below, *Gouache #606*, © by Alexander Calder. Collection of Bradley Smith. Right, *Eve*, © by Richard Lindner. Collection of Jacques Kaplan.

paintings, the essence of the sex drive may pique the curiosity of the viewer, reveal a new view of sensuality, may even have a direct physical effect on the viewer.

Since 1960, themes in erotic paintings have dealt with the fast-changing sexual customs of Western society. Women no longer are shown as sex objects but as full participants in all kinds of sexual activities. Indeed, a considerable number of erotic paintings are created by women.

The painting of erotic pictures, of sensuous images, has nothing to do with sexual morality. Sex in art has a value of its own. Sex in life has a value of its own. Sexual ethics are not in conflict with erotic painting. The artist does not recommend a sexual distinction, a sexual direction to the viewer. He looks inside himself, observes his environment and creates a work of art out of it. —BRADLEY SMITH



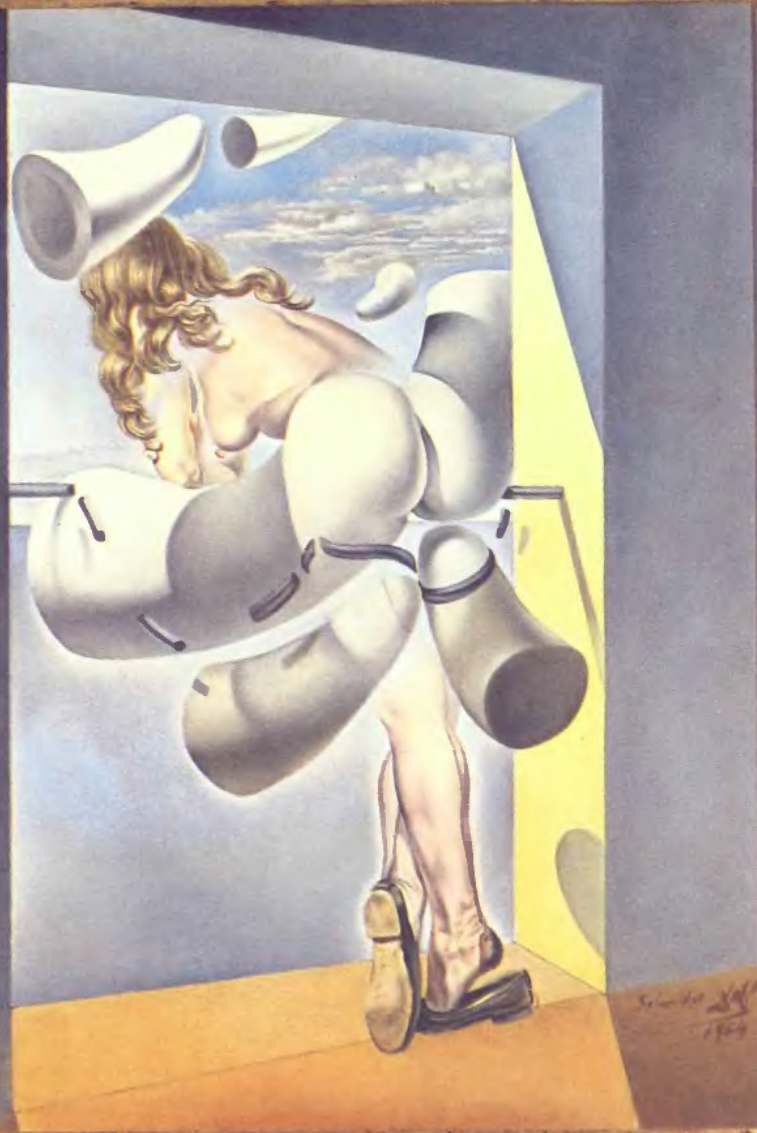


Above, untitled oil, © by Lucien Couteau. Courtesy of Musée National d'Art Moderne, Paris. Below left, untitled piece in mixed media, © by Paul Wunderlich. Courtesy of Galerie Negru, Paris. On facing foldout, *Dos Figuras y un Gato* (Two Figures and a Cat), by Pablo Picasso. Courtesy of Museo Picasso, Barcelona. © S.P.A.D.E.M., Paris/V.A.G.A., New York.



Picasso





Meinung: Kugeln, die im Schlaf und für den Geist sind
von Salvador Dalí



Two noteworthy erotic paintings not in Smith's book are in Hugh Hefner's private collection. They are, left, Salvador Dalí's *Young Virgin Auto-Sodomized by Her Own Chastity* and, above, Tom Wesselmann's *Study of the Great American Nude*.

REFLECTIONS ON EROTICA

By HENRY MILLER

I THINK painters are always looking for something—something that will explain some aspect of the world to them. In erotic art, the painter searches for a meaning in sex. He may not find it, but the search itself is meaningful and gives satisfaction and meaning to his life.

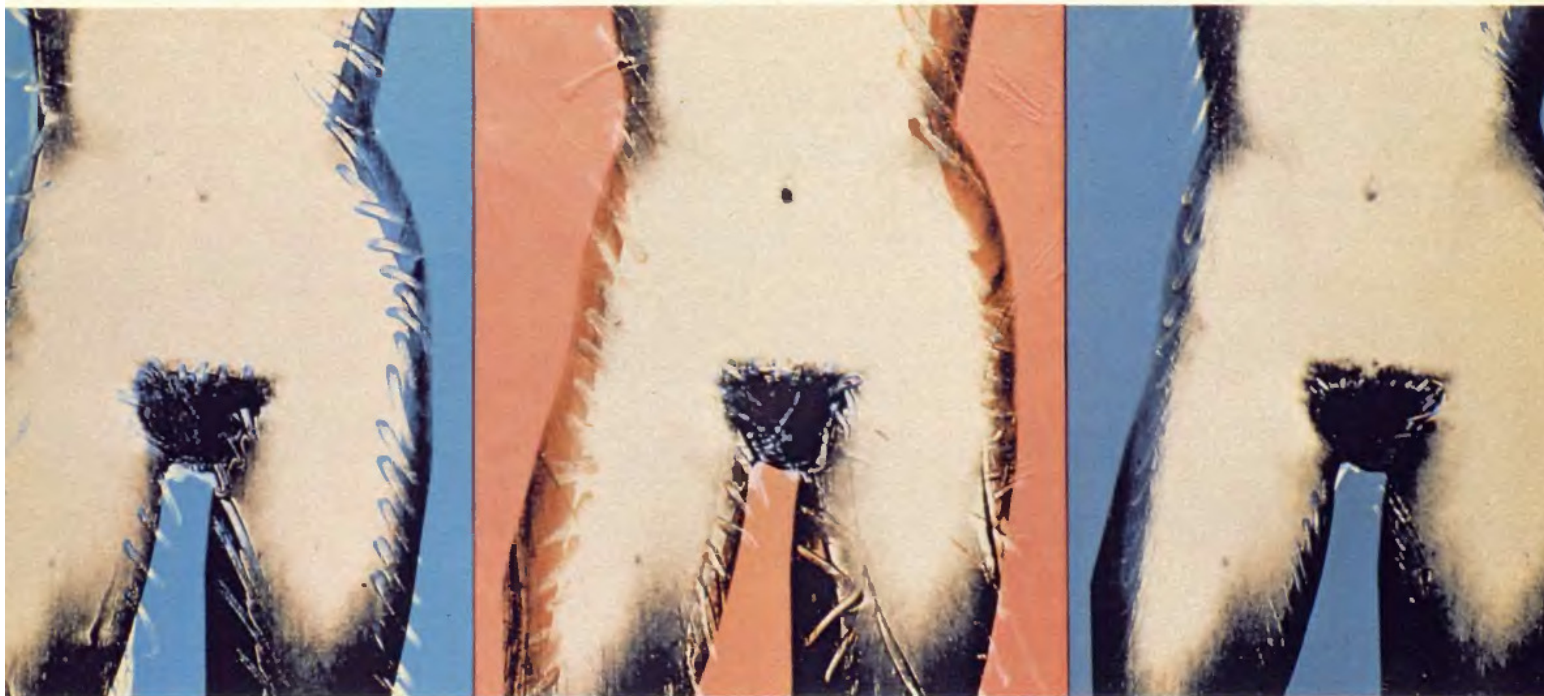
I was talking one day to some Japanese girls. They said they were disgusted with "porno" films. Sheer dirt. I don't agree. I say it's unnatural for anyone to turn his eyes away, no matter how lousy the films are. It's a cock and a cunt and they are fucking and it's exciting. Erotic literature and art, after all, is such an elemental force. Fucking is more than sex. It's just as magical and mysterious as talking about God or the nature of the universe.

One wonders sometimes what is the ideal setting for lovemaking, the most inspiring ambience for making love. Is it the bedroom, with plush rose-colored walls and mirrors everywhere? Or is it the icy igloo, soundproof, weatherproof, isolated from the world, in which the lovers lie naked and warm between thick bearskins? Or is it the parked car in a vacant lot, with the radio turned on full blast? Could it be that with all the artistry and skill,

all the aesthetic surroundings that civilized man has introduced to render this simple act more enjoyable, he has lost what any mongrels in the street enjoy when helplessly coupled, one pulling north and the other south, as they wait patiently for someone in the crowd to throw a pail of cold water over them?

There are no new ways of sex, only different ways of portraying it. As a man rearranges his lifestyle, his sexual ways change with it. We get the kind of art that reflects these changes. We get what we deserve . . . and the wonder of it is that our civilization allows us the freedom to view the world as it is.

Age has much to do with the effect of erotic pictures or erotic literature. The works of Casanova, Rabelais or Boccaccio, which may have got my juices running as a young man, would not have that effect today. The same is somewhat true of erotic paintings, yet there is a difference, because I've always been a bit of a voyeur. Painting interests me, has always interested me, very much. But, like erotic literature, it has no effect unless it is done by an artist.



Above, *Torso Series*, © by Andy Warhol. Courtesy of Ace Gallery Ltd., Los Angeles.
 Below, *Le Moment de Rêver*, © by Jean Paul Cleren. Courtesy of J.-M. Lo Duco, Paris.



ANIMAL CRIME SQUAD

(continued from page 200)

"It's hard to believe that on only the fifth call I heard a loud bark at the other end of the wire!"

say they love fads as much as any animal.

So all well and good then at the beginning, but another trait of an up-and-coming animal is a tendency to go too far. Before long, we began to get complaints that this fresh pooch was doing nothing *but* barking; in other words, didn't bother to record the calls in any way! Now, his ads continued to run in the metropolitan-area papers and he even started buying radio spots. If he was taking money for a service he failed to provide, he was breaking the law. Speaking for myself, from the first moment I heard of this dog's business, I figured it was only a matter of time before I'd be called in. Call me prejudiced, but I never saw a fox terrier who could keep his nose clean for long.

My plan was simplicity itself: to burst into his office by surprise and take the animal into custody with a minimum of fuss. We have one advantage in our squad that is not enjoyed by the rest of the force, and that is that a search warrant is not needed to enter premises occupied by a nonhuman tenant. (As a rookie, I didn't know that, and made a fool of myself once by bringing a warrant to the door of the tenement room where a Dalmatian suspected of bank robbery had holed up; he ripped the document from my hand and tore it to bits.)

The only weakness of my plan was soon revealed: I could not discover the dog's address. The fact was that the fox terrier had an unlisted phone number! The little so-and-so had shrewdly anticipated that the kind of people who would sign up with an answering service operated by a dog were probably most of them snobs who would pay a premium for exclusivity. It should have been a simple matter for me to get the address from the telephone company, but I'm afraid Ma Bell decided at this juncture to pose as a defender of animal rights. It seemed pretty hypocritical for my money, but I was told in no uncertain terms that either I came up with a court order or I might as well go home and practice the harmonica. Frankly, I think some funds may have changed hands earlier on; I can't see why otherwise the phone company would go to bat for a fox terrier.

But that did put me on my mettle. How to find one mutt in a city overpopulated with the four-footed? However, I did have one advantage: How many dogs operated answering services? Yet even

with this clue, it would take a pretty piece of investigatory work to corner him. It might be tedious, but eventually it must prove effective if I went from door to door, street by street, district by district, until at some point I crossed the animal's trail. Or, again, I could save shoe leather by simply remaining at my desk at headquarters, dialing phone numbers at random or going in a sequence through the directory, until finally I was answered by a bark.

I decided to begin with the second of those tactics. In recent years, I have put on a bit of extra weight, and it tires me to haul it around on foot. The door-to-door approach would no doubt be the more certain to yield results, if pursued relentlessly, but, between you and me, the thought of all that walking was a horror. I picked up the telephone.

It's hard to believe that on only the fifth call I heard a loud bark at the other end of the wire! I could hardly contain myself.

"Say," I said, using my planned speech, "I've been looking for a good answering service, and yours has been recommended in the highest terms." There was no response. "Hello?" I cried. "Don't you want my business?"

Finally, a male human voice answered. "Sorry about that. I had to take the dog into the next room. She's jealous when I talk on the phone."

"Uh-huh," said I. "I don't suppose your dog runs an answering service?"

"No sirree," said the man. "Not Suzy. She keeps house for me. Before that, she was a nurse at Beth Israel. That's where we met, during my appendectomy."

The insolent answer annoyed me, and I hung up immediately, perhaps too soon. Now that I think about it, the guy may have had something to hide.

I dialed another ten, twelve numbers and took a lot of abuse from citizens who weren't amused by my questions. At this point, Fogarty came into the squad room, chewing on the inevitable unlighted cheroot. He had black circles around his eyes. His beefy face was haggard.

"I never got a wink all night," he complained. "The phone kept ringing, and when I would pick it up, it was the wrong number but always a different voice. The wrong numbers were honest, I figured, and not the work of somebody seeking revenge—unless, of course, he was a master at disguising his voice or

went to the trouble of organizing at least twenty friends in the scheme. Anyway, I finally took the phone off the hook, but then the hum kept me awake."

"Hmm," I said, mostly to myself, "could there be a connection . . . ?" To Fogarty, I said, "You didn't run across the bark of a dog?"

He glared at me. "You know, Vinnie, sometimes your idea of humor——"

"I'm serious, Fogarty. I'm working on that squeal about the dog who runs an answering service."

"If you want," Fogarty offered, "I'll ask around."

By this he meant among his regular informants, a motley crew of low-lives, addicts of various kinds and a good many phonies, poseurs, perfectly respectable people who enjoy the thrill of being supposed by the police to be petty criminals. I expected little genuine assistance from this quarter.

Fogarty sat down at his own desk and began to work the dial of the telephone. He spoke to various persons, invariably greeting each of them with another alias, and a ludicrously outmoded one, at that. Who nowadays is actually known as Butch or Gertie or Slick? No matter; it was during his fifth or sixth conversation that he gestured violently toward me. I raised my eyebrows.

He took the phone away from his mouth for a moment and covered the instrument with a meaty fist. "Pay dirt?" he asked, his lips forming the letter Q, of which the tip of the tongue made a little tail. "Maybe."

"And maybe not," I said. I didn't want to encourage Fogarty in his sense of drama, which is always likely to turn maudlin.

"Well, Blackie," he said into the mouthpiece, while winking significantly at me, "do you know this for a fact? . . . Now, don't get nasty. It was simply a question. . . . Yes . . . yes . . . no . . . yes. . . ."

"Oh, for God's sake," I grunted, and turned to my own telephone. I realized I had neglected, in my random calling, to put down any of the numbers I had dialed. I was therefore in danger of repeating some of the useless combinations. How careless can you get? I realized I was hardly in a position to be disdainful of Fogarty's help. I looked over at him with a certain humility.

At just that moment, he began violently to write in the notebook before him. He slammed down the phone, tore the page from his book and thrust it at me.

I took the paper and read silently: "Blonde at First and Seventy-second."

"It may not be much," said Fogarty, "but it's a beginning."

I sighed. "I know you're trying to
(continued on page 325)



*"Have a care, feller—that happens to be my
\$10,000 fox you're screwing my wife on!"*



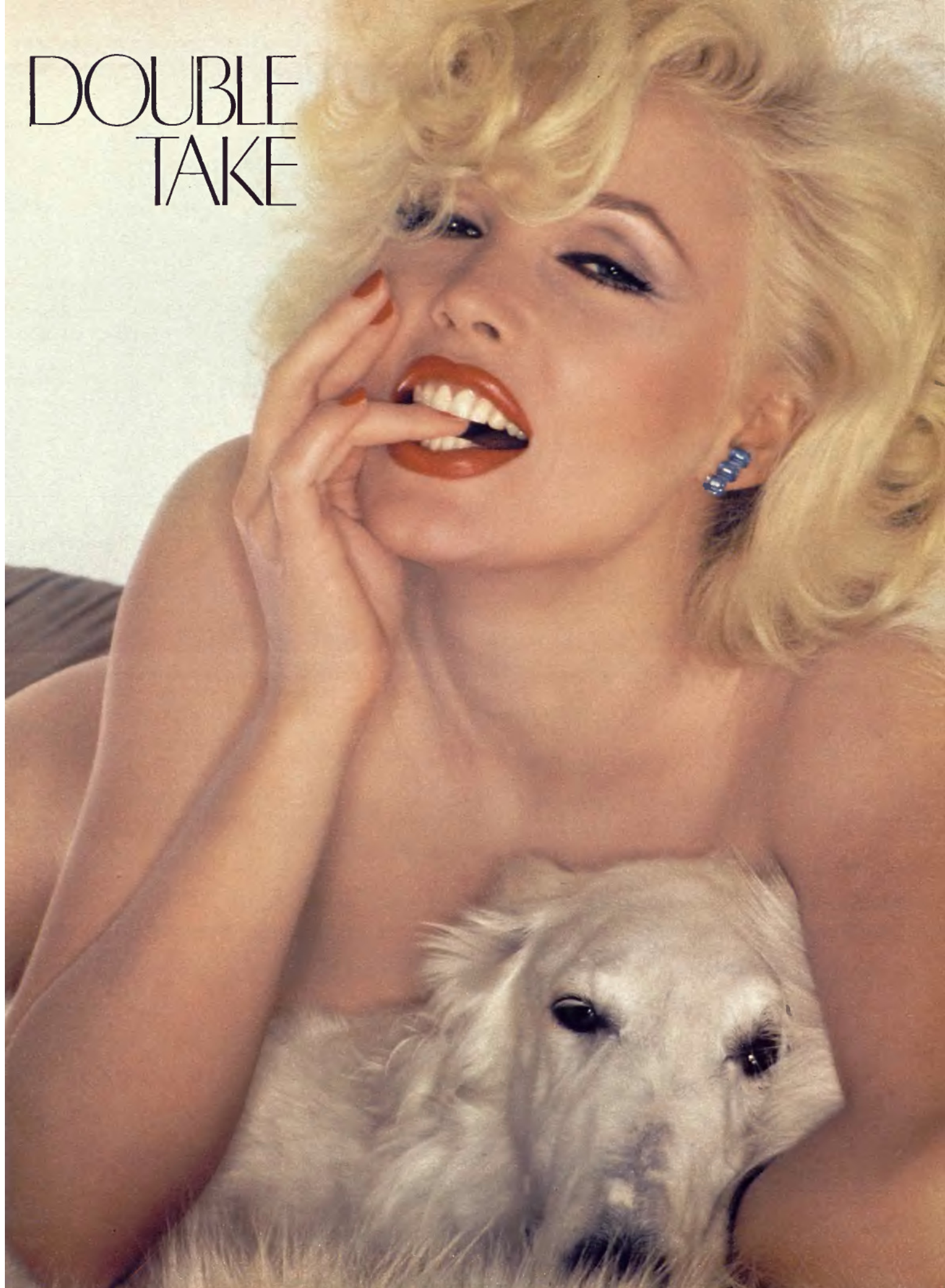
although she may look like marilyn monroe, actress linda kerridge insists that the resemblance ends there

LINDA KERRIDGE was only five years old when people began to remark that she bore a striking resemblance to Marilyn Monroe. Even though she was born and raised on the other side of the world—in Wagga Wagga, Australia, to be exact—she grew up enchanted

In the film *Fade to Black*, Dennis Christopher first meets Marilyn Monroe look-alike Linda Kerridge in a diner, then takes her to work on his motorbike (below left). A fonotical movie buff, Christopher later lures her into participating in a re-enactment of *The Prince and the Showgirl* (below).



DOUBLE TAKE





by the Monroe mystique, which by then had spread to every remote outpost of the world, even to Wagga Wagga. As the years passed and the resemblance became more pronounced, Linda became a certified movie buff and a natural mimic. "I've always loved to imitate people," she recalls. "Even as a child, it was especially easy for me to mimic

"Marilyn has always been a great favorite of mine," Linda says. "Not my idol, exactly, but certainly my favorite blonde. In some ways, I identify with her, but that's mainly because I've read practically everything there is to read about her, not so much because I look like her. In fact, when I look in the mirror sometimes, I think I'm ugly compared with her."





Marilyn." Today, given the proper encouragement, she can perform a startlingly precise impersonation of MM's walk, her pout and her voice. In fact, the resemblance is so total it recently inspired a team of Hollywood film makers to come up with a movie script designed specifically to accommodate Linda's rare

"What always appealed to me the most about Marilyn was her incredible talent as a comedienne. I love a sense of humor; to me, it's the most magical thing about people. In films, I'm more attracted to comedy than anything else, especially romantic comedy."





A homebody by nature, Linda claims she hates big parties and doesn't go out much. "I don't hang around in the sun, either; it's bad for your brain, not to mention your skin. I'm a creature of the great indoors; love to read, especially Noel Coward."

talents. That script is now a film called *Fade to Black*, just released and starring Linda and Dennis (Breaking Away) Christopher. In it, Christopher plays a somewhat deranged movie buff, a loner who lives in a dreamworld populated by the screen idols







Although her resemblance to MM has given her a healthy start in films, Linda claims that she does not want to continue impersonating the late sex goddess. "It's simply too one-dimensional," she says. "You start to think you have no real identity of your own and that can be a horrible feeling. My next film project is going to have to be something totally different."



he impersonates. Enraptured by Linda's resemblance to Marilyn Monroe, he asks her out; but when she fails to show up, he assumes he's been stood up and proceeds to go on a murderous rampage, killing off his foes with the same cinematic methods used by some of his screen idols. And what happens to Linda? Sorry, you'll have to visit your local bijou to find out.



PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY

DESIRE

(continued from page 182)

"We like to say that testosterone is the fuel of desire. It puts gas in the tank. It adds octane."

after we reach adulthood, there doesn't seem to be a clear connection between hormones and sexuality. As long as we're not running on empty, the level of sex hormone doesn't seem to account for the variety of desire. Says Ehrhardt, "It is an open system. We know that hormones affect behavior, but behavior also affects the level of hormones. Soldiers facing battle have low levels of testosterone. Fear reduces testosterone. But after a battle, levels return to normal."

"Even in lower primates, you can castrate an adult male, but he will still be able to function with his preferred partner—at least a bit. Choice is as important as hormone level."

Biologists have looked for other combinations of hormones in their search for the source of desire. One of the hot subjects of the Seventies was pheromones, the scent lower species emit that initiates sexual behavior. Perhaps, thought researchers, smell was the key—that we just follow our noses.

But the closest scientists have come to isolating a human pheromone is a chemical that smells like a horny male pig—called Boar Mate. A research team in England put some of this substance on a chair in a waiting room and found that women tended to choose that chair to sit on. The jury is still out on pheromones, but at least one thing seems sure: If they can figure out a way to work pig scent into a line of after-shave or mustache wax, we men are in business.

Two New York psychoanalysts, Donald F. Klein and Michael R. Liebowitz, believe they've found the secret of desire. They speculate that passionate love, the sudden surge of attraction we feel for another, is the result of an amphetamine-like substance in the brain. When we fall in love or lust, the brain produces phenylethylamine—a molecule that is one carbon atom away from amphetamine. When we fall out of love, the brain shuts down the speed pump and we experience all the symptoms of withdrawal.

Indeed, the similarity between love-sickness and "crashing" was what suggested the theory to Klein in the first place. He was treating a group of women who were classic sensation seekers. They took more than their usual amount of cocaine and amphetamines. When they fell in love, they felt a zap that many compared to the rush from amphetamines, or the rush of adrenaline

one would experience when she worked onstage. When they experienced a setback in love, they became depressed, irritable. They overslept and overate—in short, they exhibited the symptoms of someone crashing from a 30-to-40-grain-per-day amphetamine habit. They did not respond to tricyclic antidepressants, but they did seem to respond to chemicals called MAO—inhibitors that slow down the breakdown of phenylethylamine. Interestingly, the women often consumed large quantities of chocolate, a substance rich in phenylethylamine.

Throughout my investigation, I found people struggling for the proper word to describe a phenomenon of horniness, or yearning, that we have all experienced. Dorothy Tennov, a psychologist at the University of Bridgeport in Connecticut, interviewed more than 1000 people, many of whom had experienced a state of intense attraction that she termed "limerence." The symptoms are easy to identify: "Suddenly, you are in a condition of sustained alertness, a heightening of awareness, with an enormous fund of energy to pursue the limerent object." The list of symptoms during limerence—or romantic attraction—reads like a DEA chart describing the effects of a controlled substance. According to Tennov, we become totally preoccupied with the object of our desire. We rake over memories of past encounters, seeking clues that our feelings are reciprocated. We rehearse the lines we will deliver at our next meeting. We experience intense ecstasy and complete agony, fearing rejection. We ignore reality. We exist on hope. We are hooked. Love is an addiction, an altered state of consciousness.

Klein and Liebowitz stress that their theory of chemical attraction is pure speculation, but it seems to make some sense. We have learned that the brain produces its own pharmacology—the endorphins are the body's own morphine. There appears to be a natural Valium, a natural PCP, a natural psychedelic. Given its choice, it seems logical that nature would choose the most potent substance to fuel reproduction. Klein: "If social approval and coupling are important to nature, it seems that there would be a mechanism in the body that would make social approval very rewarding."

There are levels of pleasure, or, to put it another way, temptation takes many forms. College professors used to pose

the following ethical problem: If you could plug yourself into a machine that would create ecstasy, would you be able to unplug it? It seems to depend on the quality of the ecstasy. In one study, rats given an opportunity to self-administer amphetamines or cocaine showed different levels of interest. The amphetamine group hit the lever five times an hour, the coke group 30 times per hour. Rats will press a lever up to 4000 times for a single hit of coke. Arousal is its own reward.

Prior to working for PLAYBOY, I was an editor of *Psychology Today*. One of the gems that crossed my desk was an article we called "Adrenaline Makes the Heart Grow Fonder," by Elaine Hatfield and Ellen Berscheid. The two researchers had found that any state of intense arousal can be interpreted as the stirrings of desire—even if the arousal is the result of an irrelevant experience. In one experiment after another, they discovered that if a man were afraid, jealous, euphoric, angry, terrified or excited, he was inclined to interpret those symptoms as romantic—if given the "appropriate" cue.

For example, a guy who crossed a 1000-foot gorge on a narrow, swinging bridge was more likely to express interest in an attractive lab assistant than was someone who had crossed a safe concrete bridge. A person who had been told that he would receive electric shocks expressed more interest in an attractive lab assistant than did someone who faced a normal task. A student who had been insulted was more attracted to a woman than was a male who had been flattered. The article noted that there were historical precedents for such behavior. El Cid wooed the proud heart of Diana Ximene, whose father he had slain, by shooting one after another of her pet pigeons. It's not our idea of foreplay, but if it works, hey.

I contacted Hatfield at the University of Wisconsin. She told me that the experiments had been duplicated with female subjects and that women were just as inclined to seize a spur-of-the-moment romantic opportunity and go for it. "I think it is a significant change," says Hatfield. "Risk taking is no longer a male perk. Women are not afraid of excitement. They are not coy. I think that a woman who has had 17 sexual partners will not be condemned by her partner."

Now that women have an equal potential for pleasure, and an equal permission, one would expect to see fewer differences between the sexes. But there are still plenty. Men and women may be equally motivated to have sex, but men still initiate most encounters. Hatfield and a team of researchers asked a group

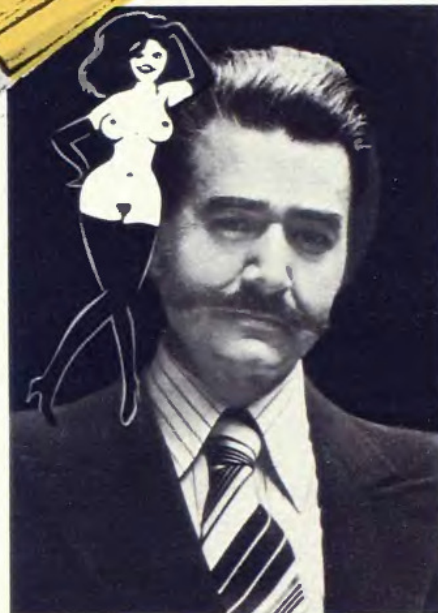
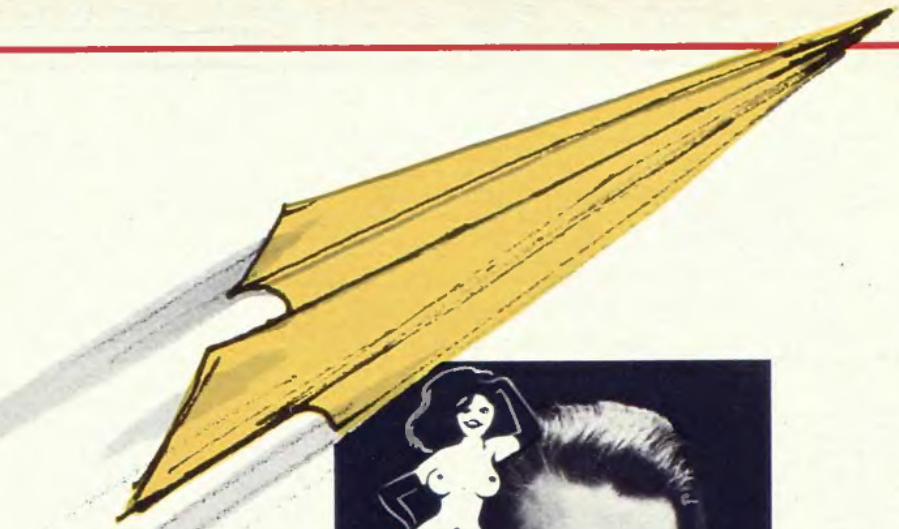
(continued on page 314)



happy anniversary,
Femlin

a pictorial bouquet to the mischievous wee wench who's been our constant companion for 25 years

LADIES come in all sizes, but you don't often meet one with a six-inch bust. Then again, some women like strong drink; but rarely do you find one who periodically falls, bare bottom first, into a full champagne glass. In fact, the only place you're likely to encounter such a creature is on the *Playboy's Party Jokes* page, where an impish nymphet we call our Femlin has teased and amused



"She's a very voluptuous little woman," says artist LeRoy Neiman of his creation. "Same people have mankeys on their backs; for 25 years, I've had a Femlin on my shoulder."



PLAYBOY readers since she first appeared in the August 1955 issue. She was a bit larger then, a fact that has led some Femlin watchers to contend that she didn't arrive on our pages until July 1956; but in the name of accurate journalism, we have determined that the 1955 date is correct. Except for size, she hasn't changed much since artist LeRoy Neiman translated an idea of Editor-Publisher Hugh Hefner's into living black and white: black hair, black gloves and black stockings. As Hefner conceived of her, she was a female gremlin who

LeRoy Neiman

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

DECEMBER 1964 • \$1.25

PLAYBOY

Season's Greetings! This gala Christmas Issue is a-brim with bounty for this merriest of months—yuletide fact and fiction by Irvin Shaw, James Baldwin, Bertrand Russell, Ian Fleming, Frederic Morton, Lawrence Sanders, Gerald Kersh, Ray Russell, Joseph Wechsberg, Jules Feiffer, Jean Shepherd, William Ivensen and Joseph Wood Krutch—Hugh Hefner exchanges views on the sexual revolution with a priest, minister and rabbi in "The Playboy Philosophy"—Carroll Baker at her barest—plus an exclusive Playboy pictorial—our ten most popular Playmates—a sketch of showgirls by LeRoy Neiman—a nine-page Christmas gift suggestion—Mario with tips on your own holiday party—a photographic report on the yuletide revels—plus more!

—by Hefner



First of our eight Femlin covers (bottom left) is by Neiman; the three others shown here feature figurines designed by PLAYBOY Art Director Arthur Poul and executed by sculptor Austin Fox, Jr.





lived with a man about town and always tried to compete for his attention with regular-sized women (like the ones on the centerfold). Her methods included sabotage: jumping into drinks, untying shoelaces, hiding cuff links, etc. With input from Hefner and Art Director Arthur Paul, Neiman gradually developed the Femailin into a character who has become nearly as much a symbol of **PLAYBOY** as the familiar Rabbit Head. She has appeared on eight covers (more than most Playmates, so the little lady really has no reason to be jealous).

D

ozens of readers have written to Neiman over the years, asking for original Femlin paintings. He has had to turn them all down, but says, "I could probably make a living just doing Femlins for private collectors if I had to." From the beginning, the Femlin has retained her basic personality, but she has changed with the times. She started out as nothing more than a party girl, but lately, she has roller-skated and manipulated pocket calculators. She's also been getting outdoors a lot—carving her initials into trees or picking flowers. As Neiman says, "She's an all-American girl." (You mean there's no Femlin in the Kremlin?) Anyway, many happy returns to the saucy little lady who proves the adage that good things *do* come in small packages.



Unable to resist fleshing out a fantasy, in May 1963, we did a pictorial, *The Femlin Comes to Life*, from which the photos on this page were taken.





HOLDEN CAULFIELD AT MIDDLE AGE

*he was sixteen the last
time you saw him.
ever wonder where
he is today?*

an affectionate parody

By DAVID STANDISH

IF YOU REALLY want to hear about it, it started . . . Christ, when does anything start? No doubt it goes back to birth trauma or some shitty earlier incarnation or one of those. Or maybe that big weekend when I was 16, when I gave Phoebe that red hunting cap and sat watching her on the carrousel in the winter rain. The good old days. And, amazing but true, about 30 years ago now. Time sure does fly when you're having fun. Also when you're not. I remember I bought the hat to cheer myself up after I lost all the goddamned fencing foils on the subway. I can still see them in a pile in an empty car, rattling along toward Queens.

Anyway, my life of crime. It began one dark night in Beverly Hills, almost two days ago. I know it's a little *low* to blame your children for things, but the truth is that Cassie *did* trigger it, Cassie and her greasy friend Spike. But that comes a little later.

I was staying at D.B.'s mansion up in one of those fancy canyons inhabited exclusively by Hollywood hot-shits and moguls and faces you see up on billboards. These days, D.B. is a bona fide mogul. He's produced about 10,000 movies and is close personal friends with everyone you've ever heard of. Don't get me wrong. D.B.'s great. At the moment, he's down in Yucatán on location in the jungle, shooting the film version of that big Broadway musical *Cortes Calling!!*

You wouldn't believe D.B.'s house. It looks like it belongs in a Thomas Hardy novel or something, this classic Tudor country manor, slate roof and all, grafted onto the subtropical hills. It could be merrie olde England, except for the Forties lipstick splashes of bougainvillea and the ripe avocados falling on your head, and the trees bordering the street that look like towering mutant pineapples ready to attack. The place has a pedigree a mile long. Clara Bow lived there before or after or with Will Rogers, and W. C. Fields once threw up into the pool, and a young Woody Allen once broke a racket over Errol Flynn on the tennis court for making anti-Semitic remarks about his backhand—you know, like that. D.B.'s nuts about it. He just bought it last year with his points from *Star Wars*, after literally years of driving by and drooling on the leather in his Jaguar over it.

Which is partly what I was doing there. He's so crazy about the house, he didn't want to leave it alone while he was in Mexico—somebody might break in and steal one of the legends or some-

thing. Also, we were doing that brotherly dance that happens sometimes when I sort of lose it. The first time was after my big weekend when I was 16. I spent a month with him after Dr. Blundvogel and his associates determined I was again fit to walk the streets. That was the first time D.B. tried to convert me, to convince me I should strive to grow up to be a screenwriter, like he was then. He always said, "You can be Rich and Famous." Like the words were capitalized or something. He still uses the same old line on me. Rich and Famous. Like it could actually happen magically here in the late rounds, with Howard Cosell calling the play-by-play. Like it might even mean something if it happened. Right after I got back from Korea and couldn't find anything else I could do, I finally took old D.B. up on his offer and tried writing a few scripts. I even bought a cashmere V-neck sweater with suede sleeve patches and grew a sad little mustache. But my scripts were the worst. I always ended up liking *all* the characters and not letting anything shitty happen to *any* of them—which makes for a nice benign universe but really awful drama. Luckily for all of us, they never got made. Oh, D.B. *did* borrow a few chariot scenes I'd done and put them in *Visigoth Glory*, a minor Victor Mature vehicle that turns up on television sometimes on Saturday mornings. But that was it. I had absolutely no talent for screenwriting, or for being Rich and Famous.

Oh, I guess I was *almost* rich for the last few years Patty and I were married. I mean, we had a duplex on Fifth near the children's zoo, and we went to London or Paris—at Patty's insistence—once or twice a year, and we drank Perrier-Jouët in the flowered bottles when we felt like it. I put together a pretty decent collection of big-band 78s and Patty had the first Cuisinart in our building. This largess came to us courtesy of Vern, my Industrial Giant father-in-law. The *moment* Patty and I got back from our so-called honeymoon in Curaçao—which *has* to be the worst excuse for an island in the Caribbean, cactus everywhere instead of palm trees, unrelenting gale-force trade winds that smell like bus fumes, about four feet of natural beach and a sun that fries you like bacon before you know it. The first thing you see getting off the plane, there in tropical paradise, is an oil refinery, belching away. Terrific place. Anyway, the moment we got back, sunburn peeling, Vern had put me right into a decent suit behind a travertine desk, and began patiently grooming me, the son he never had, to take over the (continued on page 294)

SEX STARS

OF 1980

THE **"10"** GIRL
IN THE
SEASON'S
SELLOUT

PRIVATE LIVES
OF THE STARS:
A PLAYBOY
SURVEY

12 PAGES
OF THE
TOP DRAWS
IN
SHOWBIZ



we're eating them up like so much popcorn. fortunately, there are plenty of them waiting in the wings

pictorial essay By JIM HARWOOD First the bad news: As a nation, we are consuming sex stars at an alarming rate. Now the good news: There seems to be an inexhaustible supply of them.

Maybe it's the inflationary times we live in, but the public seems to want to juggle five new heartthrobs where one used to do. Indeed, it's hard to recall a year so tough on the favorites or one so frantically ripe for newcomers, or at least willing to give some old flames a second chance.

While **Farrah** was flagging, **Suzanne** was sagging and **Shelley** couldn't hack it, a single film created an overnight phenomenon in lovely young **Bo Derek**, easily the only true sex superstar to emerge in the past year. Significantly, Bo played an obtainable (text continued on page 250)

TRIPLE THREAT: Unquestioned queen of the sex goddesses of 1980 is Bo Derek (opposite, as she appeared on the March **PLAYBOY** cover that disappeared from the stands virtually overnight). Still a commanding presence, despite some lukewarm reviews for his *Urban Cowboy*, is John Travolta (below). At right is Lesley-Anne Down, in the new look she'll sport in *Sphinx*, based on Robin (Coma) Cook's thriller and slated for release in February.





MATINEE IDOLS: Although this wasn't a year in which a star's name on the marquee guaranteed big box-office bucks, these gentlemen still set ladies' pulses to pounding. Richard Gere (left) played for pay in *American Gigolo*, then—daringly—played a homosexual prisoner in Broadway's *Bent*. Clint Eastwood (below left) spoofed his own image, not to mention that of all traditional Westerns, in *Bronco Billy* before following up at Christmastime with *Any Which Way You Can*. While fans awaited his *Superman* sequel, Christopher Reeve (right) starred in an old-fashioned romance, *Somewhere in Time*. Indulging in a bit of role reversal at right below are the redoubtable Burt Reynolds and his on-again, off-again lady, Sally Field, who nabbed an Oscar for her work in *Norma Rae*.





LIBERATED LADIES: A strong screen image is projected by Margot Kidder (above left), focal point of a *ménage à trois* in *Willie & Phil* and one of several beauties showcased in *Miss Right*. Like Margot, Valerie Perrine (above right) will reappear in *Superman II*; in the interim, Perrine fans had to content themselves with views of Valerie in *Can't Stop the Music*, which were the best parts of the picture. While shooting *Caveman* (below left), Barbara Bach and Ringo Starr went from reel- to real-life romance. The durable Angie Dickinson (below center, in her hot poster pose) turned moviegoers on in *Dressed to Kill*; and although audiences ran out on *When Time Ran Out*, Jacqueline Bisset (below right), with two more films due soon, still has what it takes.



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MIXED MEDIA: The way things go nowadays, stardom arrives as often via TV as via the movie screen. Tanya Roberts (above left) is *Charlie's* newest Angel, replacing the short-lived Shelley Hack. Although Victoria Principal (above) has made many films, it was *Dallas* that made her a celebrity; contrariwise, nothing Robert Hays did on *Angie* brought him the fame he won (above right) as *Airplane!*'s inept jet jockey. Larry Hagman (below right) has scored well both on TV and in films, but biggest of all as *Dallas*' J.R. No question, too, that *Three's Company*'s Suzanne Somers (below) and *WKRP*'s Loni Anderson (bottom left) are best known for video—or, in Somers' case, for *PLAYBOY*-fueled talk-show stints, which gave her career much more of a boost than *Nothing Personal* did.





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AD-VANTAGED: Some of 1980's most familiar faces belong to models, such as Revlon's Lauren Hutton (above), December 1976 Playmate Karen Hafter (right) and actress Maud Adams (below), who's due soon in *Tattoo*. For more on Lauren, see our special 20th anniversary pictorial, *Bunny Birthday*, which appears elsewhere in this issue.





YOUNG & RESTLESS:

Teenaged passion is where it's at, cinematically speaking. Witness *The Blue Lagoon's* Christopher Atkins, 19, and Brooke Shields, 15 (left); 16-year-old Matt Dillon of *Little Darlings* and *My Bodyguard* (above); Yale freshman Jodie Foster, 18 (below), star of *Carny* and *Foxes*; and Nastassja Kinski, 19 (bottom left), Roman Polanski's Tess (and, they say, his lady).





COMIC RELIEVERS: The fact that sex can be funny as well as fun was demonstrated early and often onscreen this year, boosting the stock of several stars (and dimming the luster of a few others). Patti D'Arbanville (top left), the lady for whom Cat Stevens wrote *Lady D'Arbanville* some years back, enlivened the comedy *Hog Wild*. Clowning around on the set of TV's *Saturday Night Live* above are (from left) Gilda Radner, on film this year in *Gilda Live* and *First Family*, Steve (*The Jerk*) Martin and rock queen Linda Ronstadt, who surprised everybody with a career switch into Gilbert and Sullivan as Mabel, the winsome maiden of *The Pirates of Penzance*, at New York's Delacorte Theater. At top right, Sally Kellerman and Sam Chew, Jr., in a scene from *The Serial*; at right, Dudley ("10", "Wholly Moses!") Moore cuts up with Miss August 1980, Victoria Cooke, during a PLAYBOY photo shooting. At left is Robin Williams, the "Na-noo, Na-noo" visitor from *Mork & Mindy*, who plays the title role in Robert Altman's live-action *Popeye*—coming this month.



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UPWARDLY MOBILE:

Here they are, folks, the hot stars of tomorrow. Jayne (NFL Today, *Speak Up America*) and Leon Isaac (Penitentiary) Kennedy (above) make one of the more attractive young couples in showbiz. Kim Cattrall (above right), coming off TV plaudits for her work in *Scrupes* and *The Gossip Columnist*, stars with Jack Lemmon in the upcoming film version of his stage hit *Tribute*. Cindy Pickett (right), an alumna of television's *The Guiding Light*, has also won exposure on the large screen, in Roger Vadim's *Night Games*; Cindy got better notices than the film did. Debra Winger (left) provided some of the most erotic moments in *Urban Cowboy* with her suggestive ride on the mechanical bull at Gilley's; she was also seen in *French Postcards*.





FOREIGN ACCENTS: Imported beauties have always added their special spice to American screens, and the 1980 crop is no exception. Sylvia Kristel (above left) has come a long way since *Emmanuelle*, this year having appeared in *Love in First Class*, *Mysteries*, *The Nude Bomb* and *Private Lessons*. Ornella Muti (above right) plays the siren Princess Aura in the just-released *Flash Gordon* and is due soon in *Love and Money*; while Laura Antonelli (below) is on view in *Venus in Furs*.



HAVING A BALL: Back in the hard-core game after ventures into Vegas and R-rated film fare is Marilyn Chambers of *Behind the Green Door* fame (above, as she appears in *Insatiable*).



GENTLEMEN PREFER BLONDES: All three actresses above have at one time or another been identified with Marilyn Monroe: Misty Rowe (left) in 1976's *Goodbye, Norma Jean*; Constance Forslund (center) in 1980's *Moviola*; and Linda Kerridge (right) in this fall's release *Fade to Black*. (For more on Linda, see page 218.) Blondie's Deborah Harry (below left), seen in last summer's film *Roadie*, epitomizes the blonde bombshell of the Eighties; for a look at Debbie when she wasn't a blonde, see *Bunny Birthday*, page 152. Sybil Danning (below right), like Misty Rowe, appeared on film this year in *The Man with Bogart's Face*.





Dorothy Stratten had a certain magic. Some of it has been captured on the screen—in her starring vehicle, *Galaxina*, and in Peter Bogdanovich's forthcoming *They All Laughed*, in which she played the ingénue. Still more can be seen in photographs like this one, taken when she became Playmate of the Year for 1980. Dorothy's tragic, untimely death late last summer cut short what seasoned star watchers predicted was sure to have become an outstanding film career.



queen bath-sheba

*Grass widows and princes! A warning I sing
Of the sad, wicked doings of David the King
With Bath-sheba, wife of poor Major Uriah,
Who was bathing one day when the king chanced to spy her.*

*He was drinking upstairs and the weather was hot,
And her window was open (a thing she forgot)
And the stark-naked beauty had little idea
That, while she was washing, a creature could see her.*

*She and her sister were sporting together,
Enjoying the warmth of the bright summer weather.
They bathed in the fountain, and while they were washing,
Were romping all naked and leaping and splashing.*

*What man could resist such an awful temptation?
He forgot he was king of the sanctified nation;
He was filled with delight and lewd admiration,
And was mad for the raptures of fierce fornication.*

*Beware of the Devil, who seldom lies sleeping!
So, while she was washing and while he was peeping,
The king's living scepter grew stiff as a rod.
"Nice mutton!" cried David. "I'll fuck her, by God!"*

*So, calling a page, he desired him to go
And inquire all about her. He answered, "I know
the lady your Majesty's pleased to admire
Is the wife of the valorous Major Uriah."*

*King David then answered, "Go fetch her—and quick!
Much conscience, indeed, has a stiff-standing prick."
The page ran to call her; she put on her smock
And hurried to wait on his Majesty's cock.*

*One touch to her hand and one word in her ear,
And she fell on her back like a sweet, willing dear.
He was frantic with lust and she seized his erection
And pointed it just in the proper direction.*

*She was girlish and lively, a heavenly figure;
With the cunt of an angel, she fucked with great vigor.
He'd get her with child—he hoped for a son,
So he said a long grace when the swiving was done.*

*Then the lady went home and she very soon found
Her belly was growing unluckily round.
"'Tis an honor," she said, "I could hardly expect,
But your Majesty now must his handmaid protect."*

*"Never fear," cried the king, "I'll be your advisor,
I'll send for the Major while no one's the wiser."
So he sent for Uriah, who speedily came,
But unluckily never laid hands on the dame.*

*King David was puzzled. He made the man tipsy,
But still he avoided his lewd little gypsy.
Again David plotted and his wish was fulfilled:
In the front of the battle, Uriah was killed.*

—ATTRIBUTED TO SIR WILFRID LAWSON

john the baptist

John the Baptist was a saint
And Salomé a queen.
He wore a halo, she wore paint;
Both inhabited a dream.

Now, John was quite a happy fellow
'Til the day when he did bellow,
"Paint and halos cannot mix!"
Poor John the B. was in a fix.

Salomé just rolled her eyes;
She wanted John between her thighs.
She showed her breasts; she dropped her
veils.
But John was adamant as nails.

So Salomé, that sensual fish,
Procured an ax and got a dish
And put John's head upon the block.
John lost his head, but not his cock.

He went to heaven, minus head,
While Salomé just went to bed.

The moral of this tale, it seems,
Is: Better learn to mix your dreams.

—ANONYMOUS

ten commandments plus

Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife
Nor the ox that her husband bought her;
But thank the Lord you're not forbidden
To covet your neighbor's daughter.

—ANONYMOUS

bible stories

Come one, come all, everybody come.
Join the Baptist Sunday school and have a lot of fun.
Please check your chewing gum and razors at the door,
And you'll hear some Bible stories that you never heard
before.

Adam was the first man, and Eve, she was his wife.
They lived in the Garden and they led a happy life.
But Eve ate of the apple and she turned the poor man's
brain—
They were ordered to the suburbs and they started raising
Cain.

The Lord created Satan and he invented sin—
It's one time that God came out leading with His chin.
For sin got so attractive everybody joined the fun;
There are 40 neat positions—or is it 41?

Noah was a sailor who built himself an ark;
And when the good Lord caused a flood, old Noah did
embark.
He took along the animals and all his children, too.
And when the little ones were bored, they watched the
beasties screw.

Onan, son of Judah, was a melancholy kid;
He'd jerk and jerk and jerk and jerk, and that was all he did.
But the Lord got really angry when Onan shunned his mate;
The fellow had forgotten how to rightly fornicate!

Joseph was a handsome boy, the kind a dame could dig;
His boss's wife, she eyed him, and straightway flipped her wig.
She grabbed him by his peckerwood and sat him on her lap.
But Joey wouldn't fall for that—he knew she had the clap.

Moses was a wise old bird who knew some fancy tricks.
The Gyppos tried some phony stuff, but Moe told off the
pricks.
Old Pharaoh did pursue them and the Israelites did flee,
But Moses fixed those assholes when he drowned them in
the sea.

Joshua was a jazz cat, the greatest ever born.
The walls of Jericho fell down when he blew upon his horn.
Pursuing all his enemies, he bade the sun stand still.
The sun, it wouldn't listen, so he nailed it to a hill.

Jeremiah was a wailer who cried all night and day.
He bawled and moaned and wailed, cried out, "Oy, vay!
Oy, vay! Oy, vay!"
When they asked him, "What you cryin' for?" he dropped
his handkerchief.
"The worst, dear friends, has happened. My pecker won't
get stiff."

Paul was a salesman who traveled hill and dale,
But although he was a bachelor, he never hunted tail.
He frowned on every female and he preached that sex was
out—
Which was just because Paul's peter was afflicted with the
gout.

—TRADITIONAL AMERICAN SONG



SEX STARS

(continued from page 237)

"Hagman has become a sex object whose emergence in middle age is as surprising as John Derek's."

fantasy in "10", and that may have been just what fans were looking for after so many empty flirtations with television cuties and lukewarm performances by the ladies of the big screen.

But, as any devoted student of womanhood knows, there are no 10s in real life. There can't be, perfection remaining beyond the grasp. Consequently, even though Bo is a solid 9 or an 8½ at worst, she shares the honor with hundreds of others. So what makes her so special?

Our private theory, totally unprovable, gives the credit to husband **John Derek**, who has to rank as a major sex star of 1980 himself, even though he hasn't appeared on camera in 15 years. Who else—at 54—could boast a wife of 23 who was but a fortunate heiress to a manly persona previously cherished by beautiful brides **Ursula Andress** and **Linda Evans**? The torrid trio not only loved him then and now, they're all still terrific pals with one another, presumably swapping erotic tips and remembrances along with recipes and laundry lists.

For young men looking forward to one, two or three doting, beautiful wives and for older men looking back on one, two or three ex-wives who won't speak to them, much less to one another, Bo Derek is a symbol of more than feminine perfection. Thanks to John, no mean promoter, she personifies every man's dream.

One of the strangest sex stars to come along in recent memory is **Larry Hagman**, best known as the nefarious J. R. Ewing from *Dallas*. By all definitions common among the ladies I know, J.R. is a true creep—vain, selfish, conniving, chauvinistic and indifferent in bed, to boot. But, for some reason, the women love him—and Hagman has become a sex object whose sudden emergence in middle age is as surprising, and as inspirational in its own way, as John Derek's. (Hagman, though, has had only one marriage—duration 26 years—and he takes his wife, Maj, everywhere to share his new glory.)

Could it be that, despite all the feminist nagging to raise male consciousness, women still harbor some secret admiration for the louse who can dominate them—and that the menfolk know it's so, or at least wish it to be?

But there is also **Richard Gere** to consider. After his discovery in an important but minor role in *Looking for Mr. Goodbar*, Gere flopped at the box office as a soldier in *Yanks*. He was then rejected

for the part of the hired heartbreaker in *American Gigolo* in favor of **John Travolta**, who was theoretically perfect for the job. However, Travolta backed out, saying he preferred playing more sensitive characters, and Gere wound up with the part after all.

In a film widely trashed by critics, Gere proved perfect as the handsome, impeccably turned-out Beverly Hills gigolo willing to do anything to a lady for a price (even when the husband paid to watch). The ladies in the audience paid, too, in impressive numbers, to see Gere stand naked in front of the camera.

American Gigolo catapulted Gere into the majors as a romantic lead of the love-'em-and-leave-'em type, but he nearly blew his *femme* following by segueing into *Bent* on Broadway, where he played—graphically—a homosexual in a Nazi war camp. It was a courageous artistic decision, but one that spread panic among daydreaming girls. Gere was forced to emphasize his private life with steady girlfriend **Sylvia Martins** (not to mention his many earlier ladyfriends, including **Barbara Carrera**, **Penny Milford** and **Tuesday Weld**). As a hunk, Gere is definitely somebody to keep an eye on, at least as long as he's wise, lucky and continues to get the parts Travolta rejects.

Surprisingly enough, there is some innocence left in the land. One of the box-office hits of the year was *The Blue Lagoon*, a syrupy romance suggesting that two beautiful children left naked on a South Sea island would grow up to be two beautiful teenagers naked on a South Sea island, doing what came naturally.

(For a wonderful piece in the *L.A. Times*, however, Joe Saltzman consulted tropical medical experts who concluded that the teenage couple would have grown up to have "matted hair, lots of pimples, blotchy pigmentation, chronically blistered and peeling noses, wrinkles and lines around the eyes, chronic sunburn, scars from various wounds and draining abscesses, scratches and a variety of minor, but ugly, bacterial, yeast and fungi infections all over their bodies.")

In a promising screen debut, handsome **Christopher Atkins** played *Blue Lagoon's* boy and **Brooke Shields** its girl. After her start as a subteen whore in *Pretty Baby* and other tender sexpot parts, Shields's virginal appearance here seems to indicate she is growing up on-screen in reverse. Despite *Lagoon's* R

rating, the teens who aren't supposed to get in without parents went as couples, holding hands and breathing heavily. But, as we've so often noted, any teenager with five dollars in hand who can't get into an R movie, at least in most cities, has personality problems that are beyond harm or help from films.

Kids with money, in fact, had a lot of sweetly smutty pictures to choose from this year, many starring teenagers who theoretically couldn't get in without their parents, either. There was **Jodie Foster** as a sexpot in *Foxes*, joined by blonde beauty to watch **Cherie Currie** (a former Runaway lead singer now paired with twin **Marie** on their first album). **Tatum O'Neal** and **Kristy McNichol** squared off in *Little Darlings* as two maids competing to lose their maidenheads. Since even teens have some taste, both pictures flopped, as did *Roller Boogie*, starring former teen queen **Linda Blair**, now 21.

Privately, the young ladies fared better. Foster, the brainy one, was graduated from high school (rendering the commencement address in fluent French) and had her pick of Ivy League colleges; she chose Yale. McNichol, the fun one, was all excited about moving away from home for the first time, into her own house. And O'Neal, the sophisticated one, still had her hands full chaperoning bachelor dad **Ryan**, especially after he took up company with Farrah.

Farrah? Farrah? The name sounds familiar, but it's hard to place the face. Is she the one who used to be on *Charlie's Angels*? Oh, yeah; whatever happened to her?

Poor girl. After her marriage to **Lee Majors** strained at the hyphen, she still had her film career to fall back on, even though she had bombed in her first two pictures after deserting Charlie. With all that beautiful hair and those teeth, her third try at the movies was bound to click; but it didn't. *Saturn 3* was quickly lost in space, despite the baring of one breast by Farrah and an entire, though wrinkled, backside by co-star **Kirk Douglas**.

Farrah at least had the companionship of many other TV stars who tried to break out into feature films. Most noticeably, and embarrassingly, two from *Three's Company* were awfully lonely up there on the big screen without an audience. **Suzanne Somers** flopped in *Nothing Personal* and **John Ritter** flubbed in *Hero at Large*. *Saturday Night Live's* **Jane Curtin** made a shaky debut in *How to Beat the High Cost of Living*, while **John Belushi** and **Dan Aykroyd** went down in flames in *1941* before being rescued in *The Blues Brothers*.

If it was any consolation to television's hopefuls, however, many of the biggest names in films were having their troubles, too. Most surprisingly, **Clint**

(continued on page 357)

PLAYBOY'S COLLEGE BASKETBALL PREVIEW

sports

By ANSON MOUNT

our pre-season

picks for the country's top
undergrad hoop stars

THE JACKALS are on the loose again. Unprincipled scavengers always start sniffing around when talented amateurs begin to show signs of becoming potential money machines. It's true in every sport, and it's no less so in college basketball. This time, it's the professional players' agents who have discovered a way to legally and profitably undermine the spirit of amateurism by tempting the avarice of unsophisticated high school and college cagers.

Fans have wondered in recent years how so many of the better college athletes from modest backgrounds could drive expensive cars, purchase elegant clothes and wear jewelry that rivals Queen Elizabeth's. Some observers have suspected under-the-table handouts from

TOP 20 TEAMS

- | | |
|-----------------|---------------------|
| 1. Kentucky | 11. Virginia |
| 2. Indiana | 12. Louisville |
| 3. Oregon State | 13. Louisiana State |
| 4. Maryland | 14. Arkansas |
| 5. DePaul | 15. Bradley |
| 6. Texas A&M | 16. Wyoming |
| 7. Notre Dame | 17. Duke |
| 8. Georgetown | 18. UCLA |
| 9. Ohio State | 19. Pittsburgh |
| 10. Missouri | 20. Illinois |

Possible Breakthroughs

North Carolina, Arizona State, Wichita State, Vanderbilt, Evansville, St. Bonaventure, Marquette, Old Dominion, Iowa, Rutgers, Nebraska, Iona.



Playboy All-America center Sam Bowie of Kentucky leaped to dunk a shot over the outstretched hand of Indiana forward Glen Grunwald as the Wildcats defeated the Hoosiers last December. Kentucky is PLAYBOY's pick for the national championship this season, with Indiana tabbed for the runner-up slot.



Ralph Sampson
center, Virginia

Eric Floyd
guard, Georgetown

Durand Macklin
forward, Louisiana State

Clyde Bradshaw
guard, DePaul

Herb Williams
forward, Ohio State

PLAYBOY'S 1980-1981 PREVIEW

Mark Aguirre
forward, DePaul

Albert King
forward, Maryland

Sam Bowie
center, Kentucky

Darnell Valentine
guard, Kansas

Isiah Thomas
guard, Indiana

Joe Hall
Coach of the Year, Kentucky

ALL-AMERICA TEAM



coaches or wealthy fans. But that, as it turns out, is rarely the case.

A confidential conversation with a college basketball player a few months ago gave us an inkling of the true state of affairs. So we set out—Diogenes-like—to find an ethical agent to tell us how his less admirable peers work their game. After receiving assurances of anonymity, our informer outlined a variation of the ancient and dishonorable loan-shark rip-off:

Industrious and farsighted agents, he explained, retain the services of a number of college assistant coaches (off the record, of course), whose duty it is to report to the agent the identities of any sure-fire future basketball stars discovered in the course of their scouting travels. Impoverished players from ghetto

schools are preferred; the sons of financially secure parents are poor game.

Once the hot prospect is identified, the agent goes calling and cuts a deal. The kid signs a binding player-agent contract that will take effect when his college playing career is finished. The agent, in turn, keeps the young man supplied with spending money and assorted goodies throughout the remainder of his high school and college years—surreptitiously, of course.

The contract is perfectly legal, but if its existence should become known, the player would lose his college eligibility. If the N.C.A.A. should find out that his coach knew of the existence of such a contract, the school would be slapped with a painful and embarrassing probation. In short, the tempter is taking no

chance, but the temptee is risking his athletic career. Needless to say, college coaches are very careful to appear to remain unaware of such arrangements. And that, perhaps, is where the major blame lies for the increasing perversion of college athletics. No one is in a better position to notice a player's unexplained affluence than are his coaches. If the phony amateurism of college athletics becomes a country-wide disgrace, they'll have only themselves to blame.

But what if the player doesn't make it to the pros? No matter. An agent may be nursing as many as 25 such undercover arrangements, and if only four or five work out, he still makes out like a bandit. A top professional basketball player can earn as much as \$10,000,000 in his playing career, and 20 percent of that (the usual agent fee) is a lot of loot.

Will all of this explode in some kind of scandal someday and thereby end such shenanigans? Don't hold your breath. The only developments that could affect the situation would be if pro basketball should lose much of its enormous entertainment appeal, thus greatly reducing the monies available for player salaries, or if the young athletes should wise up and realize that they may wind up paying, in effect, \$2,000,000 interest on a \$10,000 loan. Since neither of the above eventualities is likely to occur, these latter-day gold-brick salesmen will undoubtedly continue to prosper.

So while we wait in vain for amateur athletics to become less professional, let's take a look at the teams around the country and their prospects for this season.

ALL-AMERICA SQUAD

(All of whom are likely to make someone's All-America team at season's end)

FORWARDS: Danny Vranes (Utah), Gene Banks (Duke), Tracy Jackson (Notre Dame), Kelly Tripucka (Notre Dame), Sam Clancy (Pittsburgh), Terry Teagle (Baylor), Rynn Wright (Texas A&M), Charles Bradley (Wyoming), Mike McGee (Michigan), Oliver Lee (Marquette), Ricky Pierce (Rice), Lewis Lloyd (Drake), Charles Davis (Vanderbilt), Earl Belcher (St. Bonaventure), Boo Bowers (American)

CENTERS: Steve Johnson (Oregon State), Alton Lister (Arizona State), Scott Hastings (Arkansas), Sidney Green (Nevada-Las Vegas), Cherokee Rhone (Centenary), Allen Rayhorn (Northern Illinois)

GUARDS: Rod Foster (UCLA), Jeff Lamp (Virginia), Scooter McCray (Louisville), Rolando Blackman (Kansas State), Al Wood (North Carolina), Darius Clemons (Loyola), Rob Williams (Houston), Ray Blume (Oregon State), Terry Adolph (West Texas State)

TOP NEWCOMERS

(Incoming freshmen and transfers who should make big contributions to their respective teams)

Clarence Tillman, forward	Rutgers
Fred Brown, guard	Georgetown
Chuck Aleksinos, center	Connecticut
Ed Major, guard	Ohio State
Derek Harper, guard	Illinois
Russell Cross, forward	Purdue
Art Aaron, forward	Northwestern
Kenny Perry, forward	Evansville
Tom Prusator, center	Oral Roberts
Joe Kleine, center	Notre Dame
Charles Jones, forward	Louisville
Melvin Turpin, center	Kentucky
Dicky Beal, guard	Kentucky
Joe Cooper, center	Colorado
Victor Mitchell, center	Kansas
Maurice McDaniel, forward	Texas A&M
Donnell Allen, forward	Wichita State
Paul Pressey, guard	Tulsa
Clayton Olivier, center	Southern California
Mark McNamara, center	California
Chris Engler, center	Wyoming
Greg Goorjian, guard	Nevada-Los Vegas

The administration at the University of Pittsburgh has made a public commitment to improve the Pitt basketball program. It made a similar commitment about football in 1973 and it has paid off handsomely. The payoff in basketball should begin to show this season. New coach Roy Chipman inherits four of last season's five starters and has landed a brace of blue-chip recruits, Clyde Vaughn and Brett Crawford. Pittsburgh will become a national basketball power in the near future—maybe this winter.

St. Bonaventure and Rutgers could give Pitt a tussle for the conference championship. Both teams have all their big guns back from last season and each school has a hot-shot newcomer—guard Norman Clarke at St. Bonaventure and forward Clarence Tillman at Rutgers.

This will be a rebuilding year at Duquesne. Graduation took much of the scoring punch and the guard ranks are thin.

Rhode Island makes its entry into
(continued on page 360)



"Any time Christmas falls on the full moon—we've got problems!"



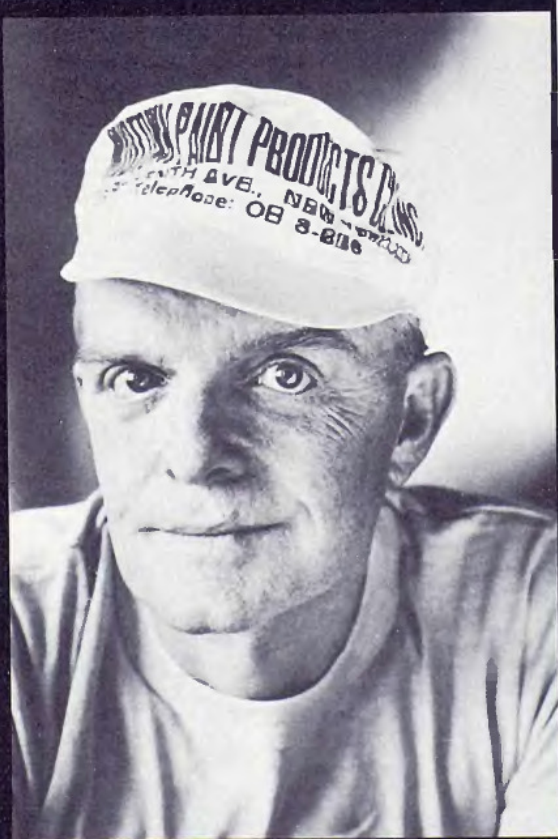
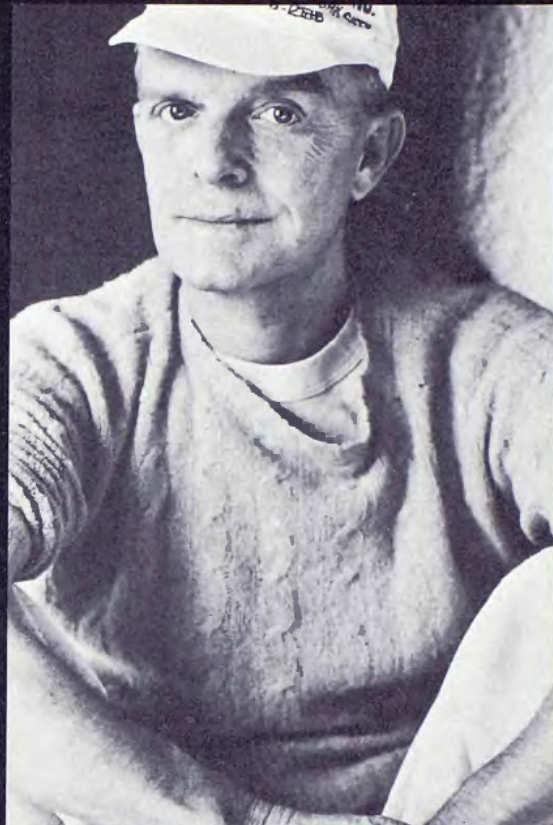
For a 21½" x 28½" full-color holiday poster of the Clydesdales in snow, send \$3.00 check or money order payable to Anheuser-Busch, Inc., Dept. X, 2800 South 9th Street, St. Louis, Mo. 63118. (Void where prohibited).

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A HOLIDAY TRADITION.





20 QUESTIONS: TRUMAN CAPOTE

*the literary virtuoso and "adult terrible" names america's sexiest women—
and explains, finally, what separates the rich from you and me*

Each of Truman Capote's books has generated strong opinion—most (but not all) of it enthusiastic. "Music for Chameleons," his latest, is no exception, so we dispatched syndicated television reporter Nancy Collins to discuss that and other subjects with him at his New York apartment. "He had a terrible cold," she told us, "but that didn't muffle any of his opinions."

1.

PLAYBOY: Americans seem obsessed with other people's opinions—especially yours. Why?

CAPOTE: My *own* opinion is that people don't have good opinions. Everybody borrows his opinions from other people, who have already borrowed theirs from somebody else. That's why conversation is so difficult.

2.

PLAYBOY: Do you think your opinions are the basis of your appeal?

CAPOTE: I don't have any appeal. I just arouse curiosity. Actually, that's about 70 percent true. I do think I have a largish following of people who really just like my writing.

3.

PLAYBOY: What is the state of man/woman relationships today?

CAPOTE: The same as it has been and always will be; I don't think anything is ever going to change between men and women. The real difference between men and women is nature. There's something in the nature of a woman that makes her want to be dominated by a man, at least in some sexual sense. And that's something that can't be eradicated.

4.

PLAYBOY: Hasn't the women's movement changed that?

CAPOTE: Women's liberation has gone a long way and it's done a terrific lot, economically speaking. Actually, inflation has more to do with women's liberation than anything else—you know, the need for a second income. The old husband is glad to push the old wife out to work nowadays. Before, he would have said, "Oh, honey, I wouldn't have you soiling your hands down at the garage." Now he has her pushing an 18-ton truck.

5.

PLAYBOY: What have women lost because of the women's movement?

CAPOTE: I don't think they've lost a thing, or at least they've gained a lot more

than they've lost. They gained economic independence. What they lost—if they lost it—is what their actual role is in relation to a man. That particular seesaw, balancing a successful career and a successful marriage—well, I've never seen it work. I've never known a career woman who didn't essentially dominate her husband.

6.

PLAYBOY: But isn't power in a woman sexy?

CAPOTE: I think power in a man is sexy, but I don't think power in a woman is sexy. I think power in a woman turns men off. It's too intimidating.

7.

PLAYBOY: Then you wouldn't find, say, Barbara Walters sexy?

CAPOTE: I don't consider Barbara Walters powerful in that sense. She's a television personality. Her power can go like that [*snaps his fingers*]. It's hanging on a very thin string. By tomorrow, ABC could fire her and she'd be selling lingerie at Bloomingdale's.

8.

PLAYBOY: Who are the sexiest women you know?

CAPOTE: I think Kay Graham is extremely sexy. Her figure and make-up are great; she has extraordinary eyes and one of the most seductive voices you ever heard—when, that is, she's being seductive. She makes any man she's with totally forget all about Kay Graham, Tycoon. I don't think she's always had this quality; she didn't when I first knew her.

Very few men are attracted to women because of their minds, although for my next candidate that might seem to be the only reason: Lillian Hellman. Lillian is not at all what we would normally call a particularly attractive woman. However, she has this amazing thing—if women have it, they can put themselves over, no matter what they look like. Lillian Hellman simply believes she is the sexiest, most alluring woman in any room. She moves that way; she acts that way; she looks at men that way. The *last* thing on Hellman's mind is literature or art. Her whole manner is strictly below the belt—the way she moves her hips, her arms, her hands, the whole thing. The funny thing about it is it works; I know innumerable men who have been in love with her.

The next woman is Maria Theresa

Caen, the wife of columnist Herb Caen. She is from Louisiana, is small and Spanish. She's not exactly beautiful at all—she's always well groomed—but you always notice that men gravitate toward her. There's something in her voice, her laugh. She's got this real merriment about her. She's also extremely intelligent.

Also, Gloria Guinness is an extraordinarily sexy woman. She has great allure and mystery. She's a self-creation—that's why I like her. All the women I really like are self-creations.

9.

PLAYBOY: What makes rich women more interesting than poor ones? Or are they?

CAPOTE: I don't think rich women are interesting at all. My idea of joy is not to sit next to Blanche Rockefeller at dinner, you know.

The only rich women who ever interested me, the only ones who were ever my friends, were adventuresses—people who were total self-creations. Gloria Guinness is a prime example. And Jackie Onassis and Lee Radziwill are not far off the mark. They started out with money, so they weren't entirely self-made. And, of course, there was Babe Paley. She came from a very distinguished background, but, indeed, she was a total self-creation. She made herself look that way; it was her taste, her style, her total invention.

10.

PLAYBOY: Is the age of the adventuress over?

CAPOTE: A top-class adventuress is in a category all by herself. But she's a rare creature, so when one comes along, there's always a big market for her.

I would advise a lot of women who have brains, good looks, style, and so forth, and set out to make a career as an actress or a model, to forget it. Pretend you never heard of the theater or the movies. Say all that interests you is leading a very subdued, settled, high-society life and you'll make it. I don't know if you'll get what you want, but you'll get more than you would the other way. Unless she's got fantastic drive, a woman shouldn't be too career-oriented. It's OK up to a point, but you have to have inhuman drive.

11.

PLAYBOY: In *Breakfast at Tiffany's*, Holly Golightly says she has taught herself to like (concluded on page 270)

"Norman Mailer, on a visit to the Chicago Playboy Club, was fascinated by cottontail cleavage."

Bunny has not only survived, she has multiplied. Triumphant. Since 1960, upwards of 25,000 young women have worn the ears and tails of the Playboy Bunny, and we'd like to salute them. So happy birthday, Bunny!

The Playboy Club's most enduring attraction—like PLAYBOY itself, which was originally going to be called *Stag Party*—just missed entering the world under another name. Our first recruiting ad, which appeared in the *Chicago Tribune* late in 1959, seeking "the 30 most beautiful girls in Chicagoland" to staff the new Playboy key club, referred to the prospective employees as Playmates. At least the costume illustrating the ad bore some resemblance to the Bunny outfit finally adopted, though it was fur-trimmed and lacked collar and cuffs. When he was laying plans for his new club, Hugh Hefner's first notion had been to dress the girls in shortie nightgowns. The rabbit, to him, was a masculine symbol. But associates—Victor Lowmes, then the magazine's promotion director, among them—persuaded Hefner to carry the Playboy Rabbit identification into the magazine's night-life extension. Lowmes was dating a girl named Ilza Torins, a Latvian model who had appeared on Hef's television show *Playboy's Penthouse*; Ilza's mother, a seamstress, ran up a sample costume and—presto!—the Bunny was born.

To bring his club idea to fruition, Hefner enlisted not only Lowmes but also experienced Chicago restaurateur Arnold Morton. Morton left Playboy in 1973 to return to the restaurant business; his establishments are among the most popular in the Chicago area. Lowmes is still with the company; as President of Playboy Clubs International, he makes his home in England, where he supervises Playboy's profitable British gaming operations.

Masterminded by the triumvirate of Hefner, Lowmes and Morton, the Chicago Playboy Club was a success from the moment it opened its doors at 116 East Walton Street. Within months, 50,000 keyholders had signed up and plans were under way for expansion to other cities. As columnist Art Buchwald put it a couple of years later, "Not many people are aware of it, but Chicago has become the sex-symbol capital of the United States. . . . Many people in Chicago think Bobby Kennedy's recent trip

around the world was a secret mission for Mr. Hefner to find new locations for Playboy key clubs. The slogan of the Playboy is, of course, 'Today girls, tomorrow the world.'"

Buchwald wasn't the only observer who was bewitched by the Bunnies. Gushed a writer for *Paris Match*, in a story headlined "THE NEW AMERICAN PIN-UP HAS RABBIT EARS": "The 'Bunny' is the best-known animal in American mythology. In case of a flood, it will surely be the first to go up the gangway of the modern-day Noah's Ark." Tony Crawley, writing in a more restrained vein for an English newspaper syndicate, simply described the Bunny as "the most fashionable status symbol for all career girls. The newest entree to films, TV and modeling."

Norman Mailer, on a visit to the Chicago Playboy Club, was fascinated by cottontail cleavage. In his book *The Presidential Papers*, Mailer described the Bunny costume's superstructure as "a phallic brassiere—each breast looked like the big bullet on the front bumper of a Cadillac." Also intrigued was John Skow (who has subsequently become a valued contributor to PLAYBOY); writing in the March 2, 1963, *Saturday Evening Post*, he defined the Bunny as "half geisha and half double malted, in a satin swimsuit that shows what swimsuits usually show."

Television went equally gaga over the Bunnies. Everybody who was anybody turned up on TV in some version of a Bunny costume. Rosalind Russell did it; so did Shari Lewis, Bill ("My name José Jimenez") Dana, Mimi Hines, Marty Allen, Steve Rossi, Ruth Buzzi, Goldie Hawn, Steve Allen, Flip Wilson, Johnny Carson (on the occasion of his first anniversary with *The Tonight Show*) and even Charlie Weaver (on the *Mike Douglas Show*). In later years, the ladies of *Saturday Night Live*—Jane Curtin, Gilda Radner and Laraine Newman—also wore Bunny duds on the air. So did Charlie's first famous Angel, Farrah Fawcett, who, in a 1971 made-for-TV feature, *The Feminist and the Fuzz*, played a Bunny opposite David (Good Morning America) Hartman.

All of that, however, was far in the future in 1962, when Hefner wrote in his informal illustrated journal: "The Playboy Club's cotton-tailed cuties have become the most famous females of show business since the glamorous Ziegfeld girls of the Twenties. The Bunnies have been written about, parodied, praised,

analyzed, idolized, damned, kidded and copied around the world. In the United States, they have become a TV and club comic's cliché—a sure-fire laugh producer; cartoons about our Bunnies abound in other magazines and newspapers.

As if to confirm Hefner's observation, the ABC television network in 1963 cooked up a special on *The World's Girls*, billed as "an hourlong survey of woman's place in the world today," and featured—along with actress Simone Signoret and authors Betty Friedan and Simone de Beauvoir—a New York Playboy Bunny. Similarly, the Montreal Expo of 1967 included the Bunny in its exhibit on professions for females, along with those of nurse and schoolteacher.

Given all this enthusiasm, sometimes bordering on hyperbole, it's a wonder the Bunnies didn't begin to take themselves too seriously. Fortunately, the Bunny is all too human. Her feet can hurt, her orders get goofed; there can be spilled trays, garbled introductions ("Good evening, I'm your Bunny Lolita," chirruped a sweet young thing at Lake Geneva whom Playboy brass had fancied resembled Vladimir Nabokov's nymphet and christened with the Bunny name of Lolita). Our favorite story concerns the nearsighted Miami cottontail who, in her zeal to give a keyholder excellent service, whipped out her Playboy lighter and ignited the carrot stick on which he was munching.

And not all the Bunnies' press has been good. There have been those who figured Bunnies were all denizens of Hefner's own personal briar patch, over which he exerted some kind of *droit du seigneur*. A goggle-eyed writer identified only as "a special correspondent" for an Auckland, New Zealand, paper burbled breathlessly to his readers that Hefner "lives an indolent life of Oriental splendor. He nibbles grapes and cavorts and carouses with all the bunny girls who frolic behind the wrought-iron gates of his four-story, 48-roomed mansion in Chicago."

Hoo, boy.

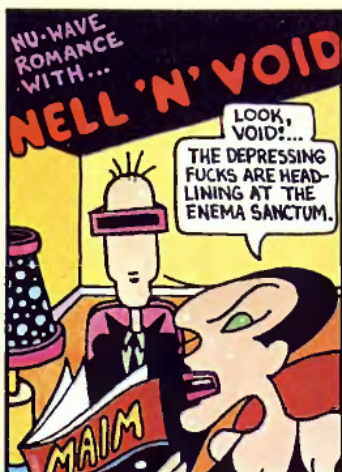
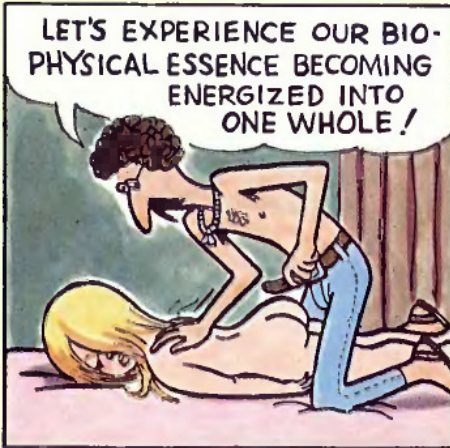
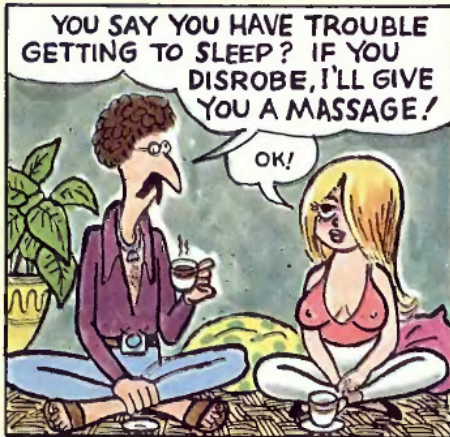
Yarns like that may have titillated Auckland readers, but they didn't make life any easier for the Bunnies. In the summer of 1964, a dozen of them from the Chicago Club decided to challenge the Portage, Indiana, Jaycees to a benefit baseball game. One of the girls had read a newspaper story about Tip Brock, an 18-year-old Portage youth paralyzed from the waist down by a mysterious illness, and the Bunnies—who had already supplied diapers for infants at Cook County Hospital, uniforms for the Highland Park Little League and were sponsoring 23 European orphans under the Foster Parents Plan—decided to help out. When syndicated radio commentator

(continued on page 282)



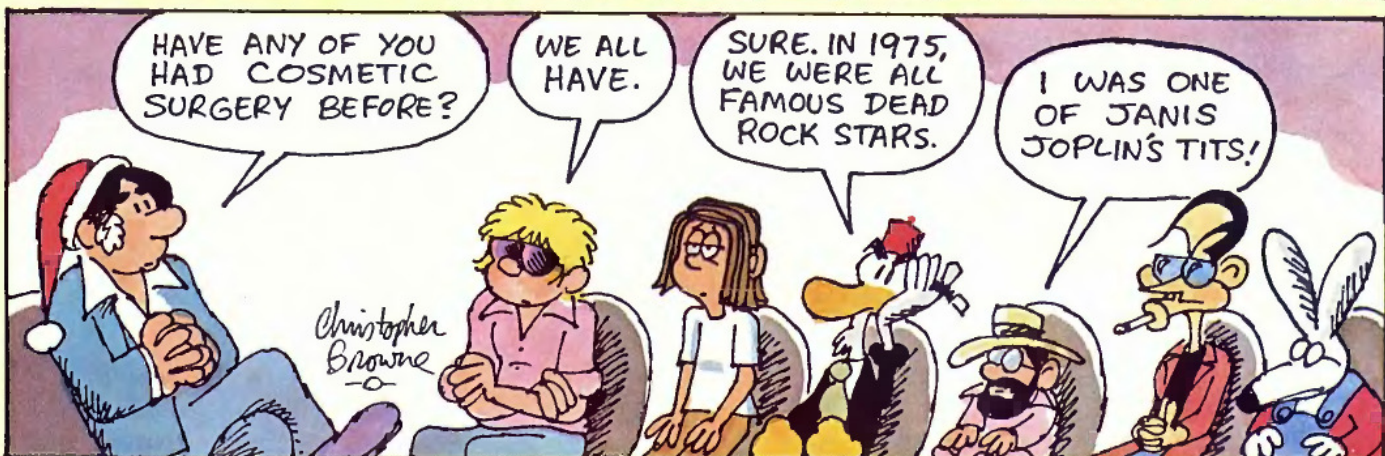
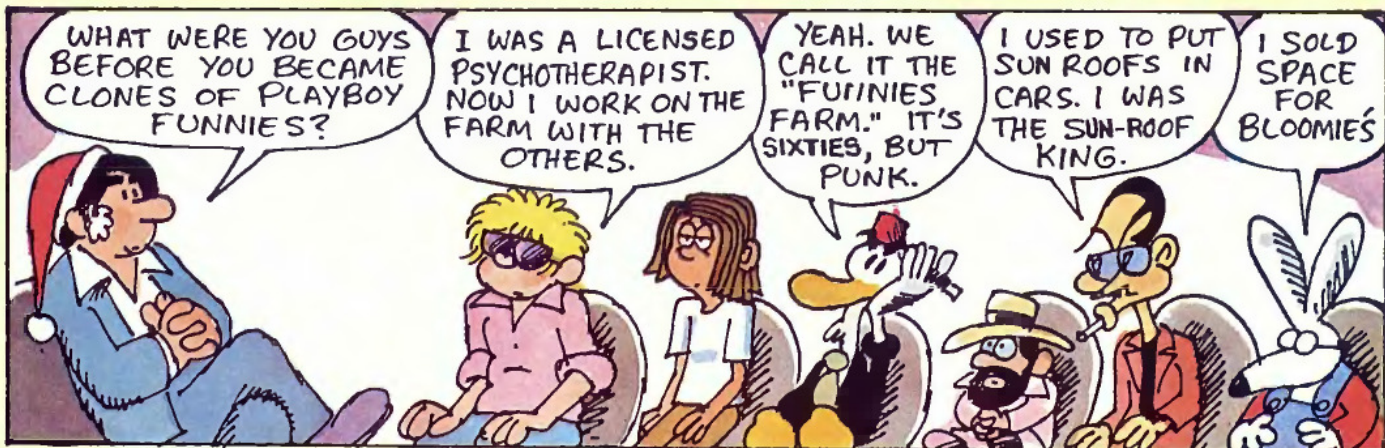
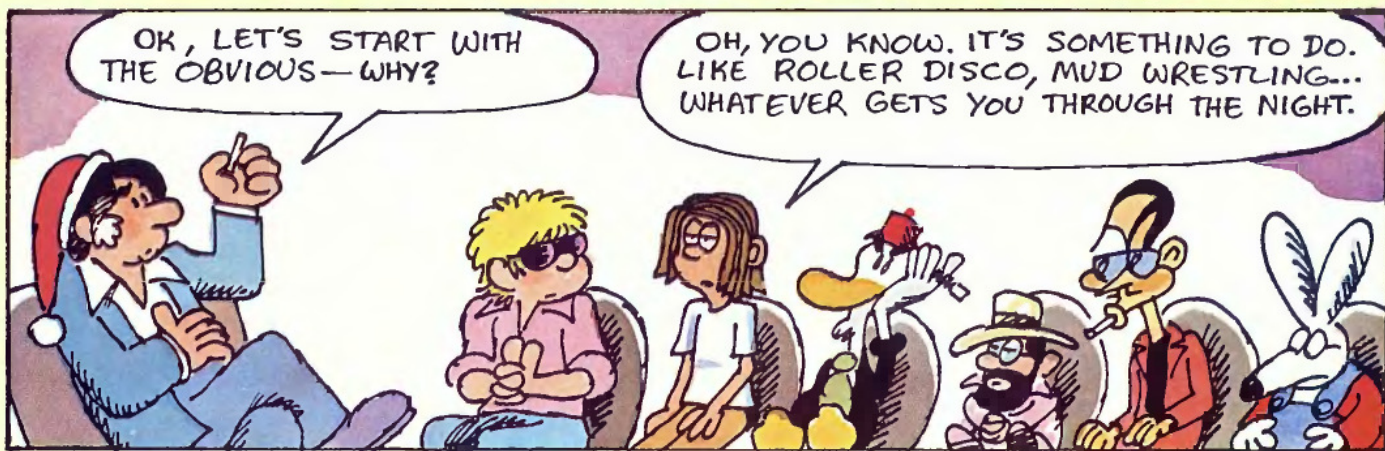
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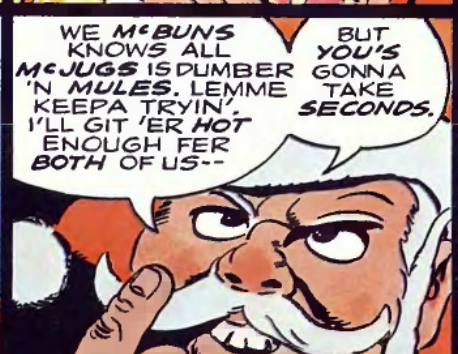
BY J. DELMAR



Tom Morrow

Christopher Browne





annie & albert

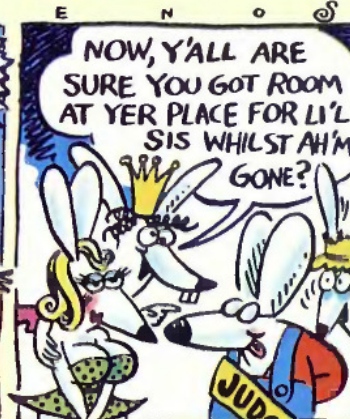
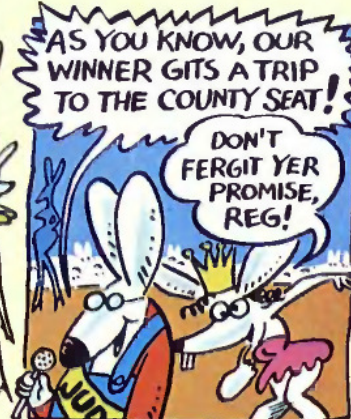
by J. Michael



SUZY Q AND MIDNITE



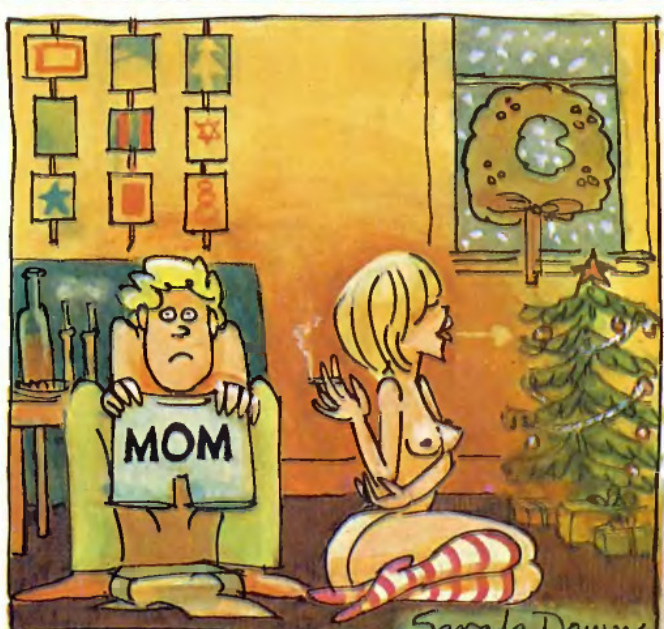
REG'LAR RABBIT



THE LONER

by FRANK BAGINSKI+REYNOLDS DODSON





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PLAYBOY'S PIPELINE

MAN & WORK

TIPS ON KEEPING YOUR LIFESTYLE IN HIGH GEAR

HOW TO GET YOUR HEAD HUNTED

Head-hunters, a.k.a. executive recruiters, are the industrial-strength geni empowered to make the most ambitious professional dreams come true. Considering that more than 90 percent of the *Fortune* 500 corporations have used them, their summons may well be the ticket to the executive stratosphere.

Unfortunately, though, head-hunters are skittish souls who think that as far as phone calls are concerned, it's far better to give than to receive. Constantly badgered for a little help by their friends, recruiters probably couldn't do much for them even if they wanted to. A head-hunter does not work for an individual. He works for a corporation that usually, having exhausted all less expensive options, is willing to pay a large fee—about 30 percent of the first year's compensation—for the best of all possible candidates to fill a specific vacancy. Head-hunters are the glass-slipper bearers in search of the perfect foot; they do not run placement bureaus for upwardly mobile Cinderellas.

RECRUITING THE RECRUITER

Since the direct approach is inadvisable, would-be head-huntees must, in effect, haunt their industry's Schwab's drug-stores and hope a talent scout notices them. Obviously, the best way to get tapped for bigger and better things is by doing a bang-up job on smaller and worse ones. Then, when the head-hunter prunes the grapevine—a major source of prospects—colleagues and competitors alike will endorse your superior qualities.

Next, make a name for yourself within the industry. Join professional associations. Attend the meetings, not just to get drunk at the company table but to mingle and perhaps get discovered by a recruiter sifting the crowd for fresh talent.

Get your bio in trade directories and on association rosters. Subscribe to everything in sight, even the most boring and obscure trade publications, if only to make sure your name gets on the same computer lists as all the big boys'. Publish articles in trade journals and house organs, write letters to editors, but somehow beg, borrow or steal your name into print. Recruiter research departments scour everything in ink from *The Wall Street Journal* to *Chain Store Age* looking for names of hot tickets to add to their files. Heidrick and Struggles, to cite one large example, has over 100,000 names in a data bank from which about half of its successful candidates are drawn.

Chicago-based recruiter Allan J. Cox believes in preemptive strikes based on the principle that it's better to cultivate a head-hunter before you need him. Cox suggests volunteering to check out recruiters to fill openings in your firm, thereby pleasing your boss by taking work off his hands and meeting the head-hunter under the optimally salubrious



circumstance of offering him an assignment. Keep him on the hook by inviting him to company functions and, when you're preparing a paper or a speech, consult him on other heavies in the field, making certain he understands you're among them and rising with a bullet.

Noting that these are prime times for "minority candidates" and women, John Wareham in *Secrets of a Corporate Headhunter* recommends "ethnicizing" your name or altering your gender—which seems to work for Geraldo Rivera and Renée Richards. Don't rule out bold-faced flattery. After missing a scheduled appearance at a head-hunters' symposium, one recruiter received a letter from a purported member of the audience that virtually drained the thesaurus in his praise.

But because the letter struck him as insightful and uncannily accurate, the recruiter forgave the lie, interviewed and eventually placed the guy. Head-hunters are human, too. They'll slip on soft soap just as long as they believe you mean it. No ploy is too outrageous if it works. Be as creative as imagination and *chutzpah* allow.

ANSWERING THE CALL

When the call comes through, close your door and listen to the man. His initial purpose is to verify that you are who he thinks you are and to arrange an interview. Don't ask how he got your name; let him assume you receive such calls constantly. And regardless of what outlandish fandango you danced to catch his eye, act noncommittal, mildly curious but definitely *not* interested in finding greener pastures. That sort of façade serves both to impress a recruiter with your desirability and to reassure an impersonator sent by your boss of your unswerving loyalty.

If it sounds promising, let him set up the interview. Since discretion is a recruiter's most important product, any head-hunter worth his spear can arrange a rendezvous under conditions of absolute confidentiality.

Since most prospects seem to wear uniform born-to-wield-power pinstripes, Wareham prescribes a solid dark suit, white shirt, conservative tie and clean pair of wing-tip shoes. Be open-minded, ask for information, but never sell yourself or in any way imply availability. Wareham writes: "Suggest that you are stable, secure, well-adjusted, happy, and that you get on well with everybody, but confess that you wish you were a little less ambitious." Conclude the interview before he does: Say you enjoyed it but have to get back to work.

Since executive recruiting is an infant profession still looking for the right formula, no one method is fail-safe. "A lot of what recruiters do is almost mystical," says New York City head-hunter Robert Parrella. "I use a lot of instinct and I play a lot of hunches. I'm most effective when I acquire the names of two or three people who have all the qualifications my clients need—and then I go after them."

—THEODORE FISCHER

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PLAYBOY'S PIPELINE

ALL ABOUT PENSION PLANS

TIPS ON KEEPING YOUR LIFESTYLE IN HIGH GEAR

It's an easy choice: Donate your extra bucks to the IRS or pump them into something tax deductible. And, for most of us, that means a pension plan. But pension managers have the heebie jeebies. For one thing, in 60 years, nearly one in four Americans will be over the age of 65, swooping down on pension funds like vampire bats attacking a herd of Holsteins. And inflation is inexorably shriveling pension dollars into pennies.

A Federal commission has been seeking solutions, such as upping the retirement age. Meanwhile, if you're job shopping, keep your antennas up for the best pension deals. You're already in a pension fund? Check it out. What will you actually collect? What happens if you're out of work? A wrong move could lose you the whole enchilada.



LEARNING THE LINGO

You have to speak pensionese, starting with the two basic types of plans:

- **Defined Benefit Plan:** The money you contribute to the fund varies, but the size of your retirement income is predetermined.
- **Defined Contribution Plan (a.k.a. Individual Account Plan):** You make fixed payments into your own pension-fund account, with the fund's managers investing your deposits. How well the investments do determines your retirement income.

Either plan can be "integrated"—tied to Social Security. That means the more your employer contributes to your Social Security account, the less he kicks in to your pension fund. Not your best deal. Even stingier are plans to which, regardless of Social Security, your employer contributes nothing.

GETTING VESTED

Vesting is a key word. If you leave the company too soon, you lose all or part of the pension benefits you've earned. But after you've completed a certain number of years on the job, some of your benefits are vested—you can't lose them even if you're fired or you quit. When you retire, the checks will come in.

The Employment Retirement Income Security Act (ERISA) of 1974 set vesting standards, with companies given three choices:

- **Cliff Vesting:** full vesting after ten years of service but no vesting beforehand.
- **Graded Vesting:** 25 percent vesting after five years on the job, five percent for each additional year up to ten years, an extra ten percent for each year thereafter. Thus, your benefits are 100 percent vested after 15 years on the job.
- **Rule-of-45 Vesting:** 50 percent vesting for an employee with at least five years of service when his age and years of service add up to 45, plus ten percent for each additional year up to five years.

Employers can offer more liberal vesting schedules; but they can't be stricter.

Thanks to ERISA, the Force is with you in other ways, too. For example, on request, your employer must give you a statement of your vested benefits. If you leave your job, he must supply a statement automatically.

ERISA also covers eligibility—you must be allowed to participate in the pension plan if you're at least 25 years old and you've been on the job at least a year. One loophole: Defined Benefit Plans can exclude employees hired when they're within five years of retirement age.

When you sign up, your pension plan's administrator must give you an explanatory booklet, called a summary plan description. It must be written in plain English and cover at least five points: eligibility requirements, how

you accumulate benefits, how you can lose benefits, whether or not the plan is insured and how you file a claim. If the plan changes significantly, you should receive an updated summary.

Once a year, you should also receive a summary annual report, which details the plan's financial health. Problems getting the report? Write to the Division of Public Disclosure, Room N4677, U.S. Department of Labor, 200 Constitution Avenue, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20216. Give the full name and address of the company or union sponsoring your plan. There's a modest fee.

BAD BREAKS

Scrutinize your plan summary for break-in-service rules. You may be slapped with a break in service if—during one year—you miss 500 hours of work. With some plans, breaks in service can wipe out everything you have in them.

Also check benefits. "Normal" benefits are the payments you receive if you retire at the standard age, generally 65 (but in most cases, no employer can force you to retire before the age of 70). Many plans let you opt for early retirement, but usually with skimpier checks. Some plans pay disability benefits if your health keeps you out of work. But definitions of disability vary. So do eligibility rules.

Most pension checks go out monthly. However, some plans let you receive the entire caboodle in a single lump for reinvestment elsewhere. Some plans—the best ones—are tied to inflation, with your retirement checks fattening as the price index rises.

What happens if your company goes bankrupt? Or if your employer torpedoes the pension plan? With some plans, you're out in the cold; with some, you're safe.

Your plan's summary booklet must state if the pension fund is insured by the Pension Benefit Guaranty Corporation. This Government agency provides termination insurance for pension plans. It insures only vested benefits in Defined Benefit Plans, up to a specified limit. Still, it's nice to have a little help from your friends.

—RICHARD WOLKOMIR



TRUMAN CAPOTE

(continued from page 259)

"No one is really rich anymore. Being rich is like the Presidency—it doesn't have the cachet it used to."

older men because she thinks it's good for her. Is this still good advice for a woman? CAPOTE: Indeed it is. Older men are a passport that'll carry you across all frontiers.

12.

PLAYBOY: Why are older men better?

CAPOTE: Well, first of all, there's so much more security attached to an older man. And with an older man, a woman is just as—probably more—agreeably active sexually. You're not

going to get your brains pounded out morning and afternoon, as—I read in *Ann Landers*—many women are. In fact, to hear *Dear Abby* tell it, the women in this country are in hysterics over getting fucked to death.

13.

PLAYBOY: Are the rich really different from you and me?

CAPOTE: Yes, they're more disloyal. In the long run, the rich run together, no matter what. They will cling until they



"I'm afraid you have Addison's disease, Mr. Watkins!"



"I want to see you right away, Miss Addison!"

feel it's safe to be disloyal, then no one can be more so. They also serve better vegetables.

14.

PLAYBOY: It seems as if the rich—that is, the old rich—have lost some of their allure. What was it in the first place and what happened to it?

CAPOTE: I think the thing about the rich is their great terror. You see, their only identification is their money. They have this real fear about money, because if they lose it, they lose their identity. What they have lost—what you call allure—is their stability, because no one is really rich anymore. Being rich is like the Presidency—it just doesn't have the cachet it used to. On the whole, I don't think young people are interested in rich people today. I mean, who the hell wants a 180-foot yacht and 25 servants? That sort of thing had to do with money being the only thing that gave a person identity, so you had to spend more and more to get more and more identity.

15.

PLAYBOY: Define decadence—once and for all.

CAPOTE: Decadence is deliberate cruelty. It is any act you perpetrate against another person that you know is going to hurt him—and you do it on purpose, with full knowledge that you are doing it.

16.

PLAYBOY: Who is America's most unattractive public couple?

CAPOTE: Hands down, Julie and David Eisenhower. No competition.

17.

PLAYBOY: Who is the person most responsible for pushing America down the tubes?

CAPOTE: Sammy Davis Jr.—if you're referring to television. You simply cannot turn on the damn set without seeing that ugly, hideous face, with his million dollars' worth of jewelry, jingling and jangling, hugging and kissing *somebody*. Yuuuch! God!

18.

PLAYBOY: What is the future of democracy?

CAPOTE: The same as Broadway's. Everything seems to be picking up. Theaters last year made more money than ever. Yes, it's like Broadway—everybody always says it's dead, it's gone—but it always comes back.

19.

PLAYBOY: What is your idea of a fun date?

CAPOTE: Miss Piggy or Anita Bryant.

20.

PLAYBOY: In a movie about your life, who would you like to play you?

CAPOTE: Greta Garbo. It'll be her great comeback part.



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"She let silence fall between them as she slowly removed her gloves finger tip by finger tip."

dismissed haughtily with the passionate observation that God's world is one—joy and pain, crocuses and the Crucifixion, love and lust, desire and denial, human passion and prayer.

"Dare you deny it?"

Weaponless, he did not.

The only clear hint he ever got anywhere about how marriages break had been vouchsafed to him one morning a bare month ago in the little shop of convenience near their bungalow, managed by an aging man and wife. He had always found each of them normally friendly and loquacious. That day the two were in the shop together. The old man, before attending to him, quietly asked his wife some trivial question concerning their stock. Was it about fire lighters, or washing soda? She answered him in the voice of *ancien régime* courtesy, in the softest voice, with all the formality of a duchess from the good old days before the revolution. She said between politeness and hauteur, "I beg your pawrdon?" He had fled from the shop, horrified by the revelation that this old pair were living out their last days in a state of savage war. Passion ends in politeness. After that, he added to his "If

only we could have had a child" the wish that they could have one blazing, battering, bloody row.

He jingled his car keys, rose to face the fog, the bungalow, the evening paper already out of date, clapped on his black hat, and saw a vision. His wife was standing on the platform at the end of the stairs, dressed in black, her hair as black as thunder, her midnight lashes enlarging her eyes that roved the rooms in search of . . . in search of whom? He flung up the arm of a drowning man. For a moment, she looked across the rooms at him, then her eyelids sank, her eyebrows shot upward; she looked at him again, decided, smiled her small crooked smile at him and edged forward between the tables. She held out her hand with, "Well, after all these years, if it isn't Mr. Swinburne! And what have you been doing with yourself all this time? Medicine?"

"Miss Wilcox!" he said and shook her hand. "You will join me in a drink?"

She gave him her sly smile, took the proffered chair and let silence fall between them as she slowly removed her gloves finger tip by finger tip. He as slowly extracted a cigarette and lit it. At

their first far-off meeting, when he had taken her to be an ingenuous miss of about 20, he had been struck by this same air of assurance. They both asked simultaneously, "Do you often come here?" and chuckled into a fresh silence which she quickly took hold of with "I have been told that some gentlemen have their pet pubs. Is this one of yours, Mr. Swinburne?"

Two seconds' silence during which he wondered if it were one of hers.

"I have no pet pub. I used to come here years ago to meet a girl I used to know."

"What happened to her?"

"She just disappeared." The bar curate stood silently beside them. "Your usual, Miss Wilcox? A dry martini? Make it two. On the rocks."

"Nice of you to remember my favorite drink, Mr. Swinburne."

"I have a good memory. When you stood in that doorway just now, you reminded me very much of my friend. Oddly enough, she also liked a dry martini. Like you, she was tall, dark and queenly."

She lowered her head sideways to deprecate the compliment, smiled to accept it.

"This is odd. When I saw you just now, you reminded me of a man I first met in this bar several years ago. I have not seen him for a long time. He, as you say, disappeared."

"What happened to him?"

Three seconds' pause.

"I have wondered. My friends and I have never been able to agree about what happens to make people disappear."

"Your friends?"

Four seconds' pause, during which she slowly turned her head to look toward a large round table, in an alcove that he had not previously noted, occupied by five or six women of varying ages. They were all looking her way. Her left wrist lifted her palm an inch to greet them. Her chin nodded an unspoken agreement. She turned back to him.

"My friends."

"Your bridge club?"

Five seconds' pause.

"I never play bridge. But we are a club. All married, all botched, all of us working now in the Irish Sweep. We came together by chance. Last summer, I got chatting with Mrs. Aitch, that is the jolly fat woman in the orange head scarf with her back to us. Angela Hanafey. She is about forty-six. Her husband was, is, always will be an AA case. She has four sons, all but one grown up. She just happened to be walking beside me one evening when we were pouring in our hundreds out of the Sweepstakes offices at five o'clock. We had never laid eyes on each other before. 'God!' she said to me. 'I'm starved for a drink. Come and



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have a quick one on me at the Horse-shoe.' We met Mrs. King there. She's the slim, handsome blonde; don't let her see you looking. She is still bitter of her ex. He left her holding three children and slid off to get lost somewhere in England with a slut of seventeen. It was she brought along Kit Ferriter, the baby of the bunch, six months married and glad to be living alone again in her virginal bed-sit. Kit studied sociology for three years at Trinity. She says she learned far more about it in six months of marriage. Three or four others drop in and out. All sorts. One is married to an army captain who batters her. Another to a briefless barrister. Mrs. Aitch calls us the Missusmatched. Monday is club night. No other rules. No premises."

"And you talk about men and sex and marriage."

"Sex? Never. Men? No. Marriage? Occasionally. Not as an important subject. We mostly talk about woman things. Food, cooking, dress, make-up, kids, the cost of living, our jobs, nothing in particular."

"And in your club's view, why do those marrieds have this odd way of disappearing?"

"Why?"

Her eyebrows threw a shrug over her left shoulder. Her eyelids lowered a curtain on the shrug. The corners of her

mouth buttoned it down. She leaned back to consider either the question or him. When she tinkled the ice in her glass, it sounded like his idea of Swiss cowbells in far-off valleys. When she laughed her contralto laugh, it hurt him that he had not heard it for a long, long time.

"Yes, why?"

"Why? We solved that months ago, when we invented the Seven Cs. Every marriage, we decided, sinks or swims on any three of"—right finger on left thumb checked them off—"Concupiscence, Comradeship, Contact, Kids, Cash, high or low Cunning and not to give a tinker's Curse about everything in general and anything in particular."

"Ye have left out Love!"

"Mrs. Aitch, our mother hen, dealt ably with that. 'I made a fatal mistake,' says she, 'with my fellow. I led him to think I was the reincarnation of the Blessed Virgin. On our honeymoon, I got a sudden, terrible thirst for tangerines. Afterward, we both found out, too late, that pregnant women get these odd hungers. He would have done anything for me, of course, on our honeymoon. He went to a power of trouble to get me the tangerines, but get them he did! When we were back home, I got a sudden wish for apricots. He rumbled and bumbled about it, but still and all, the

poor devil did get me the apricots. A month later, I got an unquenchable longing for nothing less than wild strawberries. Well, by that time, I had a belly on me like a major. He told me to go to hell and find out for myself where anyone could find wild strawberries in the month of November and I knew at once that my dear love had vanished from the earth as if the fairies had got him.' Kit Ferriter, our expert on sociology, told her she was lucky that he didn't batter the other fellow's baby out of her. The dear child insists that Love, which you say we have omitted from our Seven Cs, is a mass-invented delusion with a life expectancy of three weeks."

She rose, holding out her hand. "Nice meeting you again, Mr. Swinburne. It was very pleasant. Now I must join my friends."

He held her hand pleadingly. "Can't we meet again? Say next Monday night. Just for a quick drink?"

She looked around the rooms, said, indifferently, "All right," and joined her welcoming group. As he walked out, he heard behind him again her miraculous laughter.

Back home, he kicked aside the evening paper, switched on his fire, sank into his armchair and fell into a stunned sleep. In the morning, the only time either of them spoke over their breakfast in their kitchenette across their hinged table was when she said, "May I have some marmalade, please? . . . Thank you." On their way into town to work, he as always driving, he did say that next Monday night he would be, as usual, at his art class and she with an air of slight surprise replied that she would, of course, as usual be playing bridge with her friends.

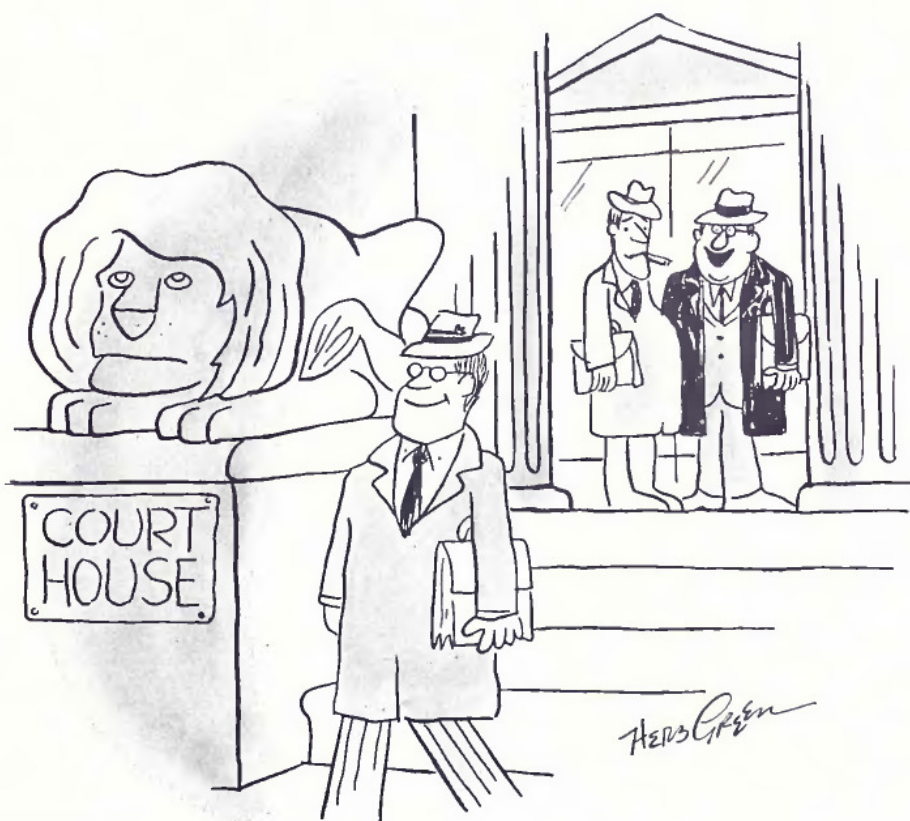
Accordingly, on the following Monday night, she again left home before him to walk to the bus, and he, after taut calculations, followed her in time to be in the Long Bar before her arrival, seated facing the glass doors. Now and again, he glanced furtively toward the women's table in the alcove to his far left. His jury? His judges? His amused witnesses? Again, after two slowly sipped drinks, he jumped to his feet between rage and regret just as she appeared in the doorway. For a moment, she stood there motionless, then slowly descended to the level of the bar, edging between the tables toward him with "So we meet again, Mr. Swinburne," sat, began calmly to deglove. Of the precious ten minutes she allowed him that night, he could afterward recall clearly only one sequence, which he initiated:

"Did they ask if we were related?"

"No. And I did not vouchsafe. You could be only one of two things."

He worked it out.

"Or I could be a new friend?"



"I'll say he's a smart lawyer—got three ex-wives paying him alimony!"



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"Here? So briefly?"

"Did they say nothing at all about me?"

"Mrs. King said, 'He looks like a priest, all in black, even to the hat.' I said that the first time I met you seven years ago, here, you were dressed in the colors of the rainbow. I left them guessing. I said, 'Maybe he has become a priest since then.' " Ten seconds' silence, looking at each other. She swallowed her last piece of ice, put down her glass smartly, picked up her gloves and handbag, rose, said, "Have you?" and turned to go.

He winced but held her hand to beg for next Monday. He pleaded for it. They had talked so very little. "And I have nowhere else to go."

"Except," she said sympathetically, "back? All right. Then they *will* know!" and left him for her beaming friends.

In this fashion, he continued to meet her every week into the first green promises of spring, until by early May these extemporaneous meetings took on the character of regular assignations and, since they were never mentioned at home, the clandestine air of a double life. He looked forward to these encounters more and more eagerly. As we say, he lived for them, suspected that she enjoyed them equally, noted with excitement that they extended themselves on occasion to 15 minutes, even to nearly 20 minutes and on one memorable night to fully 25 minutes, this being the night when he asked for her opinion as to which of her club's Seven Cs of marriage was the most important of all. She answered promptly.

"The first three, of course. Concupis-

cence, Comradeship and Contact. Some people think Comradeship comes first, but that is just Con disguising itself as Com. Kids inevitably follow. Then Cash edges forward. Then more and more need arises for high Cunning. But on all occasions thereafter, there is the need for not caring a damn, for the indifference of a divorce-court judge."

Naturally, they started to argue, and they might have gone on arguing if she had not suddenly become aware of radiations of impatience from across the room.

The next morning, she said, "May I have the marmalade, please? Thank you." But then, as lightly as she pasted the preserve on her toast, she added, "By the way, I understood you to say some time ago that your art class meets twice a week. My bridge club is proposing to meet on Mondays and Fridays." He at once decided that their relations had completely changed.

On that following Friday, the women's alcove contained only two elderly men drinking stout. His chest swelled with triumph. She arrived on time. Unasked, he clicked his fingers for the bar attendant and ordered their drinks. Presently, he observed with a tolerant amusement at the transparency of the feminine mind that the conversation had returned to last Monday's question about the primacy in marriage of feelings of fellowship or of desire, to which she referred as "passion" and rather brazenly (he thought) as "lust." In the course of their conversation, she said:

"Of course, in all this, one should first agree about the general principle of the thing. I mean, is it not all largely a

question of what in life one most believes in? In poetry or in prose? I happen to see the world as a complex of things beyond all understanding, far too bewildering to be confined or defined by human laws or rules, shalls and shalt nots. I look at it all as a miracle and a mystery, a place of beauty and horror, a spring flower, a tree in bud, a dead child, a husband dying of cancer—Mrs. Aitch's boozy husband is dying that way, and she has fallen in love with him again—a lottery like the Irish Sweep, chance, fate, the gods, God, the Madonna, love, lust, passion, a baby at the breast. Everything is one thing. That is why I love to have flowers for the Madonna who had a baby, miraculously according to you, not that it matters how she had it, why I rise in the morning for the first dark Mass, where they celebrate again the execution of a god, or of God, not that that matters either, why I like to go in the evening for the last benediction before the dark night, why I let that friend of mine whom I loved years ago go to bed with me because I thought he saw life the way I do, a poem that anybody can read and that nobody can understand."

Staring at her, taken again by her passion, yes, he could remember those wild talks during that year of blissful agony before. . .

"Alas!" she smiled her hurt smile. "When we got married, he changed. Looking at him then, I was often reminded of the marvelous thing Keats once said about the greatest quality any human being can possess—the power to live in wonder and uncertainty, mystery and doubt, without ever reaching out after fact and reason. My friend turned out to be a man always looking for fact and reason, a lawmaker, a lawgiver, a law explainer, a policeman, a judge, a prosman, a prosy priest longing for his pulpit."

The bar's chatter, rumble, clinking, talk, laughing stopped dead. Silence. Then:

"Did you never consider, Miss Wilcox, that this friend of yours may nevertheless have once dearly loved you?"

She pounced.

"Once? Yes. Once! One night in my aunt's house in Ranelagh while she was on holidays in County Cork with her sister. For a whole year after that night, my wild lover wandered around and around in his head in search of fact and reason. I," she smiled crookedly, "was left waiting for more of the poetry."

Unguardedly, he laid a hand on her hand, said, "Ellie!" saw that he had blundered, withdrew. There was a staring silence. Then she looked at the ceiling as if she were listening to a plane passing over Dublin, looked at him once again, pushed back her cuff from her



"Goddamn it, Tim, you said this was a 'bring your own' party!"



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wristlet watch with her index finger, seized her bag and rose.

"You have reminded me, Mr. Swinburne. I promised my Auntie Nan to keep an eye on her little house in Ranelagh while she is gone to Derbyshire to stay with a niece. Would you mind leaving me there on your way home?"

He threw up his palms. Outside, it was raining. They did not speak in their car. She became proprietress of his homburg hat, nursing it on her lap. When they arrived outside the tiny red-brick house, he offered Miss Wilcox to wait and drive her to wherever she lived, it was no night for busing, she had no hope of getting a taxi. She said that that would be most kind of him. "But do come in! This is real rain," and clapped his black hat comically on her head and ran through the rain beside the new-mown patch of grass. He was relieved to see her laughing gaily at him as he also ran, hatless and stooped, through the rain. She left him in the parlor while she went off to do her checking, room by room. He could recognize only two items in the parlor: the aquatint of Christ with the Samaritan woman at the well, its frame painted in ugly commercial gilt (his mind clicked, "They shall not thirst anymore"), and the corded old sofa where he had put his arms around her for the first time. He heard her steps on the linoleum overhead. The photograph of a bearded man on the mantelpiece. What relative? He went into the kitchen. Her aunt's kingdom. An antique iron range. A stoneware sink. A crucifix. Tidy. Cold. He wandered to the stairs. On its side walls, lithographs of castles. He identified Ross Castle in Killarney. Then Blarney Castle in Cork. He paused longest at Reginald's Tower in Waterford, still seeing that corded sofa in the parlor. It had been raining that night, too. That, too, had been May. Through a little shower they had raced for the door.

From the front bedroom, she called him. "Mr. Ess?" When he reached the half-open door, he saw through the vertical aperture between the paneled door and its jamb an object that he recalled clearly, and with emotion, a tall mirror so mounted on its mahogany frame as to be able to tilt forward or backward. In this *cheval* mirror he had, that first night, first seen her completely undressed. Now, modestly undressed, in black bikini and black brassiere, she was smiling into the mirror in the direction of the slowly opening door. He entered, became aware that she was deliberately modeling female allurements, his hat tilted on her head, one wrist back-twisted on her left hip, right knee forward, the other hand airily held aloft.

"Well?" she invited him in the mirror with her minx's smile. "Do you really still love me?"

Between incomprehension and revelation, desire, and revulsion, passion and despair, he gestured wildly around the room. Over the bed head in black and white, Pope Pius X in black and white stared like an intolerant boy from under black eyebrows. His mind clicked: Giuseppe Sarto, that bitter antimodernist. By the bed on the wall, a holy-water font. Last thing before sleep. His mind clicked: daring seminarian joke—*Here I lay me down to sleep, upon my little bed; but if I die before I wake, how will I know that I am dead?* On the dressing table, a tiny Infant of Prague, gaudy, pyramidal, pagan.

"Yes!" he said defiantly. "I do still love you. But not this way! Not here! Where everything smells of spinsters and sanctity!"

She turned to him. She handed him back his black hat. He was prepared for her to spit that there is no other way; or that "This room was once heaven to you." If she had said that, he would have said, "Yes! But then I was defying it, now I would be accepting it." Or she might in a sad memory of lost hope say nothing. She said nothing. She looked from his eyes to his feet, and from his feet up to his eyes, and with one fast swing of her fist, she crashed him across the face. Her engagement ring drew a red line in blood across his jaw. He returned the blow, they grappled, swaying and stumbling, screaming bitch and bastard, fell across the bed, where her nails tore at his face until he found himself mastering her on her back and suddenly she was kissing his slaving mouth and groaning over and over, "Give it to me."

Whether it was the morning sun mil-larding through the window into his face or the boom of a plane just taken off from Dublin, or the sound of a neighboring church bell that woke him, he found himself sitting up in bed startled, bewildered until he was calmed and fully informed by a hand stroking his bare back and her voice soothing him with "It is all right, Swinny! This is Saturday. Neither of us has to work." He sank back on the pillow, closed his eyes, remembered, turned his head toward her face on her palm on her pillow watching him quizzically. Beyond her on the floor, he saw his homburg hat battered flat.

"I'm starving," he announced querulously.

"Love always does that."

Always?

"Can we have breakfast?"

"Here? There's nothing in this house. No bread, milk, butter. Nothing. Water and power turned off. No shave, no shower. Where do you live, Swinny? Let's have brekker in your place."

At this inane question, his eyes wid-

ened. His lips tightened. He could say, "What the hell is this game you are playing?" or, "I am sick and tired of this fal-lal," or, "How long more are we going to act the parts of cat and mouse?" He said sourly, "I live near Ballybrack. Half an hour away."

While they were hurrying into their clothes, she rudely toed his black hat with, "You might as well throw that out."

He lifted it, dusted it affectionately, punched it, said, "One never knows," and put it on. "Hadn't we better make the bed?" he asked in his disciplined way.

She waved a paw. "She won't be back for a week: I'll drop in someday."

He held her wrist when she was unlocking the street door. "The neighbors?"

She ushered him out. "You are the gas-man come to measure the meter."

He took the six-lane Bray Road. She murmured, "I am still sleepy," and leaned back her head and closed her eyes. The morning traffic was floating inward on his right. His outward lane was empty. He would be home in 20 minutes. He pondered the coming confrontation.

Home, she silently prepared breakfast while he showered and shaved, phrasing his ultimatum to his mirror. His cheek received a slim strip of plaster. Back in the kitchen, he found a changeling who spoke silently, as all long-marrieds can, ignoring words, hearing thoughts, interpreting silence, speaking runes. He sat to table and waited for it. Her open palm politely indicated his dish of marmalade. His belly went red with rage. He accepted the challenge. He withheld his marmalade. She looked at him mildly. He yielded the dish and waited. Slowly and seductively, she stroked his marmalade to and fro. Do come a little early. Before the others. My aunt will not be home until Saturday. He was almost certain that the extreme corner of her upper lip stirred. A speck of marmalade clung to her cheek. It made her look agreeably silly. He rubbed brisk palms, grabbed three slices of toast, surveyed his favorite dish of bacon and tomatoes, poured himself coffee, faced a hearty breakfast. But wait! Hold it! Half a sec! This woman? His fists closed like castles on either side of his breakfast. Who is she? My wife? Somebody else's? Nobody's? Is she a bit crazy? Does she mean all this? His memory clicked. Who said "Love is a mood to a man, to a woman life or death"? It was Ella Wheeler Wilcox! Without raising her eyes or ceasing to munch her toast, she slowly pushed the marmalade back to him. He considered the move, and her. The snippet of marmalade kept seductively moving up and down. Pensively, he plastered his toast, began to eat and eat his fill. She watched him impassively.

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"Now, that's what I call hung by the chimney. . . ."

"Actress/model Lauren Hutton was a Bunny in our New York Club; so was Blondie's Deborah Harry."

Paul Harvey heard of the game plan, he huffed over the nation's airwaves that Bunnies were unfit company for such an endeavor. Retorted Gary Post-Tribune columnist Oliver Starr, Jr.: "It seems to me that a group of girls who want to give their time to help out a paraplegic boy can't be all bad (in fact, on close inspection, I can say they aren't half bad)."

Harvey's quibbles notwithstanding, the game was held and some \$2000 raised to equip the Brock home so that Tip could be released from the hospital.

Some of the anti-Bunny business has, over the years, been more troublesome. New York's Playboy Club opened its doors in 1962, but not without problems. The city's license commissioner at one point refused to grant the Club a cabaret license because he objected to its "scantily clad waitresses." His decision was overruled by New York State Supreme Court Justice Arthur G. Klein, who declared in a ruling remarkably free of legalese: "It is not incumbent upon the petitioner to dress its female employees in middy blouses, gymnasium bloomers,

turtleneck sweaters, fisherman's hip boots or ankle-length overcoats."

When petitioning to open Playboy of Boston in 1963, Club executives took a Bunny from New York along with them to show just what Bunnies would be wearing on Beantown's Park Square. Geraldine Doherty, 19, was a local girl and a graduate of Our Lady of Presentation High School, but that cut no ice with the Boston Licensing Board. When Bunny Geraldine opened her raincoat, board member Timothy Tobin turned his face to the wall for the remainder of the proceedings. The vote went against Playboy, prompting a cartoonist for *The Boston Herald* to draw a waitress garbed in fur from head to toe, complete with tail larger than she, captioned: "Rumor hath it a new key club will open here with waitresses costumed in the seemly manner of Boston Common squirrels."

Some three years later, Playboy of Boston finally opened its doors. Meanwhile, there had been anti-Bunny campaigns in Detroit and San Francisco. The latter city's police chief, Thomas Cahill, told the press that he was "concerned about a

club with flimsily dressed girls operating behind closed doors. The police couldn't get easy access to check the action."

Whereupon columnist Jim Elliott pointed out that police carrying proper identification would have no problem entering the Club: "so maybe Chief Cahill is not so worried about getting his officers in as he is about getting them back out again."

The best retort to all such criticism was voiced by Candy Humplries D'Amato, an ex-Bunny turned real-estate broker. Interviewed at a Bunny reunion some years later by Dick Roraback of the *Los Angeles Times*, she said: "I think every woman's secret desire is to try on a Bunny suit, but they're just not liberated enough. Yes, liberated. It wasn't the Bunnies who were being exploited, you know, not with *our* incomes. I worked as a bank teller before I became a Bunny, and I'll tell you what exploitation is. Exploitation is working for \$250 a month."

Even in the early Sixties, when the average working woman was lucky to take home half that amount, a Bunny often made \$250 a week. Money has always been a major factor in Bunny recruitment. So have the job's flexible hours, which facilitate scheduling college classes—many a Bunny has earned a degree by day through table-hopping at night—modeling jobs, even child care. Some of those children, incidentally, have grown up to be Bunnies themselves. Playmate/Bunny Connie Mason's daughter Elise worked in the New York Club; Great Gorge Bunny Mother Sandra Schiffer, herself an ex-Bunny, has a daughter who works as a cottontail at the resort during vacations from college. London Bunny Jade Lawrence's daughter Tracey joined her in uniform at the Park Lane hutch this year, and at the Chicago Club, both Bunnies Cynthia Goodwin and Venice Kong are the daughters of former cottontails Helen Goodwin and Barbara Anderson.

Ranking right up there with economics and convenience in attracting young women to Bunnydom is the opportunity to rub elbows with celebrities—or to become one. More than 100 Bunnies have been featured as PLAYBOY Playmates, for starters. Actress/model Lauren Hutton was a Bunny in our New York Club; so was Blondie's Deborah Harry. Susan Sullivan, star of ABC-TV's new series *It's a Living*, spent three years at our Club on Manhattan's East 59th Street before landing such plum TV roles as that of Peter Strauss's lawyer girlfriend in *Rich Man, Poor Man* and the title role in *Julie Farr, M.D.* Susan, who used to surprise keyholders by quoting Shakespeare, expressed fond memories of





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Playboy to Bob Newhart when he interviewed her earlier this year during a stint as guest host for Johnny Carson. "They made you feel you were very, very special," she said, "trained you to think that you were a goddess."

Another Gotham Bunny, Jackie Zeman, met and wed disc jockey Murray the K Kaufman while working there—then moved to the West Coast and a role as the soap-opera siren Bobbie Spencer of *General Hospital*. Los Angeles Bunny Lynne Moody played Alex Haley's great-grandmother on both *Roots* miniseries, while on the big screen, her fellow Angeleno Maria Richwine was Buddy's wife in *The Buddy Holly Story*. Carol Cleveland, the blonde regular of the Monty Python troupe, was a London Bunny. New York Bunny Gloria Hendry got the chance to bed James Bond (Roger Moore) in *Live and Let Die*; she also appeared in *Black Belt Jones*, *Black Caesar* and *Hit Man*. More recently, another black Bunny from New York, Dana Valentien, was featured in *Night of the Juggler* with James Brolin. Among other Bunnies who have appeared in films are London's Katy Mirza and Anika Pavel, L.A.'s Joyce Williams, Anazette Williams, Wini Winston, Syleste Michaels and Chere Bryson.

Playmate-Bunnies have often star-spangled the screen. China Lee (Miss August 1964) played the title role in the Woody Allen spoof *What's Up Tiger Lily?* Miss December 1968, Cynthia Myers, and Miss May 1966, Dolly Read, both starred in Russ Meyer's lighthearted cult classic *Beyond the Valley of the Dolls*. Sharon Clark, the 1971 Playmate of the Year, who became a Los Angeles Bunny, won plaudits for her starring role in *Lifeguard* a couple of years ago; another centerfold cottontail, New Orleans' Laura Misch (Miss February 1975), has been seen in *Mandingo*, *Hard Times* and *French Quarter*; L.A.'s Astrid Schulz, Miss September 1964, had a role in *A House Is Not a Home*.

Latest of the gatefold/Bunny sisterhood to gain stardom was 1980 Playmate of the Year Dorothy Stratten, whose career was tragically cut short last summer; she starred in *Galaxina* and in Peter Bogdanovich's yet-to-be-released *They All Laughed*, after having made her film debut, in *Americathon*, as a Bunny.

In the celebrity-cottontail category, feminist leader Gloria Steinem occupies a special niche. Back in 1963, on assignment for *Show* magazine and using the name Marie Ochs, she signed up for Bunny training in the New York Club, spent four weeks there—and wrote what was probably intended to be a lurid exposé for that magazine. *A Bunny's Tale* made Gloria Steinem—and, interestingly, boosted recruiting for the Clubs.

Barbara Walters also donned Bunny ears for a story, but she did it on the up

and up; her report appeared on the *Today* show in January 1963. Noted Barbara on the air: "I felt pretty awkward, but at least I didn't spill anything on the customers. . . . Later, when I left the Club, the doorman asked me if I wasn't taking off early. 'Well,' I replied, rather grandly, 'after all, I'm not really a Bunny—I'm a reporter for the National Broadcasting Company.' 'Gee,' he said, 'you could have fooled me.' And you know something, Hugh [Downs], I must admit that secretly I think I was kind of pleased."

Until 1975, when they picketed for and obtained "Bunny Lib," Bunnies were not allowed to date the keyholders they met in the Club. The idea was a chivalrous, perhaps old-fashioned one: to protect the Bunnies from harassment. Despite the prohibition, though, a number of them not only dated but married celebrities. China Lee, who as training Bunny in a half-dozen Clubs put hundreds of prospective cottontails through their paces, wed comic Mort Sahl; Dolly Read, one of six girls sent over from Britain to train as the nucleus of our London cottontail corps, is now the wife of comedian Dick (*Laugh-In*) Martin; both are popular game-show guests.

Los Angeles Bunny Maria Roach, the daughter of producer Hal, married astronaut Scott Carpenter. Christa Speck, a Chicago Bunny and September 1961 Playmate, is the wife of producer Marty Krofft, who got his start as a puppeteer and most recently brought *Middle Age Crazy* to the screen. Sara Lownds Dylan, Bob's ex, was a Bunny; singer Buddy Greco's wife, Jackie Sabatino, was a St. Louis Bunny of the Year. And the former bad boy of tennis, Jimmy Connors, attributes his present, more sedate lifestyle to the support of his wife (and mother of his child), St. Louis Bunny Patti McGuire, our Playmate of the Year for 1977.

Bunny alumnae have moved on into successful business careers, too, often making use of the know-how they learned in the Clubs. Real-estate mogul Sue Gin, named one of Chicago's ten most eligible women by the *Chicago Tribune*, is a good example. Since leaving the Club in 1964, Sue has pioneered in condominium sales and loft conversions, opened a French provincial restaurant, even helped organize the city's first *Do-It-Yourself Messiah*.

Peg Dameron, also an early Chicago Bunny, parlayed her expertise into a successful training school for cocktail



"I do believe you're right! That little mechanical elf back in the corner is playing with himself."

waitresses in California's Orange County. Boston's Beverly Veseleny has been a detective on that city's police force for nearly eight years; since passing the bar in 1977, she has also become assistant legal counsel to the Boston police commissioner. One of Chicago's first Bunnies, Carole Martin, now runs, with her husband, Chuck Gold, the stables at Playboy's Lake Geneva Resort and Country Club. In the nearby town of Lake Geneva, Wisconsin, ex-Bunny Dana Montana has executed the ultimate role reversal: She owns the Sugar Shack, a night club featuring male go-go dancers.

Male strippers are probably the one form of entertainment Playboy Clubs haven't offered over the years. The moment the Clubs began expanding beyond Chicago—first to Miami and New Orleans, later to other cities, with a current total of 19—they began to acquire a reputation as incubators of talent. As early as 1961, a *Variety* headline predicted Playboy was about to become the "BIGGEST VAUDE LOOP SINCE RKO."

First nationally known talent to get his big break at Playboy was comic Dick Gregory, whose January 1961 appearance in the Chicago hutch set him on the road to stardom. Gregory, like Slappy White, Nipsey Russell, Redd Foxx and George Kirby, who followed him to the Playboy circuit, had been limited previously to working what were then known as "Negro night clubs." Not too long before, in fact, Gregory had been earning ten dollars a night at the Club Esquire on Chicago's South Side. His Playboy debut, which started out to be a one-night fill-in, stretched to a five-week engagement and a *Time* story that noted that he was "just getting started on what may be one of the more significant careers in American show business."

A check back into Playboy records reveals an amazing variety of entertainers who got their start—or at least an important career boost—at Playboy. Professor Irwin Corey, the World's Foremost Authority, opened in Chicago in June 1960 and went on to play almost everywhere. Damita Jo headlined at the Los Angeles, New York, Kansas City, Chicago, St. Louis, Detroit and Cincinnati Clubs early on. Impressionist Rich Little was booked in Miami in 1964, political satirist Mark Russell in New Orleans in 1965. Singers Adam Wade, Johnny Janis, Lana Cantrell and even Billy Dee Williams (described in a January 1962 Playboy press release as a "rising young vocalist" toward the bottom of a bill headlined by Homer & Jethro) took early steps to stardom at Playboy. Everybody knows Williams in his latest incarnation as Lando Calrissian in *The Empire Strikes Back*, sequel to *Star Wars*; few know that Nichelle Nichols, who plays Lieutenant Uhura in both TV and movie

versions of *Star Trek*, was also a 1961 Playboy attraction. Oddly enough, Nichelle had played in a short-lived musical satire on PLAYBOY, *Kicks & Co.*; in its first-night audience was one Hugh M. Hefner, who immediately booked Nichols into the Chicago Club.

An item in the February 6, 1961, *Billboard* mentions "Aretha Franklin, Columbia's recently signed 18-year-old thrush, currently having a picnic at Chicago's Playboy Club." The same column reported that the comedy team of Burns and Carlin was working the Playboy circuit; George Carlin subsequently left Jack Burns (himself later to team with Avery Schreiber) and went off on his own to new heights of comedy success.

Ronnie Milsap, now celebrated as a country-and-western star, had just gotten his first combo together when he signed to play at the Atlanta Playboy Club in 1967. "We played everything," he recalls. "Jazz, country, blues, classical, Broadway. I really enjoyed it." Milsap spent eight months with Playboy, at Atlanta and Lake Geneva, before settling into the Nashville groove.

In 1971, an unknown comedian, Gabe Kaplan, appeared as a warm-up act for singer Morgana King at the Chicago Playboy Club. Back this year for a special ten-day engagement, Kaplan observed: "It's great to be here, trying out a lot of new things. I can't really do this when I play Las Vegas; the people in the audience won't indulge the creativity."

Over the years, as tastes in entertainment have changed, doomsayers have been predicting the demise of the Clubs and, with them, the Bunny.

But in the past few years, the Clubs have started expanding again and seem on the verge of yet another boom. Bunnies now hop in Japan (Tokyo, Sapporo, Osaka, Nagoya), Manila and San José, Costa Rica, as well as in London, Portsmouth and Manchester, England. Mainland Clubs are located in Chicago, Cincinnati, Los Angeles, Miami, New York, Phoenix, Dallas and St. Louis, as well as at the two resort properties. Playboy operates a casino in Nassau, and a multimillion-dollar hotel and proposed casino is due to open shortly in Atlantic City. One of the first totally new casinos on the famed Boardwalk, it's a joint project of Playboy Enterprises, Inc., and the Elsinore Corporation, an affiliate of the Hyatt hotel chain.

And the Clubs, both established and projected, are getting a new look: In the cabaret rooms, the Cabaret Bunny (herself an important part of the show) is appearing in a new, more feminine, ruffled outfit. When it was introduced at the Los Angeles Club in July of this year, the new garb, predictably, produced oceans of ink around the world. "Sexy," "more alluring," "can't stop

looking," proclaimed the press. A. James Lisak of the Van Nuys, California, *Valley News*, wrote: "Miss Kitty might have worn it to impress Matt Dillon in a setting considerably more amorous than the Long Branch Saloon."

That doesn't mean the standard costume is being discontinued, even though Britain's Prince Charles, among others, has called it old-fashioned. Counters Victor Lowmes: "Nobody ever says Mickey Mouse's costume is out of date, and our Bunny is as much our symbol as Mickey is Disney's."

Jeri Ness, a Chicago Bunny since March 1979, agrees: "I'm surprised how infatuated people still are with the Bunny image. When you go on a promotion in Bunny costume, they treat you like a little movie star."

A few women, of course, turn up feminist noses at Jeri, posing questions in the "Why are you letting them do this to you?" vein.

"I tell them I have two degrees, a bachelor's and a master's, in English lit, and I don't have to work as a Bunny, but I want to. It's a fantasy; it's fun; I meet exciting people and I make money. Ten years from now, I'll use my degrees."

"Some things never change," Jeri observes. "Men are always going to want to look at pretty girls and women are going to want to look at them, too. It's every woman's fantasy to try on the Bunny suit."

It's a chance few women are likely to get. The Bunny Costume was the first ever to be registered as a service mark with the U. S. Patent Office, and its construction details are a carefully guarded secret. Old Bunny Costumes aren't retired, they're shredded. Imitations crop up everywhere, at masquerade balls, Halloween parties and amateur theatricals. Gerald Fisher, proprietor of a thriving costume shop in rural St. Charles, Illinois, says unhesitatingly that a simulated Bunny getup is his all-time top seller.

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After 20 years, obviously, the Bunnies exert much of the same fascination they always have. Alert lensmen at Epsom Downs turned away from courtiers and other notables at 1978's Derby Day to snap a surprised Queen Elizabeth accepting a daisy from London Bunny Louise Palmer; early this year, other photogs rushed to photograph Bunny Louise greeting Prince Philip at a Sportsmen's Club charity event with the comment, "I'm sorry I startled your wife the last time I met her." Both photos ran all over the world, an unlikely circumstance if Miss Palmer had been anything but a Bunny. In a Bunny's life, that's not unusual. Times change; Bunnies endure.



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"For more than six years, 400 members of SAVAK trained at CIA headquarters at Langley, Virginia."

perfect English. She apologized that there weren't more students to greet me; they were in the other cities where the hostages had been taken after the rescue raid. If they were hiding some of them in the embassy, you couldn't prove it by me. The place was so huge you could have lost the White House in it.

We talked in the library, which looked like a classroom. The walls were covered with pictures of people tortured during the shah's regime. The photos, some in black and white, others in color, were all taken at the morgue: eyes bulging, brains exposed, testicles cut, holes in bodies. Horrible sights. I was told that

was done by the American-trained SAVAK, which was used to prop up the shah after his popular support declined. They showed me documents indicating that between 1961 and 1973 American taxpayers provided more than \$1,700,000 in training and equipment for 179 high-ranking Iranian police officers. And for more than six years, 400 members of SAVAK were trained at CIA headquarters at Langley, Virginia.

We discussed my hostage plan, and Sadeh was surprised that the students were so cordial. It was apparently the first time anyone had told them what to do with the hostages. I never felt the

hostages were in any danger from the students, who exhibited no hostility toward their captives. But the students sure seemed to want to zap Carter, the CIA and the U. S. Government.

There is a picture in the embassy of Jimmy Carter as a rat, talking to the shah, also depicted as a rat, standing on a dead body. The Carter rat is grinning and saying, "You're on the right path; continue." This refers to Black Friday—the day hundreds, perhaps thousands, were killed when government troops opened fire on anti-shah demonstrators. Shortly after the carnage, Carter called the shah and indicated that he backed him 100 percent. Nothing could have shocked the students more than that call. Carter had talked so much about human rights the students thought things had changed.

It was like blacks' not being disappointed by anything Nixon did but being extremely hurt by Carter because they believed in him. To Iranians, human rights were like L.B.J.'s Great Society was to blacks. But at no time did L.B.J. let blacks down like Carter let the masses of Iranians down.

The students didn't give the impression that they wanted revenge in taking the hostages. They just wanted to show the world—including the Vatican, which had remained silent—how the Iranian people had been hurt.

SANCTIONS

In November 1979, U. S. longshoremen began holding up food shipments to Iran, and in April 1980, President Carter called for an embargo on most shipments to Iran. Well, even though I read that when I was back home, most made-in-U. S. products were in abundance when I got here April 20. Winstons, Marlboros, Pepsis are as available here as in the States. Supermarket shelves are jammed with Sara Lee cakes, frozen pizzas, Pillsbury fudge-brownie mix, Carnation milk, Gerber's baby food—as well as instant grits, a popular item around Jimmy Carter's White House. Laundry detergents, such as Tide, are hard to find, so people line up to get them like wealthy Americans might queue up for Havana cigars or caviar.

From where I sit, it's no small wonder our European allies didn't want to cooperate with Carter's call for an embargo. Everybody knew the U. S. was shipping to Iran through middlemen in third countries, such as Greece and Dubai. Iranian government officials told me that banned computer parts and some 66,000 tons of rice from America have reached these shores through Dubai.

Iranians thought that whole exercise was a joke. An official told me, "We wish the sanctions would work. We'd like to get rid of the Western influence



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without making our women mad. We'd love to see the lipstick and the short skirts disappear, as well as the sex novels in the bookstores. Too bad it's not working."

The Common Market countries did agree not to enter into any new contracts with Iran, but were not willing to abort projects in the works prior to the embassy take-over in November 1979. Iran is undergoing a massive building program, doing the things it couldn't do when the shah was draining the treasury for military hardware. Everybody had been trying to get a piece of the action: The Italians have contracts worth three billion dollars to build a gulf port; the West Germans are selling steel and digging copper mines to help divert the economy from its dependence on oil, which will someday run out; and the Japanese contractors are building a 3.4-billion-dollar petrochemical plant. Bids are coming in from many countries to construct low-income prefabricated housing. The British auto firm Talbot, formerly a Chrysler subsidiary, has a \$300,000,000 order for car kits.

But the U. S. had its own economic plan for Iran, as outlined in embassy documents dated June 3, 1979. The report said the first priority was to build a strong market position, which called for "considerable and imaginative assistance by embassy staff to individual American businessmen." In addition to normal service, the businessmen could receive advance work, appointment scheduling and translation services. Iranians always stress the U. S. contribution to the demise of their agricultural base. The documents stated that U. S. agribusiness would now begin to rebuild the Iranian base it had helped destroy. It would also supply low-income housing, as well as air conditioning.

So after we screw up their economy, we want to grow richer fixing it up. The U. S. still thinks it will be business as usual. In some areas, such as the military, that may be the case. But the Iranians are left with the choice of turning to the U. S. or going to the Soviet Union to straighten out the things the U. S. helped mess up.

THE MILITARY

The shah and the U. S. had a great hustle going. He frittered away billions of dollars in oil income on fancy military gadgets, many of them unnecessary. Washington encouraged this because of its need to recoup the cost of imported Iranian oil and to further transform Iran into its deputy sheriff in the Middle East.

State Department documents, given to me by the students, said, "The F-14 Tomcat and the four Spruance Class 963 destroyers ordered by Iran are more

sophisticated than the versions currently used in the U. S. They will be of no use to the Iranians for another decade, and by then they might be obsolete."

The Spruance destroyers were ordered with automated air-defense radar systems far more advanced than those installed in similar U. S. Navy versions. Iran agreed to pay \$796,100,000 for four of them in 1978. The F-14 Tomcat fighter, with U. S. radar-guided Phoenix missiles and computerized firing controls, can maneuver at more than twice the speed of sound and can destroy six targets within a 100-mile radius at one time.

Iran doesn't have enough technicians who know how to use that junk. Their army is desperate for spare parts, which the U. S. is now not selling them. What does the army do then? It goes to Russia or the other Communist countries to order new equipment. Sounds like we're nudging Iran into the Communist camp.

Before the embassy take-over, the Iranian defense minister proposed selling the weapons back to the U. S., or at least calling on some of our military experts to train the Iranian technicians. With the U. S. record in Iran, I shudder to think what our response would have been.

Arms make strange bedfellows, don't they?

LABOR PANGS

Question: If my family took over Chicago—which I now paint as a town totally stacked against us, as Iran was under the shah—would we want the same judges, police and administrators running our new government? Probably not. We'd want to get rid of the people who were feared and hated, such as the K.K.K. and the Nazi Party. So it was with all the executions of SAVAK people and others after the revolution. I can't say I agree with everything I see, but it's a lot easier to understand by being here.

Remember the black-pride thing in the Sixties? We looked around and found we didn't control our neighborhoods. The majority of the businesses were white, as was the police department. The only things that we controlled were the negatives, such as alcohol and drugs, to drag our race down. It's the same here. This country was always controlled by the superpowers, who took everything out. The people looked around and saw that all they had was an abundance of things that went against Iran.

What they seem to be doing is breaking a lot of dishes to get their new house in order. Some things are looked at as weird, and Westerners think this society is disintegrating. But we are actually witnessing the birth of a new baby. The

baby might grow into Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., or into the Mafia. It's too early to say.

Outside my window, about 30,000 people were throwing rocks at one another. It seemed like hundreds were firing weapons into the air. About 300 people were injured by bricks and bullets from Iranian army troops, who were supposed to be firing above the heads of the crowd. Maybe some of those folks were flying.

The injuries in this fracas between the Shiite and the Sunni Moslem factions were few compared with the 700 injured earlier in fighting between leftist students and right-wing Moslems at Shiraz University. Some people want to compare this to the riots in Miami—to anarchy that will bring down the system. But these are just religious groups fighting among themselves, somewhat like the Catholics and the Protestants in Northern Ireland.

We look for logic in the new Islamic state, when we can't make sense of our own religious differences, and we've had a 200-year start as a nation. We have churches in America that have a symbol of a Jew on the cross but won't even admit a Jew into the Church. If Jesus were alive, he would have to leave the Church, because some people are comfortable only with a dead Jew hanging on the cross. Jimmy Carter's Christian church in Plains made more world-wide news by turning a black Christian away than did the religious riots in Iran. I'd say the Iranians have their problems, but we have ours, too.

This Moslem fighting may go on until the new Iran takes shape. Often it reminds me of a wedding where people are throwing bricks instead of rice. But, like at a wedding, nobody is ducking, as if the bricks don't hurt. I just don't understand that, but a lot of people didn't understand why thousands of people would walk up to the shah and say, "Shoot me," either.

That's because Westerners don't understand the reverence for martyrdom.

MY MAN SADEGH

I met Sadegh when I got here. In his role as deputy general of the foreign press and minister of foreign guidance, he had arranged the visas for me, the Reverend Charles A. Moore from Houston and Rock Newman from Washington. I suppose he got those gigs because of the 15 years he spent in the States. You know, he worked on Indian reservations in South Dakota. To me, that just shows how really hip he is.

I went to his house once, met his pregnant wife and his two-and-a-half-year-old son. We talked about the possibility of a war between our countries. They said they knew they could all be

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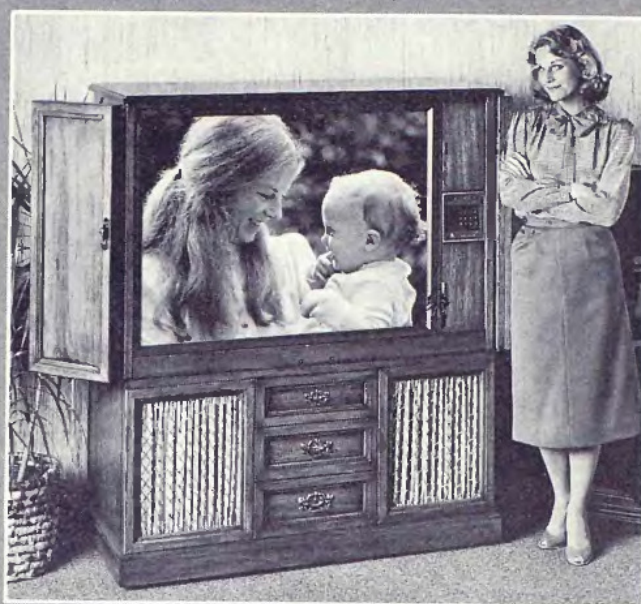
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blown up in two minutes but were prepared to die. (Back to this martyrdom thing again. I really don't think the Western mind has looked at it seriously enough. These folks are for real.)

Sadegh and I went everywhere together: to meet the imam, to meet the students holding the hostages, up to the mountains and even to the Behesht'e Zahra Cemetery. This cemetery looks like a Broadway play letting out, there are so many people coming to visit.

We used to go up into the Demavend Mountains to pray. Sadegh really got a kick out of the idea that I fasted, because they do a lot of that over here, too. We used to watch the moon and the stars, and laugh at the traffic below. Here, you can go through a red light as long as nothing is coming. Pedestrians don't wait for lights, they just walk out into the street. But I always stay on the curb. I can't speak Farsi, so I might end up in the hospital, telling them to take my liver out, when it was my ankle that needed attention. We'd talk about other differences between our two countries, the people, the things, the prices. Gas is only 30 cents a gallon over here.

We used to go to the movies. Saw one flick about how the CIA engineered the fall of Chile's Salvador Allende. The movie was one of those banned by the shah. It's really wild, though: these people are watching old films showing cowboys killing Indians, whites killing slaves, the Mafia waging war. The masses of Iranians don't understand that a lot of that stuff happened a long time ago.

RAMSEY AND PRIDE

If we succeed in toppling him one day, he will be judged by what he has done against my people's economy and cultural expression. The whole world will know of his crimes.
—AYATOLLAH KHOMEINI, May 9, 1976

Ramsey Clark and I thought about what the imam had said in *Le Monde* some four years earlier, while still in exile. Wasn't that prophetic? Ramsey and the American delegation to the Iranian-sponsored international conference on U.S. involvement in Iran are all sitting in my hotel room and staring out the window at the U.S. embassy. Clark basically repeated to me what he had said at the conference, that America should be big enough to apologize for its actions in support of the shah, who caused the death of so many.

I really think the U.S. needs a revolution of its own—a spiritual revolution. We are too proud. Pride leads to vanity, which makes us forget God. We must learn humility, but that does not mean we have to take a weak position. It means that in the eyes of God, we don't have to be overbearing. America doesn't have that problem by herself. Through fasting for more than 60 days in this

room, I discovered that I have it, too. But I'm going to do something about my pride-and-vanity thing.

Our pride reminds me of this story: During the Revolutionary War, a group of Colonial soldiers were piling lumber. The work was heavy and the squad was shorthanded. Supervising the work, but not moving, was a sergeant. A plainly dressed officer went up and asked the sergeant why he was not helping the men. "Why, I am the sergeant," he replied proudly. The other man took off his coat and began to help the men with the lumber. When the work was done, he put on his coat and started to leave. The sergeant stopped him and asked, "Who are you? What is your name?"

The man then stiffened into a salute and said, "General George Washington."

Ol' stupid, the one with all the pride, looked ridiculous, and he was. Proud and vain nations are like proud and vain people. They always look ridiculous. Soldiers never become saints. Let's first look for peace. Pride goes before the fall, and the voice of the cannon is the voice of God condemning vanity and pride.

THE NEW IRAN

Many Westerners have pointed to the decline in oil production as a sign of a breakdown of Iranian society. Yet that is actually one of the end products of the new Islamic state. During the first half of 1980, Iran exported only 5.4 billion dollars' worth of oil, as compared with some 15 billion dollars' worth for all of 1979. The only reason to keep exports high is to bank the money for the interest—and, as an Islamic state, Iran does not believe in interest. On Sunday, January 14, 1979, the Ayatollah said on CBS' *Face the Nation*: "As for banks, as you know, the interest is forbidden in Islam, and it is against the interest of the human being. We accept the banks, the banking system, but not the usury and interest."

Iran is two, maybe three or four societies side by side, and they all clash. What is Persian and what is Islam, what is Iranian and what is Western? All that clashing creates some strange results: A beautiful \$30,000,000 race track was closed down by the revolution, even after a court ruled that it was not against Islamic law to wager on horses. On the streets, women are wearing Western dresses and Western hair styles. Next to them are women covered in the traditional chador.

Casinos, prostitution and all other night life have been banned. The wineries have switched from making wine to making grape juice. Yet others say a bottle of the best Scotch can be bought on the street for \$100. When Khomeini closed the country's liquor distilleries, he created about 1000 white-lightnin'

basement stills, reminiscent of our Prohibition days.

Before the music ban, the streets were filled with music from car radios—ballads, instrumentals and rock. The Ayatollah banned much of it, saying, "We want music that lifts the spirit, as in marches, music that makes our youth move instead of paralyzing them, music that helps them care about their country." On the streets now, one hears revolutionary marches; but behind closed doors, some still dance and sing the old Persian songs.

In such a strict Islamic society, I was surprised by how many people were standing on the street, smoking cigarettes. The Black Muslims I know back in the States don't drink or smoke. They have been turned from their drug habits.

In building a new Iran, a committee has been set up to change the names of streets, schools and colleges to Islamic names. For example, before the revolution, many of the stores carried English names, often misspelled, such as "Eyeballoptic" and "General Shook Absorbers." All of that will be wiped away by the cultural revolution. There have been proposals to close the schools for two years until they can remove harmful, evil Western influences and improve teaching standards. A medical plan is also taking shape. It would require all Iranian doctors to provide free care to the poor one day a week, as well as volunteer their services in an underdeveloped area of the country one month a year.

Black people should have no trouble understanding the new Iran or the Islamic society. There have always been sanctified folk in the black communities. The Holy Rollers didn't smoke, dance, drink, wear lipstick or listen to rock-'n'-roll music. The women didn't wear pants or jewelry. We always thought they were crazy, but I recently went home to St. Louis, and the "crazy ol' Holy Rollers" were the only ones still making it. They didn't suffer from lung cancer, liver disease or drug addiction.

If America had listened to Malcolm X, we would all understand Iran. What Iran is saying about controlling itself is what Malcolm was saying about controlling our neighborhoods. He said Western society had been vicious to blacks, and Iran is saying it has been vicious to Iranians.

In any event, Iran seems to me like Rip van Winkle rising from a 20-year sleep. It doesn't know which direction it's facing—all it knows is it sees the sun. If it is facing East, the sun is rising and things are getting brighter. If it is facing West, the sun is setting and things are getting darker. We will know which it is in a few minutes.





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HOLDEN CAULFIELD

(continued from page 235)

"My highly recommended head counselor turned out to be a little too fond of the Junior Bluebirds."

reins there at International Tile & Siding. At the end, after all those years of patient grooming, Vern was *very* disappointed to learn that his daughter and I hated each other, and that I was going off to Vermont to start a summer camp, instead of taking up the old reins there at I.T. & S. when the time came and all.

My mother, who passed on suddenly about the same time Patty and I were going through the terminal stages of Modern Life, had left me an old abandoned summer camp in southern Vermont. She'd just inherited it a few years earlier from a favorite old uncle or something Dickensian like that. She'd gone there as a girl and took me there one day when I was a kid and I went nuts over it or something. I remember the baseball diamond had gone over to weeds, but you could still see just a trace of where the base paths had been. It was eerie. I liked it a lot. So, as moms will, Mom remembered and passed it on to me.

That's where D.B. found me two weeks ago, in fact. The camp idea never really *took*, shall we say. Especially the third and final year when my highly recommended head counselor, an ex-Air Force captain, turned out to be a little

too *fond* of the Junior Bluebirds and went from tucking them in at night to taking showers with six or seven at once before I caught him and had the sicko bastard put away. Messing with kids is just about the worst thing you can do, because they don't know anything yet—*everything's* still weird to them, so sometimes they can't tell the difference between weird and normal. Sometimes I wish I'd taken his head off with that shovel instead of calling the sheriff. That was also the year Rosemary the cook kept losing her glass eye in the vat of hot breakfast oatmeal, because at that hour she was generally still hung over, and not quite as fastidious as she was later in the day. By midseason, we had more staff members than campers. You don't want to hear about it.

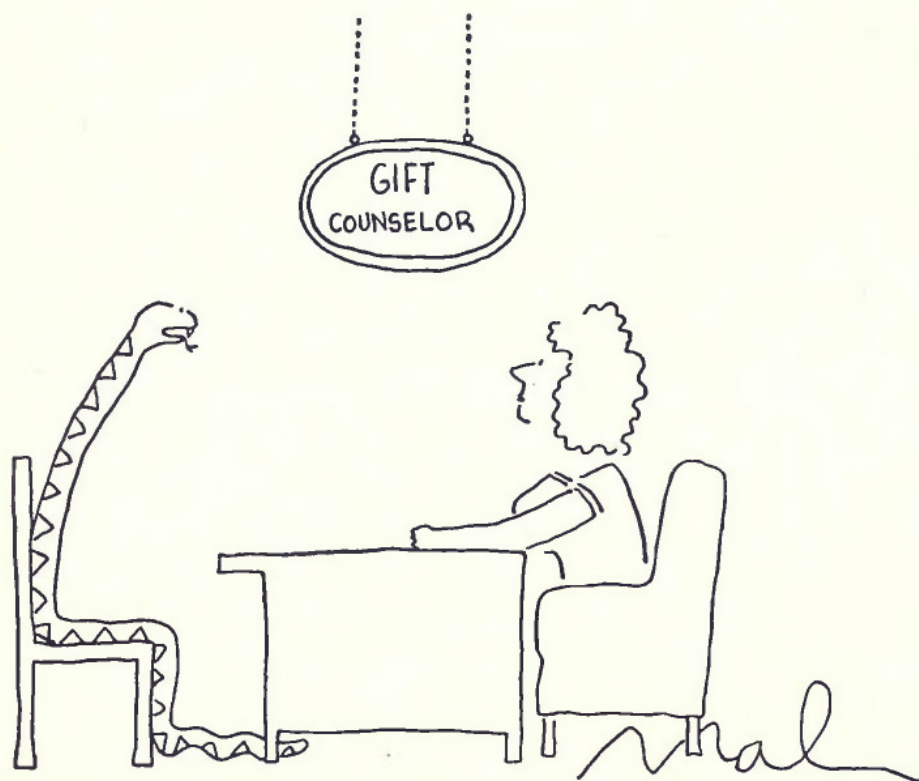
But I sort of just stayed on. I guess mainly because I couldn't think of a good reason to be anywhere else. In the winter, I lived in one of the cabins I insulated and put a wood-burning potbellied stove in. I read a lot and worked on my Thoreau routine. In the summer, I moved into the barnlike old mess hall, built of virgin pine years before what my father always referred to as the Great

War. It's a single high vaulted room with open beams and slanting golden cathedral light twice a day.

I was sitting at one of the old picnic tables consulting with a woodchuck when D.B. showed up to rescue me. The woodchuck was checking me out on hind legs from a table on the far side of the room. I was deep into a quart of Chivas—if you're going to starve, go in style, I always say—and was asking the woodchuck about my school bus. Whether, in his opinion, they'd taken away my school bus out of hate or malice. It had to be one or the other. All last spring, I didn't even take a salary, for Chrissakes, and was paying for the goddamn *gas* myself. This was after the North Somerset Village Council had voted to stick it to the Arabs and OPEC by doing away with my route through the lower hollow. Not enough kids to justify the cost. It just *happened* that that hollow was where all the poor white trash lived, with their dead old Frigidaires and gutted Chevy pickups belly up in front of their trailers, and their bony inbred mongrels running around all over the place. Where better to begin cost-cutting? So I volunteered to keep driving for free and to pay for the gas myself. But after a while, that was apparently too strange for the village, something a goddamn *Commie* or something would do. And so last month they came out and took away my school bus.

I'm really avoiding telling about this like a bastard, aren't I? I'm really sorry. Anyway, D.B. somehow got wind that I was sort of losing it again—probably from Phoebe, who is not to be trusted, in spite of all her Hippocratic oaths and credos—and came to lure me out to California, where I could be Rich and Famous, instead of sliding steadily downhill, as D.B. so kindly put it, like I'd been doing in the four or so years I'd been away from Patty and Cassie—and Potatoes, if the old furball hadn't used up all nine lives yet. I had to agree with D.B. that my track record out on my own *did* leave something to be desired. And the woodchuck was out of good answers regarding hate or malice. So I let myself be persuaded by D.B. to leave my glittering record as Director of Camp Child Abuse and Free-lance Commie School-Bus Driver behind me, to go west, unemployed middle-aged man, and begin life anew as an Official House Sitter. D.B. gave me all the same old cheery bullshit and then reminded me of something I hadn't forgotten—namely, that Cassie was out there in junior college now, and that she sometimes dropped in unexpectedly on Uncle D.B.

The truth is, and conniving old D.B. knew it, of course, it was the chance of seeing her that made up my mind for me. For reasons I'm not very proud of, Cassie and I have hardly seen each other



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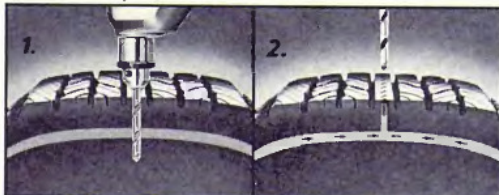
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or exchanged postcards since I moved out. I know it's my fault. I mean, I'm the one who's supposed to be the *adult*, right? But I can't seem to cut through that cool mask she always wears around me, so I usually end up screaming at her or crying or fleeing in search of nine martinis or something else a normal parent really wouldn't do.

So two nights ago, I was house-sitting in D.B.'s sunken living room, with a fireplace you could roast an entire cow in, doing what I usually do when I'm bored and lonely and depressed—watching television, listening to a call-in talk show on the radio and reading, with a

bottle of Scotch close at hand. Nothing unusual going on here, officer. Just keeping my options open.

On television, I was well into the annual Jerry Lewis telethon. By three A.M. or so, he was getting positively threatening. He improvised some ditty that went in part, "You're aggravating a tired guy!" You know, help these poor twisted kids or I'll guilt you to death. Then some creature wearing glasses on a real wax nose, who looked incredibly earnest if not dead, started ranting about a special task force that, when set loose, would cause a dramatic speed-up in pledges. Like he was *Feldherr* of the SS branch of

this charity or something. Lewis, meanwhile, was marching around with a lollipop in his mouth, short of breath, sweating, fuzzy around the eyes, moving right up on no control. I think it's nice of him to stage an annual public nervous breakdown for all of us, and I usually watch as much as I can take. Every year I hope that *this* time I'll get to see it live on television when he finally turns into a lizard once and for all.

The radio was even better. The talk-show guy was putting down kids who were repeat callers. He called this "the tyranny of the finger" and said it ought to be stopped. Then came a public-service ad that went, "When we lose a forest, we lose a lot more than meets the eye. And I oughta know. I'm Ray Charles."

Really. You can't make that kind of stuff up.

I was reading an organic-chemistry textbook Cassie had evidently left behind on her last visit. At least I hoped it was her last visit. She'd inscribed her name in the front, in that large, certain but somehow delicate script she has, and had meticulously underlined all the significant data in the first nine pages of the introduction before the burning flame of her curiosity was required elsewhere, never to return. I didn't blame her a bit. Chemistry used to bore me blind. I don't think I passed *one* chem course in any of those nine dozen schools I bounced through before my father finally gave up on me. But the other night, I was fascinated. It turns out chemistry's *funny*, for one thing, although they do their best to cover it up. They throw around all this solemn theoretical bullshit about empty yearning valence rings and dancing electrons tiptoeing through them and all—for which there is *no* observable proof, as far as I can see. They don't really know *why* any of this stuff happens, when you really get down to it. They just know that it *does*. Which is pretty funny, when you think about it.

So I was reading Cassie's book. I'd just gotten into the chapter on covalent bonds when I suddenly found myself crying. I'm always doing stupid shit like that. I was looking at this diagram of covalent oxygens and carbons, and reading about how this double bond is one of the strongest there is, and suddenly there were these little wet wrinkled circles all over the page. I couldn't help it. Something just hit me. I didn't really take the crying part very seriously, since it's been happening a lot lately. But it did make me think. Covalent bonds. Who ever had one?

I tried to drift off to sleep in the chair. Then I was in that weird twilight zone that isn't waking or dreaming, and I was seeing these ghostly diagrams of covalent bonds floating in front of me. In them, I was carbon to the oxygen of Patty and

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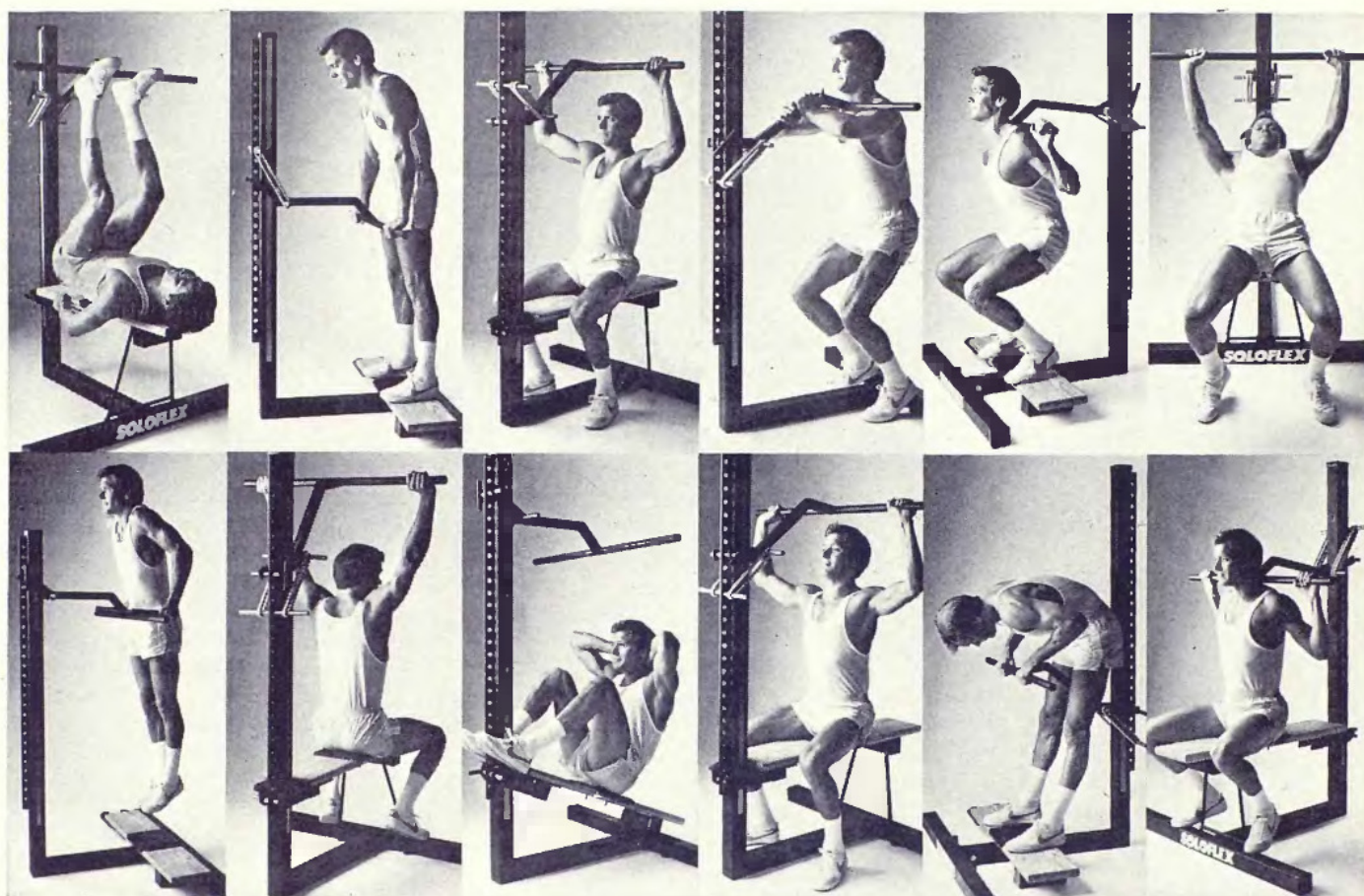
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Cassie and Potatoes. I *hate* things like that. And then Potatoes was sitting on my old desk, and Patty and I were into the final strangle holds of Modern Life.

Sometimes late at night, when I was feeling rotten and alone and totally betrayed by life, which was *most* nights then, Potatoes would jump up on my desk at the crucial metaphysical moment and give me a *blam!* to the forehead with his own, and then immediately start purring for all he was worth. It translated roughly as Hey, shithead, remember me? Quit feeling so sorry for yourself and give me a few right behind the ears. You want love and understanding? Blam! Blam! And he'd butt me in the forehead again, like a billy goat or something, and purr louder. You'd love Potatoes. "Also known as the Bear, he's the best damn cat that ever breathed air!" Muhammad Ali said that about him once. No, I'm just kidding.

But Potatoes is pretty terrific. He was originally half of the kitten team of *Meat* and Potatoes—but then Meat died and ruined the joke. The year we had the summer house near Woodstock—the final doomed compromise, as it proved, for Patty and me—Potatoes, after spending his entire young life inside a duplex overlooking the park, turned into this *great* fat black-and-white hunter. For *me*, I finally figured out. The first few times, I smacked him, lecturing on the merits of pacifism while beating him up. But he did it until I learned. This was in his *blood*. He was bringing me this parade of half-grown rabbits, squirrels, moles, songbirds, field mice—out of love. He was a *cat*, and that was the way he did things. Whether I liked it or not. One day, I was sitting on the porch and Potatoes appeared out of the tree line, wearing this huge dark handle-bar mustache that's wriggling all over the place. It was a black snake a yard long. Potatoes was serenely bringing it on home to me. Love and death.

I think I fell asleep dreaming about covalent bonds.

I awoke to . . . well, to be perfectly truthful, the *first* thing I thought was that it was an air raid and the dirty Krauts were bombing the shit out of New York with V-2 rockets, just as I had imagined every night when I was 11 or 12.

I lurched out of the chair before I was quite awake. I think I was sort of swatting at stray marauding Nazis, like a zombie or something, when I finally realized where I was. The air raid was D.B.'s state-of-the-art sound system, turned up to state-of-the-art. It sounded like the World Trade Center falling over, accompanied by drums and buzz saws. *Dancing* to this, jumping up and down to it, anyway, were Cassie and what looked like the Creature from the Blackboard Jungle.

Cassie must have thought at first I was The Slasher come to get her at last, because she breathed in to scream. Then, when she saw it was me, she breathed out a little and began beaming instead, running toward me with open arms. She was wearing satin running shorts and a T-shirt, and I couldn't help noticing her bouncing new breasts for a moment longer than was right. They always surprised me. I was always astonished how she had grown up to be one of those sleek WASPy knockouts who wouldn't touch me with a stick when I was her age. Talk about breeding monsters. She isn't really *like* that, but Cassie *looks* like all those beautiful boarding school bitches who had eyes exclusively for handsome athletic jerk-offs like Stradlater, and not string beans like me with pimples on the ends of our noses and nothing clever to say in the clinch.

"Holden! Daddy! What the fuck are you doing here?"

"Cassie, you know I don't like you to—"

"Don't start right in, OK?"

"But words like that—"

"Are words. *Please?* Lighten up for once? Come and meet Spike."

After all my hearts-and-flowers fantasies about how this would be a reconciliation fit for heroic oil paintings, the *last* thing I wanted to do was fight with her. So I let her sort of drag me over toward him. While all this was happening, the sound system was still blaring. We all shouted over it at one another like old people going deaf who won't admit it.

"Spike, this is my father!"

Spike was fairly novel-looking. His head was shaved into what used to be called an Iroquois or a tomahawk, and the narrow remaining strip of hair was dyed bright green. He was wearing a cruddy biker's jacket and trousers that really looked like they were tailored Jonathan Winters trash bags.

Spike smiled, revealing several teeth, and extended a seriously greasy hand to me, which I accepted and shook without hesitation, just to show what a good guy I was and all.

"Charmed, man," Spike said as we shook. "You got any blow?"

Cassie jumped in, waving a hand in the direction of the speakers.

"Isn't this *hot*? It's Spike's latest, *Base-ment Love!* He's the lead singer for Bloody Holly. They were on the cover of *Trouser Press* a few months ago."

"Yeah," Spike grunted contentedly. "Wanna see it?" He started rooting around in various pockets without waiting for an answer, volunteering, "We used to be Dick Disgusting and the Forks. But that got a little corny, you know? Here you go. Maybe you got some *grass*, then?"

Spike handed me a piece of paper that had been folded and unfolded so many times it looked like the *Treasure of the Sierra Madre* map. It was a magazine cover, or had been, featuring Spike and three other endocrine disasters. The cover line shouted: "BLOODY HOLLY—NEONIHILIST NEW WAVE SENSATION!"

"We're gonna take a swim," Cassie shouted over what sounded like pygmy war chants coming from the sound system. "See you tomorrow!"

"But Cassie, don't you want to—"

"Holden, *please*. Tomorrow, OK?"

"I had this dream—"

"You and Martin Luther King. *To-morrow*, all right? You can't just come *bopping* into my life, telling me your dreams, and expect me to drop everything and listen. I'm *not* the little girl you walked away from so you could go live in the fucking *woods*. I grew up *without* your help, in case you hadn't noticed."

She turned abruptly and dragged Spike off toward the pool. He gave me a friendly little wave goodbye. I stood there while the band played on.

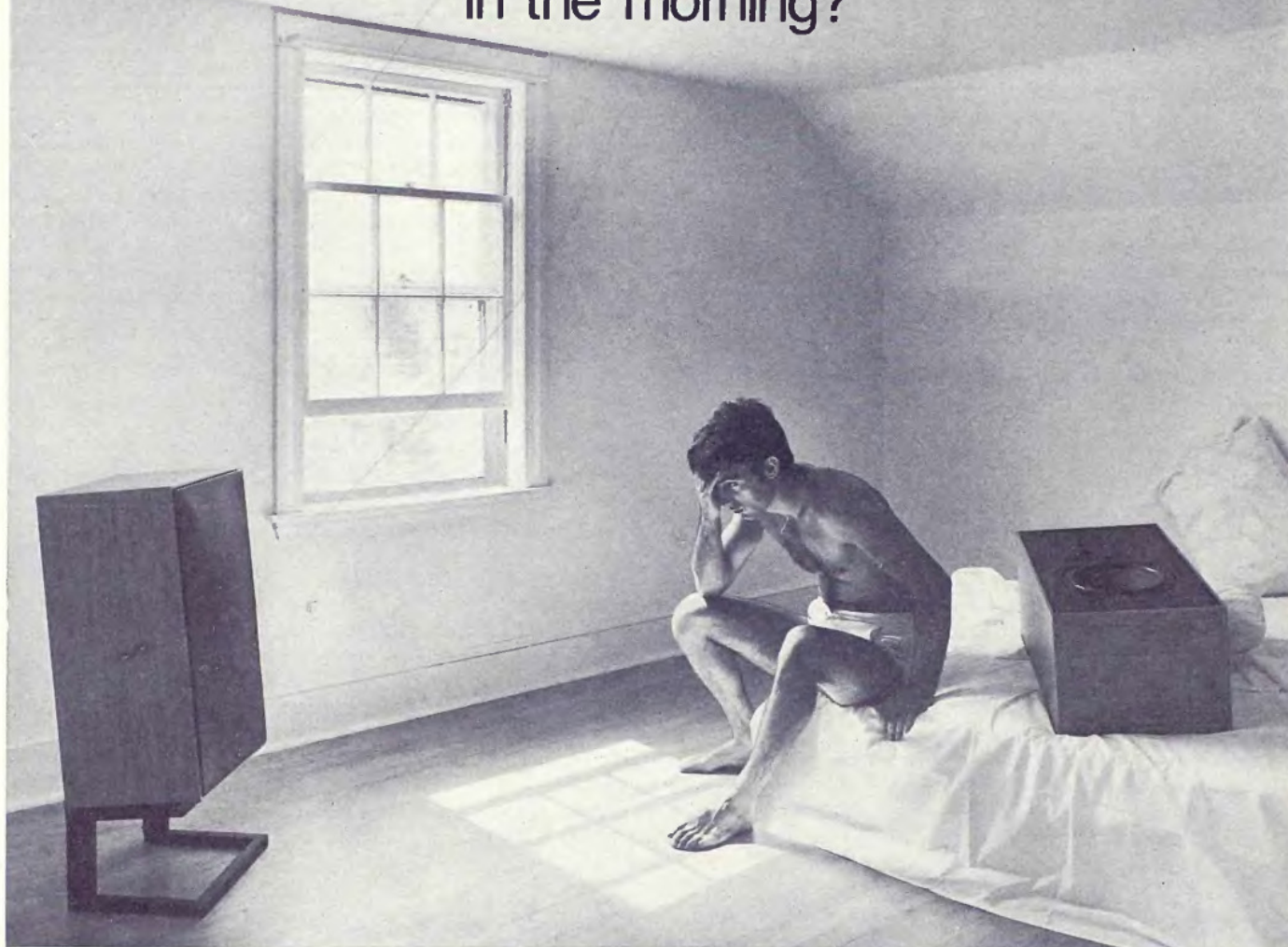
The next part is a little confused. I must have sat back down in the same chair. Then Spike's record was finally over and I could hear splashing and laughter outside. And then I couldn't hear anything. And then I could hear Cassie, breathing more and more heavily and beginning to moan in what was definitely not pain. I didn't know what to do. *My* little cookie out there with that slug? What was I, the responsible modern parent, supposed to *do* about that? Ignore it? Kill him?

I don't remember all of what happened. One second I was still sitting in the chair, and the next I was lurking in the shadows on the pool deck, holding one of those swimming-pool leaf scoopers—one of those long aluminum-pole things with a big sievelike eye at one end. Apparently, I'd ripped the screening out. I don't remember any of that. But I *do* remember slipping the scooper eye over Spike's head, which he had obligingly just raised to commence a sort of braying. I hooked it under his chin and *yanked* him from the soft lock of Cassie's legs. Then I dragged him a few feet by the neck until he plopped headlong into the pool.

It was *very* satisfying. At least until Cassie began shrieking and Spike started to show the first signs of drowning.

In two quick steps, Cassie was diving naked into the pool after Spike, who actually looked fairly peaceful hovering there a foot or so underwater in the deep end, an emerald plume spreading near his head in the beam of the underwater spotlight. Cassie had passed junior lifesaving the second she was old enough, so she had Spike in a fireman's carry in

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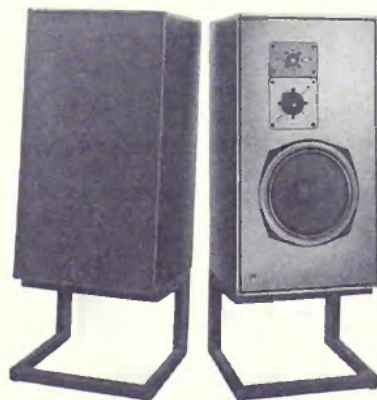
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nothing flat and towed him unresisting to the side.

"Holden, you asshole! You complete asshole! Help me!"

This really wasn't going the way I had hoped it might.

"Grab his shoulders—pull him out! Hurry!"

Cassie shoved Spike an inch or so out of the water on sheer will power or something, and I reached under his shoulders and practically threw my back out tugging him up onto the deck, with Cassie pushing from below.

Then she was kneeling over him, first putting her mouth on his and breathing into him, and then pounding on his chest. She kept doing this until one punch produced a little spurt of water out of Spike's mouth, like he was a fountain starting up, followed by all kinds of horrible coughing and gasping and other signs of life.

Cassie kept kneeling over him while he lay there recovering. She was shivering and her hair clung to her neck in a cold wet tangle. She was staring at the concrete between us and sort of woodenly repeating, "You asshole, you asshole, you asshole," over and over again. Every few seconds, another tear would fall unheeded to her thighs, which were covered with goose bumps.

I felt rotten. She looked so pathetic, and she was so right. I've never taken the gloomy Homeric associations of her name very seriously, but she was being true to her namesake, who used to come up with all those lousy forecasts no one wanted to hear but that happened to

be true. I was a world-class asshole. Am. By default and years passed, what Cassie did was none of my business. Or even if it was still some of my business. I didn't exactly have the right to go around drowning her boyfriends. But that was me the asshole, too. I don't think I had any intention of actually hurting Spike or anything. What had just happened was supposed to be, I don't know, some weird kind of Freudian joke or something. A comic engraving: *Pop Enraged*. Not attempted murder. Really.

Finally, she looked up at me through sad eyes and said in that same numb, quiet voice, "Will you just go away? Go love someone else. Pick on Mom or Potatoes or some total stranger. But leave me alone for a while, OK?"

In retrospect, I guess it was adding insult to injury to steal Spike's motorcycle. But I had to get to the airport right away. And he was snoozing in my daughter's arms, so at the time it seemed like a fair trade. I also borrowed a couple of credit cards from a bunch D.B. had left behind, the better not to be robbed and murdered for them by some crazed peasant in Yucatán.

By the time I figured out how to start Spike's Harley, it was dawn. I hadn't been on a motorcycle for about a hundred years, and never on a hog like Spike's, which was decked out with everything but a Strato-Freezer air conditioner. But I got it going and almost killed myself only six or seven times before I got the hang of it again.

The next thing I knew, I was stuck in traffic on the way into L.A.N. The goddamn sun was barely up, and all five lanes were jammed. Where were all these people going? Puerto Vallarta?

One thing I find very depressing is people who have to wear appliances. I wear bifocals cleverly disguised as aviator glasses, and that's bad enough. But right next to me in this boat of a Cadillac was this bald old Dr. Sivana coot with Coke-bottle bottoms over his eyes and a big glob of hearing aid above his ear, stuck there like a live *escargot* that just crawled out of his brain or something. And in the lane on the other side of me was this plain dental-assistant type in a plain little Japanese gas saver that looked like a killer bee, and she's got these wires coming out of her mouth and hooking around her neck, getting in some valuable extra time on her prize-winning smile-to-be by wearing her retainer in traffic.

I guess it also wasn't exactly thoughtful of me to leave Spike's bike in the tow-away zone in front of American Airlines. But I've always been sort of . . . impulsive. And I wanted to get to New York as fast as I could.

At the airline counter, I spent about a week in line behind this ratty little guy trying to hide his rattiness by wearing this extremely busy suit that looked like the Battle of the Polyester Plaids. It made him look even rattier, and you could tell he knew it by the way he kept scratching the back of his head in these nervous little flurries. I really can't stand it when you get stuck in line behind a ratty guy who can't help it.

You don't want to hear about the flight. I sat next to a reborn dog groomer who explained at length how her new-found Christian faith applied to her work. The movie was, as they announced it, "a comedy classic"—*Those Magnificent Men in Their Flying Machines*, which featured all sorts of hilarious plane crashes.

I had the cab driver let me out at Phoebe's brownstone on East 74th. I didn't remember until about the 20th time I rang that she was in Europe for a month. D.B. had told me. She was traveling and attending some big convention in Vienna, where all these psychiatrists were getting together to chitchat about mental illness and real estate and make religious pilgrimages to Freud's couch or something. Except for Phoebe, I really don't like psychiatrists. They're a measure of how lonely we all are. We mostly pay them \$100 an hour to be our friends, for Chrissakes, to care about our problems and give useful advice, just like good friends do free if you have any.

It was probably better old Phoebe wasn't home. She would have found out what I was up to and tried to talk me out of it and all. The truth was, I didn't



Buck Brown

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"This is certainly your year, Professor. The Nobel Prize and me!"

know exactly what I was up to. And it was this gorgeous September Monday in New York. So I decided to take a walk to figure it out.

I headed downtown along the East River. On Sutton Place, there was this classy silver-haired butler in a black uniform, holding a leash that was attached to a yappy little Lhasa Apso that was throwing a pedigreed temper tantrum. It had its stubborn little legs dug into the sidewalk and it was *not* moving. First the butler glanced down at the dog, and then, fixing his eyes on the horizon, gave the leash an abrupt discreet jerk that crossed the dog's eyes and sent it flying a couple of feet. The butler's lips curled in satisfaction.

I walked almost to the Bowery without having any bright ideas. But I was near my old neighborhood from my beatnik days and decided to see if my old bar might still be there on Bleecker.

I didn't have any trouble finding it.

I shaded my eyes and pushed my nose against the window, squinting to see inside. Like I was trying to see if maybe the past might still be there, magically intact, or something dumb like that. Amazingly, some of it was. The wonderful old bar and back bar, rich mahogany carved in *nouveau* curves like smoke rising, they're still there. But the rest of it's been turned into one of those singles fern bars, all natural wood and hanging

plants, the kind that have been spreading unchecked from Sausalito since 1970 or so.

These days it's called Fingers.

When I worked there, it was The Bleecker Street Tavern. And it was. Bleaker, I mean. The tourists mostly had the good sense to stay away. It was a quiet joint where assorted artsy locals and vaguely literary types hung out. You know, the bartender was finishing his 23rd unpublished novel, the day dishwasher was the top-seeded poet at the Café Bizarre, the jukebox was all Miles and Bird and Coltrane. Cool, you dig, man? Like, fried shoes!

A tough old momma named Mama ran the place, and I waited tables or busboyed, depending on her mood. It drove my parents right up the wall. There I was, *their* son, pushing 30, waiting tables and walking around looking like Maynard G. Krebs. I *still* didn't have all my weight back from my winter vacation at the Reservoir back in scenic Korea. With my beard and that patch of gray hair I've had forever, I looked like a tall used Q-Tip. My parents had even liked it better when I first got into Zen and went around for a year meditating all over the place.

How could I possibly pass up a memorial drink at Fingers? The actual historic spot where I first saw Patty, crying her eyes out at a table tucked away

behind a pillar. If I hadn't bought her that beer, and made the mistake of asking her what was wrong, I wouldn't be launching a new career as . . . what? A *catnapper*, maybe? Or, more accurately, a *cat burglar*?

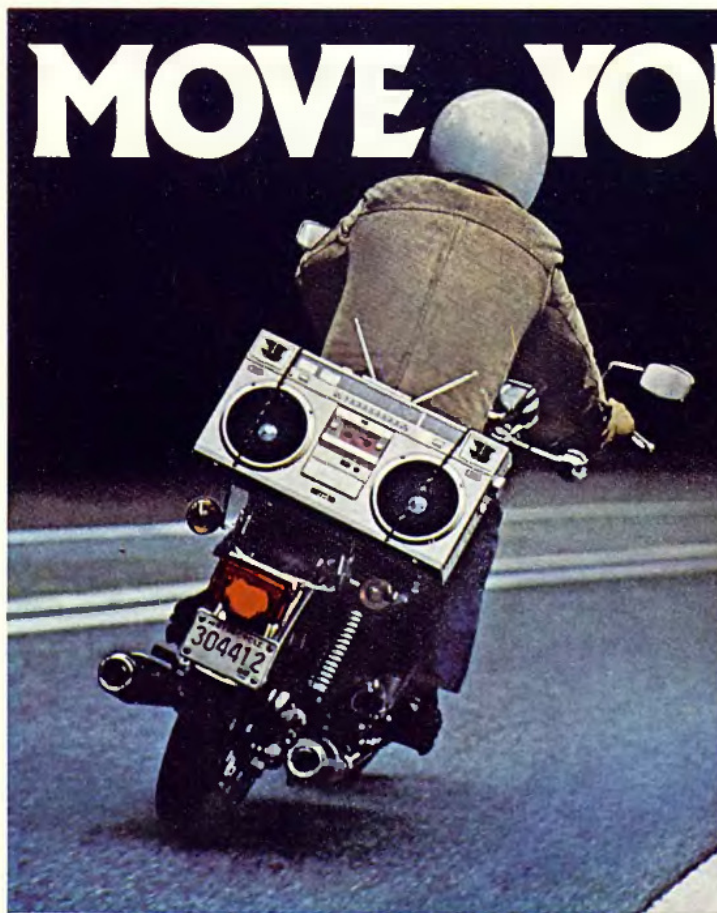
I went in, ducking under a dangling thicket of asparagus fern suspended by macraméed twine, and sat at the end of the bar. The place really sent me time-tripping about Patty. Christ, I even remembered what she was wearing that night. Regulation Bonwit's college casuals for then: a short-sleeved madras blouse that looked like patchwork autumn leaves, khaki Bermuda shorts, blue tennis shoes—yachting shoes, actually. Two hundred percent preppie.

At closing time, she was still sitting there, watching the same beer go flat. I persuaded her to have breakfast with me at the Night Owl.

"What's wrong?" I kept asking. But blank, like she didn't hear me. I kept on asking.

"Nothing," she said finally, and sighed in this sad resigned way that sounded somewhere beyond angst, ennui, *Weltschmerz* and the complete works of Sartre. "No shit. I just had the wrong recipe." She laughed, the way she sighed before. "The reds and yellows turned brown!" This time she laughed, like it was the funniest thing since Harold

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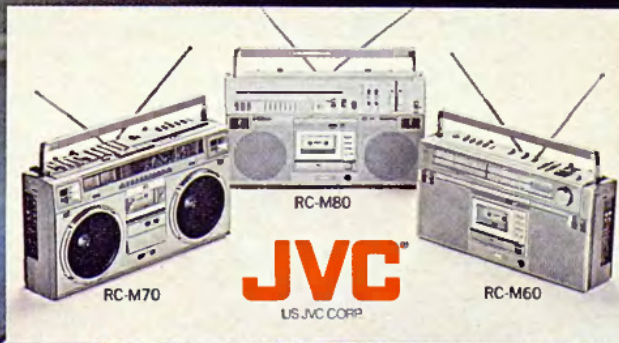


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Lloyd hanging from the clock. "Brown!" Then she started crying again.

You don't want to hear about it. No Camille or Anna Karénina, perfectly modern Patty had simply taken the wrong combination of uppers and downers. I found out pretty quickly that Patty was fairly finely tuned. If you didn't watch out, she was in the shop a lot. There was a party over at some loft on St. Mark's Place. I didn't really feel like going, but I wanted an excuse to hang around with her awhile longer. Don't ask me why. I guess the truth is I've always been a sucker for *difficult* girls. Or at least was then.

There must have been 100 people there, and all of them were *alert*. Somebody had a bunch of this latest wrinkle in speed and was passing it around. It came in little glass vials, like stereo-speaker fuses filled with liquid. Patty recognized it right away as Desoxyn, the pride of Abbott Labs.

In spite of Patty's encouragement, I didn't try any. Even then my favorite drugs were Scotch and soda. And cigarettes. I'm very boring where drugs are concerned. Patty, on the other hand, was a regular Christopher Columbus and Madame Curie rolled into one. She regarded it as her personal *duty* to try anything new that came along. You should have seen her a few years later, during the electrical-banana period, smoking Pall Malls through hollowed-out bell peppers and looking around to see if God had shown up yet. So, naturally, Patty had to try some of the Desoxyn.

For the next couple of hours, she got going on her complete autobiography, meals included. Everybody around us was talking a mile a minute, solving deep universal questions all over the place. An incredible *din* of insight and wisdom. What Patty was telling me was fascinating and all, but finally I had to go to the john. Which took a while, since there was only one john, with no light in it.

When I got back, Patty was sitting on the floor with a few other people, listening to this skinny kid perched on an apple crate. He was singing and playing an acoustic guitar, and had a wire contraption around his neck that held a harmonica in front of his mouth, so he could dive at it like a seal whenever he felt the need. He was wearing a black-corduroy railroad cap, a washed-out work shirt, cheap lumpy jeans, scruffy desert boots. His face at rest fell naturally into a slight smirk.

He was going on about trying to get his baby to follow him down somewhere. I thought he was *awful*, but Patty was loving it. When he finished, she started clapping like mad and rushed up to him.

"That was a *gas*! Who are you?"

"Wild Bill Cody and Pecos Pete." He grinned.

"Cool," cooed Patty, eyes aglow, bestowing her highest compliment. "Do you know *Dink's Blues*?"

He sang a phrase or two.

"If I had wings, like Noah's dove, I'd fly away, to the one I love—"

Then he broke off and said to Patty, "Lemme play you somethin' *new* I'm workin' on. It's a little *dif-furrt*."

He planged his guitar a couple of times to get rolling.

"Landlords and discords, sad Madonnas of the parking lots. . . ."

Do I need to tell you who Patty went home with? Goddamn musicians. I didn't see Patty for a month, except for once on Macdougall. They were walking down the middle of the street together and Patty was clinging like blissful ivy to his arm. Then, finally, she wandered into The Bleecker messed up again, after he dumped her. The star-crossed beginning of Patty and me.

"Sir, can I get you anything?"

I don't know how long I'd been sitting there when this cute young barmaid seemed to materialize in front of me behind the bar. Freckles everywhere, huge luminous Bambi eyes, a shining fuzzy halo of copper curls. She was wearing one of those gauzy peasant blouses made of feed sacks from India. She looked barely old enough to be serving drinks. More like Little Orphan Annie.

"Can I get you anything?"

"Chivas and soda, please."

"Coming up."

When she came back with the drink, she put it in front of me, saying, "You're a little *old* for this kinda place, aren'tcha?"

"I probably always was," I said. "What kind of place?"

"Oh, you know. Whatcha sign? Alfalfa sprouts. Disco roller skates. Like that. The mustaches change, but the conversation stays the same. It's boring. And I know boring. I grew up in Cleveland. Cleveland *Heights*, actually." She batted her Bambi eyelashes a couple of times and, when I didn't say anything, went right on. "It's kinda sad, really. You know that group Paul McCartney was in before Wings? The Beatles? They had that song that went, 'All the lonely people, where do they all come from?' I don't know where they come from, but most of them end up here. Can I get you another one?"

It must have been—what?—around four in the morning when I got out of the cab at the corner of the park near the Plaza. For a second there, I almost went in to take a look at the carousel for good luck. But then I remembered the real one burned down, got struck by lightning or something, a couple of years after my big weekend when I was 16. The one there now is a phony.

So I headed up Fifth along the park side.

Have you *seen* the park lately? It looks like shit. They *dredged* the south pond to clean out the mugging victims and baby carriages, but still it looks filthy. Under the streetlights, the shining muck looks like the La Brea tar pits. I used to worry about where the poor lousy ducks went in the *winter*. These days you have to worry about how they're making it through the *summer*.

I was getting close to our old apartment. It's near 64th on Fifth, close to the children's zoo. There was no way of telling what I was getting into. Our apartment-gone-condo is in one of those fancy old stone high-rises with electronic security up the ass, guarded by a wedge-shaped night doorman with steel muscles and a black belt in every single one of the martial arts and crafts. The kids in the building used to call him Conan.

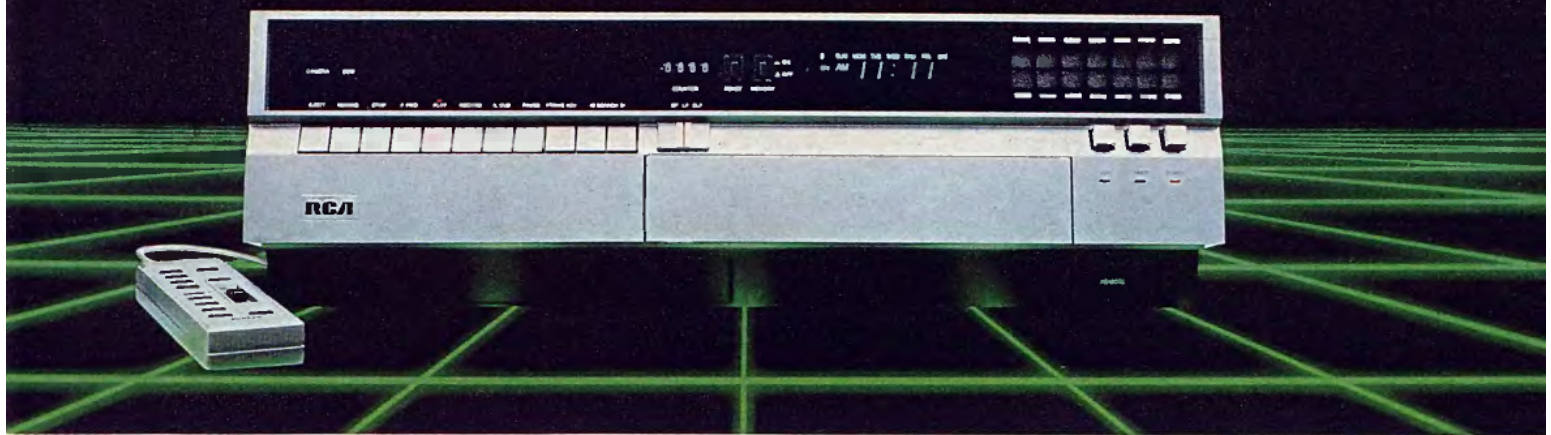
He had specific orders to *never* let me set foot inside the building. Patty was no dummy. She had it written into the goddamn divorce agreement that Potatoes was legally 100 percent hers, due to my uncertain character. She even had her dapper racquetball-champion divorce lawyer inform me that the concept of visitation rights doesn't apply to lower species. Lower, my ass. But it meant I had to get past Conan somehow. If I could do that, I still had my old keys. I told Patty I symbolically tossed them into the East River during a fit of depression the day I moved out. I think she believed me and, anyway, knowing her, it was unlikely that she'd do anything as *dull* as having the locks changed. By four A.M., she'd either be up there asleep with her latest admirer or spending the night elsewhere with him—probably a musician, since among the women, it seems to run in the family. Either way, I figured I could quietly sneak into the apartment, burgle Potatoes and be gone, slick as The Shadow himself.

But, like life usually is, it wasn't remotely what I expected.

I decided to case the joint first. I hunched my shoulders and skulked inconspicuously past the canopied entrance to the building, darting a furtive detective glance inside as I passed.

And there was no Conan in sight. It was his night off, or he'd quit to single-handedly reinstate Manchuria or something. The replacement was this Central Casting fat old doorman, with a great inner-tube gut beneath a Radio City usher's uniform. He was sort of dozing over a newspaper. Suddenly, this looked like a pushover.

Which it was and it wasn't. Technically speaking, I guess I committed another felony, which by my count would be three in the past 24 hours. This one was breaking and entering, or



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forced trespass, or one of those other sexual terms we use for property violated. Or are they property terms we've appropriated for sex? I never can remember. If only we still had old H. L. Mencken around to straighten these things out for us. These days, we have to settle for Steve Allen and Tony Randall.

I cooked up this fancy story for the fat doorman. How I was Patty's psychiatrist and all, and how when I'd seen her this afternoon she'd seemed depressed, and how I now suspected she intended to commit suicide tonight, and how some time ago she'd left me keys in case this happened again and all this other crap. I walked into the lobby as *urgently* as I could manage. But before I could say anything, the doorman said, eyes glued to his *National Star*, "Party's in fourteen C. I never seen the like. Saran Wrap dresses. Elevator's self-serve. Over there." He pointed the way without taking his eyes off a picture of Jackie Onassis with her skirt blown up to her neck by the wind.

Guess the number of our old apartment. That's right, 14-C. Apparently, I was on my way to rob a party.

Inside the elevator, I punched the 14 button.

This ought to be fairly interesting, I was thinking on the way up. If I were smart, I'd bag it for the night, give up. The second Patty saw me walk into her party, she'd have every cop in five boroughs crawling down my throat. She's a real heavyweight in the grudge-carrying division. Don't get me wrong, I really love Patty. God knows, she's never boring. And she'll probably be beautiful until she falls over during shipboard shuffleboard when she's 95. It's just that I had my own bad weather to deal with, and I couldn't always be navigating through *her* howling typhoons and tidal waves and French jazz trumpeters named Jacques, even though wonderful pot-of-gold rainbows often followed. To save myself, I needed a more temperate climate. I always *was* more boring than Patty. I don't think she really cared when I left, we were that far gone, but it was this great kick in the teeth *theoretically*, you know? Even if you forgot about all the money, she still couldn't believe anyone would ever want to leave *her*. Especially me. Nobody in his right mind, etc. She was probably right, but I had to leave anyway.

The elevator doors opened on a party going full blast and spilling out into the

hallway. Loud throbbing music was coming from inside. *Hot, hot, hot stu-uff, hot, hot, hot, hot. . .* Apparently, my ex-wife had entered a new period: Disco Patty. The people in the hallway were mostly thin, fashionable young men of various genders. Several were passing around a little open brown bottle marked LOCKER ROOM, and then throwing their heads back ecstatically, while they turned beet red and gasped for air. It looked like a lot of fun.

No one paid any attention to me as I walked in.

Luckily, Patty was nowhere in sight. And there was a crowd to hide in. All I had to figure out was where Potatoes might also be hiding during all of this.

The fat doorman was right. There *was* a woman wearing a clear-plastic evening dress with nothing underneath but *her*. One dark beautiful girl had unburdened herself of everything but black-silk stockings topped by flowery garters and a lacy low-cut bra. She was dancing with some sleek Riviera gigolo type, and as they whirled together, he was suavely sucking on her armpit, which she seemed to be enjoying thoroughly. Buckets of Dom Pérignon Brut were placed strategically about. Dry smears of brie and caviar crumbs scattered like bird shot on ravaged silver trays.

The old idea in a brand-new package. She'd even redecorated. Everything was white, what they're calling High Tech. For my money, it's your favorite factory brought into your home and white-washed. Industrial-strength molded-plastic chairs and couches and stray cubes, all white, with white-on-white paintings on the white walls. It looked like the moon base in 2001.

I picked up a glass of champagne and started to mingle, very carefully. But apparently Patty's new incarnation brought with it a whole new crowd. Not only didn't I see her, there wasn't a familiar face anywhere. I pretended to casually circulate through the party, toward my old study. Potatoes used to like to sleep on my desk at night, curled around the base of my lamp in the warm circle of light. He wouldn't be out here anywhere. Potatoes always liked a good party, but he also hated assholes other than yours truly.

On my way, my wrist was grabbed by this cadaverous socialite. She had about \$1,000,000 worth of diamonds hanging from this skinny wrinkled neck like a Galápagos tortoise's. Her dry, withered lips were painted socko red in an exaggerated kiss-me-quick Cupid's bow.

"Help us with an argument, young man. Gore here says that Western civilization has *always* been boring, and Truman maintains that it hasn't. What do you say?"

I said the first thing that came into my head:



"Guess who's going to appear au naturel in 'Cosmopolitan.'"

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"Well, there's *no* business like show business!"

And then I walked off, smiling pleasantly. Finally, I got to the study. But no Potatoes. No desk or lamp or chair, either, for that matter. The room was bare to the floor. Since he was nowhere to be found on the first floor, I climbed the stairs. The door to the master bedroom was closed and apparently locked. Some woman was standing there, banging on it and shouting, "I want my coat! I've got to go home!"

What she didn't know but I did was that there was a connecting bathroom between the master bedroom and a smaller bedroom next to it. And the door to *that* one was open. I sort of casually drifted inside.

I could already hear them before I opened the bathroom door. The lights were out in the john, so I slipped inside and stood there until my eyes got used to the dark. The only light was a thin vertical slice where the door to the master bedroom was just barely ajar. In there, *all* the lights appeared to be on. And among the various slurpings and giggling and heavy breathings and rhythmic paradisiacal moans humidifying the air, there was *one* I recognized too well.

I had found Patty.

And knowing Potatoes' sense of irony, I'd probably found him as well.

By slow millimeters, I opened the door

just enough so I could see what was going on. It turned out I didn't really need to bother. Everyone was much too busy to notice *me*. It was really quite something. I'd never actually *seen* eight or ten bodies writhing in a naked pile on a king-sized bed covered with coats and mink stoles before.

And flopped on a dresser observing it all with great disdain was Potatoes, fat and sassy as ever. He was watching the performance on the bed like it was just more proof that people were a lot farther down the evolutionary ladder than cats, down around alligators and lichens and liverworts.

I walked straight into the room tall and proud, Gary Cooper and Gregory Peck. Without hurrying, I walked around the bed toward the dresser Potatoes was on. A couple of the people on the bed noticed me but didn't seem to care one way or another, and one graceful girl's arm beckoned me in, like it was a swimming pool or something.

I was so cool, I even stopped a couple of feet away from Potatoes to do our old trick and start things right. When he's in the mood, when I pound on my chest like I'm having a coughing fit, he'll jump at me from wherever he is and just *know* that I'll always catch him and start petting him. Which I always do.

So I stood there next to the Sexual Freedom League rally and smacked my

chest with the flat of my hand.

Potatoes looked up and sort of did a double take. I swear. It was like, *Well it's about time, shithead!* And then he stood up and stretched a little and made a lithe *bound* for me. He was purring like crazy by the time I caught him.

I think I started crying again about then, or at least tears came rolling out of my eyes. Potatoes licked a couple off my cheek and purred louder. Really. It was a real Shirley Temple reunion.

I turned with Potatoes in my arms and looked over the pile. For some reason, I suddenly wanted to be sure Patty saw me before I made my exit.

She was pretty busy at the moment and had her eyes closed to concentrate better.

But when she opened them, there I was.

She couldn't really scream, because her mouth was full, but her eyes bulged while she tried—a new wrinkle her friend no doubt appreciated. And she couldn't get up to chase me or call the cops or anything, because she was, well, really *busy*. Houdini couldn't have gotten her out of there.

I blew her a kiss and headed for the door and unlocked it. When I opened it, the woman who'd been outside banging on it came exploding in as I went out.

I couldn't tell if her shriek was joy or horror.



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"Well, at least he brought the color back to your cheeks."

"El Cid wooed Diana by shooting her pet pigeons. It's not our idea of foreplay, but if it works, hey."

of students and newlyweds what they wanted from sex. Both men and women seemed to be equally concerned with acceptance, affection and caring (though women were more eager for expressions of love during sex). It was thought that women would be more interested in intimacy or closeness. The researchers found that the sexes were equal—indeed, on some items, men seemed to express a greater longing for intimacy than did women. "Both dating couples and newlyweds wish their partners were slightly more warm and involved during sex, and wish their partners would engage in slightly more oral/genital sex; it is newlyweds who wish their partners would be slightly more seductive than they are now. Women are more satisfied with the status quo." Not surprisingly, men were more interested in excitement and variety. They wished their partners would be slightly rougher during sex, would be more experimental sexually and slightly more variable about where they had sex. "It was men who wished their partners liked more impulsive sex, and who wished their partners would be slightly more wild and sexy." And, finally, the researchers found that women wanted their men to be more dominant—to guess what they wanted and do it all night, without being told. In contrast, men wanted their partners to be less submissive.

Hatfield speculates that the nature of relationships will change. "It used to be that men went into a relationship wanting sex and ended up liking the relationship. Women wanted the relationship but ended up liking sex. Now it appears that men—once they become sexually experienced—are more open to intimacy. And intimacy is not the same as sexual satisfaction. It includes the heights of ecstasy, but also the dark side of hostility, resentment, depression. A casual partner can only please or discomfort you. The longer you stay with someone, the more he knows about you. The more important his approval, the more devastating his rejection. The threat that it might end is a constant source of arousal."

Also, says Hatfield, "The way couples judge their first relationships depends on fantasy, what they've been told about relationships by society. First affairs are always unreal projections. Later, lovers become more open to experience. You can almost measure the success of a relationship with a formula—it is directly dependent on the number of good

experiences, the sequence of positive reinforcement. Fantasy is usually replaced by a reality that is full of surprises. You begin to judge a relationship by the events of the past."

Men and women are beginning to drift toward each other, but I suspect that the socialization process, if that's what it is, begins too early to revert. If you put a barrier between a boy and a girl playmate at the age of six months, the girl will sit there crying. The boy will try to find a way around the barrier. He initiates the behavior.

Perhaps in the two years the girls are waiting for boys to go through puberty, they sit and compare notes, decide on the quotes, the standards for success. Their erotic fantasies encompass real estate, children, the status quo. They develop the sexual confidence of a Customs official. When a relationship falls apart, women are resigned to it. They still have their standards. The man almost never knows why it went wrong. He is likely to feel more depressed, more lonely and less happy after a breakup. He is three times as likely to commit suicide after a bad affair as is a woman. He is also more likely to start a new affair as quickly as possible. The only cure for a woman is another woman.

Hatfield and Berscheid spent years studying attraction. "We find," says Hatfield, "that physical beauty is crucial. If you ask people what they would like to have, the desire for the most beautiful is never extinguished. Given a choice, we would all like to date the most beautiful partner available. But if faced with a real date, that choice is held in rein by our sense of self-esteem, what we have to offer. Sexual relations seem to be based on a marketing model. You settle for what you can get. People end up with partners who are similar in physical appearance, mental health, physical health, family background (including race, religion, parents' status, education and income) and family solidity (i.e., happiness of parents' marriage) and popularity. It's astonishing. When you see an imbalance in a couple, the discrepancy is usually accounted for by an imbalance on one of the other scales. Economic. Power. It is a bargain.

"We do seem to have an erotic type," says Hatfield. "It seems that we like people who look like us—and yet the intensity of the affair comes not from the similarities but from the perceived differences.

"I know this is going to sound illogical, but if I had to bet, from just talking to lots of people, I would say that passion is the result of these differences. What we want is someone who is mostly similar to us, so that he doesn't seem bizarre. But what people describe when they talk about intense attraction goes all the way back to Reich. We feel that we are missing something, that there is a part of us that isn't expressed or isn't fulfilled, and out there in the world is someone who is the essence of what we're missing. When we find someone who has everything we wish we had, that person tends to have a really strong impact. The research to date has measured only the similarities—that lovers tend to be alike in ear-lobe length, eye color, I.Q., personality. But we have yet to measure those passion-inspiring differences, the things that make us think, 'This person is everything I'm not.'"

There are tit men, ass men, eye, ear, nose and throat men, and there are the female equivalents. Why do we focus on one aspect of a person and not on the entire person? The late Ernest Becker suggested that the dynamics of normal attraction are similar to those of the fetishes. In an essay called *Everyman as Pervert*, he wrote, "There is nothing per se about a large breast that has any more inherent sexual stimulation to the partner than a small one. Obviously, it is all in the eye of the beholder. But our culture teaches us to become committed in some way to the body of the opposite sex, and we are eager for cues that give us a passport to permissive excitation. When we learn such a cue, we invest it with rich significance. Each culture heightens the meaning of certain qualities of objects so that its members can easily bring into play the approved responsive behavior: lace underwear and steatopygia for sex objects, tailfins and chrome for cars."

Tennov says that part of the process of falling in love is the cataloging of the "perfect" cues in our partners. We run the selective memories like erotic slide shows, to confirm, fuel, reinforce our choices. When it starts to go bad, we flip to the negatives to kill desire.

The penile transducer, or strain gauge, is a semicircular stainless-steel band, not unlike a bracelet, that encloses the shaft of the penis. Tiny elastic cords, not unlike the bungi cords used to attach luggage to a motorcycle, complete the circuit. These bands translate fluctuations in the diameter of the penis, via a bundle of tiny wires, to a needle moving on a polygraph. The strain gauge is the scientific tool by which we determine the truth of the body. It gives an objective measure of sexual arousal.

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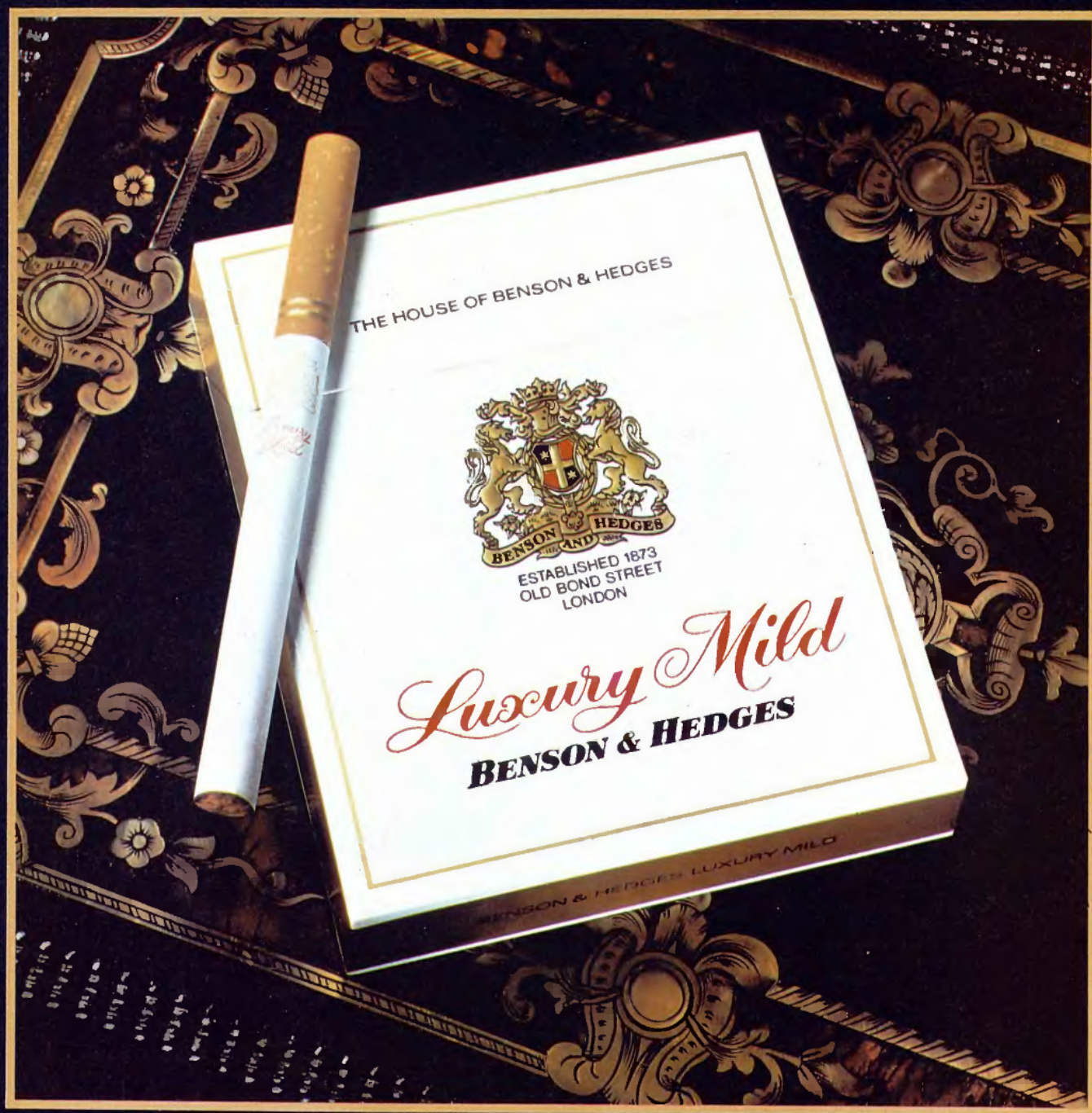
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volunteer, then show him an erotic movie—or, better yet, play him a tape recording of an erotic fantasy that allows him to fill in the gaps with his own details—he will be able to tell you what turns him on—or how turned on he is at any given moment—some 90 percent of the time. The rise and fall of his self-report will agree with the rise and fall of the polygraph.

In contrast, if you take a female volunteer and plug her into a machine that records changes in the vaginal mucosa—lubrication is the equivalent of erection—she can accurately assess the state of her arousal only 50 percent of the time. Arousal is a rogue. The initial stages of sexual excitement are characterized by physiological responses that are not distinct from those of other emotional responses. The body reacts the same way to anger, fear, danger, anxiety—with subtle increases in heartbeat, respiration and galvanic skin response. The physiology doesn't become unmistakably sexual until the body alerts the biochemical chain of command to close a valve in the penis and trap the blood in an erection, or—in females—to begin the process of lubrication.

In the early Sixties, psychologist Stanley Schacter theorized that all emotions are the result of two conditions: (1) the physiological symptoms of arousal (as described above) and (2) the labeling of the symptoms, according to situational cues. Neither physiological arousal nor mere labeling alone is sufficient to produce an emotional experience. Perhaps the following joke applies:

The first umpire says, "I calls 'em like I sees 'em."

The second umpire says, "I calls 'em like they is."

The third umpire says, "They ain't nothing till I calls 'em."

Karen Rook and Constance Hammen, two psychologists from UCLA, claim that the differences in desire, in the way we interpret the truth of the body, can be traced to anatomical differences. The male has instant evidence of arousal. He calls 'em like he sees 'em. An erect penis is hard to ignore. So males are more in touch with the cues that elicit arousal. They let their sex organ do the thinking. The signs of arousal in a woman are more subtle and easily overlooked. They ain't nothing till she calls 'em. Many women have to be taught that what they are experiencing is an orgasm.

Gene Abel is a psychiatrist at the New York State Psychiatric Institute, working in a large tan-brick building up around 168th Street in New York City. He uses the strain gauge to investigate sexual arousal of sex offenders—rapists and child molesters—and the idiosyncratic. He starts with the bizarre, because funding is available for the study of the bizarre. "We study people with unac-

ceptable erotic fantasies because that's what society is interested in."

According to Abel, the stranger the turn-on, the less likely you are to have a match between the subject's self-report and the truth of the body, as measured by the strain gauge. "People can't always identify what it is that's erotic to them."

When I read about Abel and the strain gauge, I told my editor that I might volunteer to be tested, to spend an afternoon in the lab, looking at pictures and listening to tapes, in order to find out once and for all what it was I was really looking for in my sex life. He was aghast.

I replied that since I was turned on by anything alive, identifiably female and of legal age, I could stand to narrow that down a bit. With my luck, I would find that I was turned on by the machine. My editor replied by quoting Oscar Wilde: "In this world there are only two tragedies. One is not getting what one wants and the second is getting it."

Faced with those alternatives, I contacted Abel and asked if he had ever shown a group of standard fantasies

to a "normal" population. He said no, that sex research is not TV programming. He is more interested in the subtle components of desire. He tries to isolate the cues that accelerate arousal and to edit out the extraneous ones that decelerate it.

In one study, Abel presented two groups—rapists and nonrapists—with three scenarios. The first tape describes mutually consenting intercourse between a male and a female who initiates sex: "She really cares about you . . . she says, 'Let's make love' . . . she's unsnapping your pants . . . she spreads her legs and she's helping you get your penis into her . . . she's taking your hands and moving your hands on her tits. . . . She's really getting into it. . . ." Both rapists and nonrapists responded to this fantasy. So, for that matter, did I.

The second tape describes a brutal rape: "You've broken into a house, where you know a woman is . . . you get your hands out . . . put them right over her mouth so she can't scream out . . . you've got a knife. If she doesn't lie still, you're going to kill her . . . she's trying to get away. It's no use . . . you tell her, 'Come



"He's a Capricorn. That means he'll be successful in business, like to dance, be interested in sports. . . ."

on, spread your legs or I'll kill you.' She's got nice tits. A nice ass. You're right on top of her there."

The scenario continues—indeed, it reads like a police-blotter account of rape, including constant threats, body injury and fear for her life. In one such study, the group of nonrapists literally dropped out, the strain gauge recording minimal arousal. In contrast, the rapists were very aroused, recording more than 50 percent of a full erection.

The third tape describes a pure physical assault, with no sex: "You've broken into an apartment . . . it's a girl lying there on the bed. You're going to beat the shit out of her. You take that belt and you slash her across the back. She's pleading with you to stop . . . you take your fist. You give her your fist right into the back. You can see the bruises starting to form."

The nonrapists did not respond to the assault scenario, but the rapists did. In fact, says Abel, the relationship between their arousal to aggression and their arousal to rape was "disgustingly lawful." The rapists' erection to pure violence was 40 percent of their erection to rape.

The study produced one final curiosity. Abel asked each group to listen to the scenarios and try to *inhibit* their erections. The nonrapists were able to control their response to the rape and the aggression tapes. The rapists were able to control their response to the mutual-intercourse scene and the rape scene, but when they listened to the assault, they achieved greater erection. They could not control their arousal, and the more they tried, the more they became aroused.

What if you are one of those men who are aroused by such an inappropriate cue? Is there anything that can be done? Abel believes there is. He claims that each of us carries around a potent fantasy. "The thoughts we recall and use a lot become tied in or associated with orgasm and generate more arousal. Those things we don't remember fade, so we have a constantly altering and evolving arousal pattern, depending upon our idiosyncratic retrieval pattern. Our past leads us into the future, to make us try to make the world match our fantasy."

Abel treats rapists with something called the masturbatory satiation technique. He has the patient reach orgasm to a scenario of mutual intercourse, then, while the erection fades, has the patient repeat aloud, over and over, the offensive fantasy until it becomes boring. Eventually, the rape fantasy, or child-molestation fantasy or whatever, loses its power—to be replaced by something more flexible, resilient and legally available. The message is, if you want to change the quality of your sexual excitement, you have to change the quality

of your sexual fantasies. Freud gave fantasy a bad name by suggesting that only neurotics played in the secret garden of erotic daydreams. Nowadays, we know that everyone has fantasies and that the normal can be pretty weird.

In the fantasy that was catalyst for Robert Stoller's book *Sexual Excitement*, a patient mentioned that she had a persistent erotic daydream in which she was being raped by a horse:

A cruel man, The Director, a Nazi type, is directing the activity. It consists of Belle being raped by a stallion, which has been aroused to a frenzy by a mare held off at a distance beyond where Belle is placed. In a circle around the periphery stand vaguely perceived men, expressionless, masturbating while ignoring each other, the Director and Belle. She is there for the delectation of these men, including the Director, who, although he has an erection, makes no contact with her; her function is to be forced to unbearable sexual excitement and pleasure, thereby making a fool of herself before these men. She has been enslaved in this obscene exhibition of humiliation because it creates erections in these otherwise unfeeling men; they stand there in phallic, brutal indifference. All that, however, is foreplay, setting the scene. What sends her excitement up and almost immediately to orgasm as she masturbates is not this scene alone, for obviously, if it were really happening, she would experience horror, not pleasure. Rather, what excites her is the addition of some detail that exacerbates her humiliation: e.g., the horse is replaced by a disreputable, ugly old man, or her excitement makes her so wild she is making a dreadful scene; or her palpitating genitals are spotlighted to show that she has lost control of her physiology. And, behind the scenes, a part of herself permits the excitement because it (she) knows that she, who is masturbating in the real world, is not literally the same as "she" who is the suffering woman in the story. In the story, she is humiliated; in reality, she is safe.

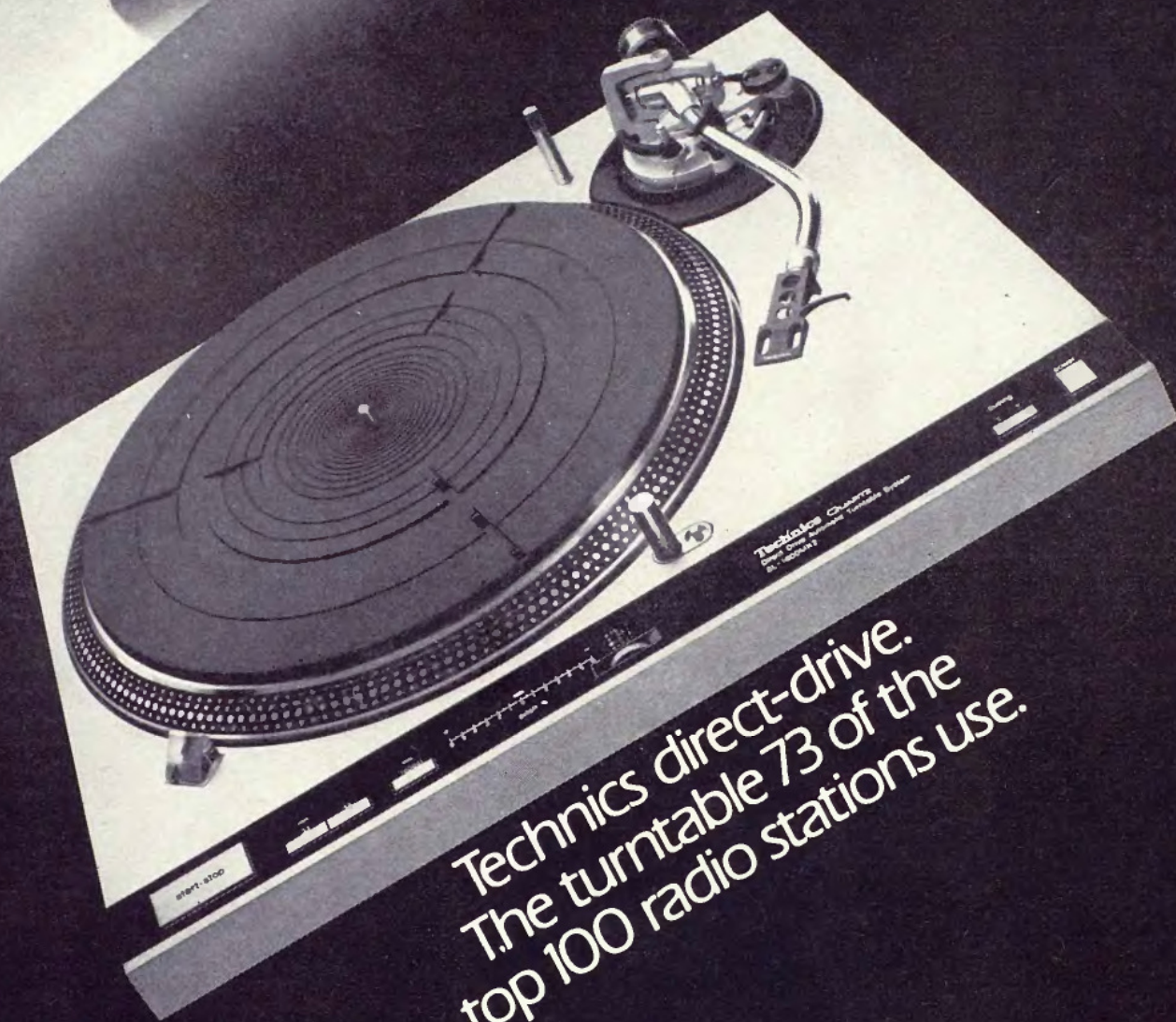
As the analysis continued, Stoller began to suspect that this woman had condensed her entire erotic life into a single scenario. That theory eventually led to his hypothesis that "people in general have a paradigmatic erotic scenario—played in a daydream, or in choice of pornography, or in object choice, or simply in actions (such as styles of intercourse)—the understanding of which will enable us to understand the person."

Stoller returns to that idea again and

again through the pages of his writings: "Sexual excitement depends on a scenario. The person to be aroused is the 'writer,' who has been at work on the story line since childhood. The story is an adventure, in which the hero/heroine runs a risk that must be escaped. Disguised as function, it is autobiography in which are hidden crucial intrapsychic conflicts, screen memories of actual events, and the resolution of all these elements into a happy ending, best celebrated by orgasm. The characters are chosen because they resemble (though are usually not identical in appearance with) important people of childhood such as oneself and one's parents and one's siblings. Most often, the writer becomes director, moving the action out into the world of real people or other objects; these are chosen because they are perceived by the writer-director as filling the criteria already written into the role. (Prostitutes are available to those without better resources for casting.) If the chosen characters pretty much fit the parts, they work. They should, however, have just a touch of unpredictability in their behavior; that introduces the illusion of risk. If unvaryingly predictable, they are boring. On the other hand, if they do not stick close enough to their assigned role, too much anxiety results and they are traded in. Every detail counts for increasing excitement and avoiding true danger or boredom. For many people, sexual excitement is like threading a mine field."

Like Abel, Stoller believes that we are driven by an imperative fantasy, something we have shaped over the years and come to rely upon. It is not a scenario—a set of steps or moves that have to be performed in sequence. Rather, it is something akin to what the spies in World War Two called microdots: "The fantasy is a microdot, an amalgam that contains our entire sexual history, the fabric of what excites us. We call it into play in the precoital moments, when we masturbate, when we orgasm. It may not be conscious, but it is there. The process of condensing is guided with shrewdness, and at times with genuine creativity. It is never just a smashing together of elements into a compaction of junk, but rather is moved by clear-cut vigor. It is an act of intellect, will, foresight and synthesis, not just primal instinct seeking release."

The sum of one's sexual life is there, ready for instantaneous recall. Like a hologram, illuminating part of the image can re-create the whole, though faintly. Maybe that's what turns us on—the brain sweeps through the memories and a chair, or long blonde hair, or a name, or a song, can trigger the whole. Sexual excitement, says Stoller, "is a mixture of hostility, mystery, risk, illusion, revenge, reversal of trauma or frustration to



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triumph, safety factors and dehumanization. And all of these are stitched together into a whole—the surge of sexual excitement—by secrets.”

The mention of hostility has been the source of a great deal of controversy. Stoller explains: “The hostility of eroticism is an attempt, repeated over and over, to undo childhood traumas and frustrations that threatened the development of one’s masculinity or femininity. The same dynamics, in different mixes and degrees, are found in almost every one, those labeled perverse and those not labeled.”

John Money, a sex researcher at Johns Hopkins Hospital, also believes that desire is the result of a core fantasy—that we reach adulthood equipped with an erotic map that dictates the perfect love affair, the perfect lover, the perfect erotic sexual experience. “The profile of one’s erotic turn-on imagery is as personally idiosyncratic as one’s signature, one’s face or one’s fingerprints,” says Money.

When we reach adolescence, the map reveals itself in our erotic fantasies. The young boy already knows if he prefers Miss May to Miss October. So he begins the hunt.

“There is a sophisticated riddle about what a boyfriend (or girlfriend) and a Rorschach inkblot have in common,” says Money. “The answer is that you project an image of your own onto each.”

Money believes that the erotic map is the result of a hard-fought struggle against a repressive society. It’s a wonder, he says, that any of us turns out remotely normal, and in his book *Love and Love Sickness*, he points out that if you take a young monkey away from its mother and its playmates, then reintroduce them at a later age, the monkey will attempt to mate, but its moves will be ludicrous and inaccurate. A young male monkey will try to mount the female sideways. It has been suggested that the sexual isolation imposed on young girls may contribute to inorgasmia in later years. In other words, if we interrupt the natural cycle, we end up with adults who don’t know enough to do it right.

“If we grew up in a permissive society,” says Money, “everyone would become healthy heterosexuals. I don’t have to tell you that we prohibit and punish children for sexual rehearsal play, especially if it is heterosexual rehearsal play.”

What we have instead is the mine field, the obstacle course of growing up absurd and asexual. “Part of the natural mating dance gets displaced, put on center stage,” says Money. “In the natural course of events, for example, primates show their sex organs to each other. In our society, that kind of behavior is punished. So it becomes the supercharged obsession. In order to get an erection,

you have to rush down to the bus stop or shopping mall and flash your organs to some unsuspecting female in order to see the shock on her face, and maybe hear her screams. And then you run home. These men seldom ejaculate on the spot. They keep the arousal and run home to do it with their wives.”

According to Money, we are not born with our basic sexual imagery. We learn from our parents and peers. We acquire our sexuality the way we acquire our native language. We are not born speaking English or French, but we soon acquire the words and the grammar, enough to make ourselves understood. We are not born heterosexual, but something in the mind lies waiting for the appropriate cues. We acquire our sexual imagery in the same years we acquire our language—between the ages of two and eight. “I could call it our native imagery, our native fantasy,” says Money, “but we don’t have a word for it, and there’s a perfectly good reason. Because we believe in the innocence and asexualism of childhood. We are constantly looking for evidence of original sin, of premature wickedness.”

The monkey has visual models—it can watch adults do it. We have the taboo of privacy, the taboo of age, the taboo of gender. Parents don’t discuss the nature of intimacy, do not include their children in sexual behavior, so children grow up with the most deprived sense of what sex is about. Excitement is something unacceptable, to be hidden, something not to be discussed in mixed company. The basic mating position that results from this societal isolation booth is as ludicrous as that of the monkey trying to mount sideways. Masters and Johnson found that 80 percent of the couples in their lab engaged in the great American mating dance: a kiss on the lips, a hand on the breasts, a dive for the pelvis and, finally, mounting in the missionary position. The same old same old, what we could just about expect to discover on our own.

“Something sends the normal sexuality underground,” says Money, “then we don’t know what’s happening to this imagery. Sometimes it gets very bizarre. The child and then the adolescent struggles with a fantasy, is aware of it, and it scares the bejesus out of him. The anxiety is so deep that he deals with it by not having sex.

“People who are apathetic about sex don’t even *know* that they have no sexual desire, because they don’t know what sexual desire is. If you are color-blind, you don’t know what color is, so you don’t know what other people see, do you?”

Money believes that males are more susceptible to “improper” cues. Most of the 30 or so paraphilias (aberrations) that are recognized by Money are male

practices. “It is easy for a male to become fixed on some anomaly of the visual world,” says Money. “The ease of identifying male core fantasies, permissive cues, may be the reason that homosexual behavior is so ritual. They have codes and signals for their mutual fantasy. If you wear a key on the right, it means you like to be beaten; if you wear it on the left, it means you like to beat. There is an immediate match-up of the fantasy, and the results can be incredible.

“The chances of finding a satisfactory partner in a heterosexual relationship, the perfect fit for your fantasy, doesn’t have much chance of success. Women really have only two core fantasies—the masochistic, or martyr fantasy, in which they sacrifice themselves to the idiosyncratic urges of their partner. They can never allow themselves to show enthusiasm for the sex act, nor initiate their own. It is not a perfect match, and, believe me, the male can read the signals. We are uncannily cagey at picking up each other’s core fantasies.

“The other predominant fantasy that women have—of soft objects and touch, does not really lend itself to a perfect fit with the normal array of male core fantasies. So you are likely to end up with a disastrous marriage, where finally the guy decides that it’s too much work to get up an erection for someone who won’t go along with his fantasy.”

Since sex is the same as a native language, I asked Money if we could measure desire the same way we measure intelligence—by how well a child learns to master the sexual vocabulary. Is there the erotic equivalent of an intelligence quotient—an E.Q.? Is there such a thing as an erotic genius?

“I don’t think the erotic genius would be the person with the largest vocabulary, who was turned on to all 30 of the recognized sexual aberrations,” Money said. “We seldom find a person who is turned on by more than one core fantasy.

“No, I would say that the erotic genius is the person most able to satisfy his erotic map—to find his way to the right person, the right position.”

The big lie of the past few decades has been that all orgasms are created equal, that every boy and girl can grow up to become polymorphously perverse, that we have made the world safe for sensuality. We were told that pleasure was a self-evident truth, a somewhat absent-minded guide through life, the body’s way of telling us that we were on the right track. If it felt good, do it—that was the only permission we needed to reach the full potential of our bodies.

Masters and Johnson suggest that love-making is a skill that can be learned, that all orgasms are identical, the result of a certain sequence of physiological

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events. Men and women, they say, have similar response patterns to "effective sexual stimulation." Learn the basics, perform a few simple exercises and we're back in the game. Problems that once might have been crippling—premature ejaculation, frigidity, impotence—aren't cause for years on the couch. Ecstasy is only skin-deep. A violin string vibrating at 440 cycles per second emits an A. Muscles contracting at .8-second intervals produce the O of orgasm.

Unfortunately—or perhaps fortunately—all orgasms are *not* identical. And while the sexes have similar response patterns, they seem to be radically different in terms of desire. The August 1980 issue of *Psychology Today* challenged the notion that sex was the same for all of us. "Apparently," wrote associate editor Virginia Adams, "the culture has cured simpler problems by making sex information easier to obtain and by easing up on old taboos; it is all right, now, to enjoy sex. But, paradoxically, a lot of people aren't much interested in it, even though they are capable of sexual functioning and wish they had an appetite for it. 'The problem most often presented today is lack of desire.'"

Dr. Helen Singer Kaplan, a New York-based analyst, has also found that Masters and Johnson's model of the

healthy, potentially orgasmic male and female doesn't hold up. In *Disorders of Sexual Desire*, she writes, "A person's physical response to emotion is as specific and individual as his fingerprint. From early childhood on, one person will respond to any form of stress with an increased flow of gastric acid, another's muscles will tense up, while a third's genital blood vessels will be particularly responsive. This characteristic response pattern predisposes one person to develop specific psychosomatic disorders, another to inhibit his orgasmic response, and the libido of another to be more vulnerable."

The potential for orgasm is not enough to cure sexual inertia or apathy, nor to explain the mysteries of why sex is better with some people than with others, or better on some nights than on others. Questions about desire are more interesting than statistics on performance in bed. Our pursuit of pleasure tells us more about ourselves than we ever imagined. Whether that pursuit is fueled by testosterone or guided by an erotic map is almost beside the point. The core fantasy crumbles, then reassembles around experience. The pursuit of pleasure becomes a quest for quality.

I realize that my willingness to plug myself into the strain gauge, the stain-

less-steel band that would reveal to me the truth of my body, was simply a means of testing the wisdom I was beginning to extract from my past sexual experience. I know some of the cues that accelerate my arousal. The fantasies that a lab assistant could produce would be general, the stuff of soap operas and the *Penthouse Forum*.

I know friends who are more likely to take an educated guess, with more pleasurable results, than some guy in a white coat. I know I've learned discretion. Daryl Hall wrote a song in which a lover turns down a one-night encounter with the line: "She wants five minutes of what's taken me a lifetime."

I can see that I'm attracted to a certain erotic type, a gracious lady/wise-ass chick. Women who are strong, independent, muscle toned, more likely to be blonde, who have the grace of someone in touch with her body, whose nerve endings are not hidden, whose eyes are intelligent. As a friend says about life in Aspen: "The only requirement is keeping up." I am more responsive to collarbones and sacral dimples than to tits and ass. Jan Smithers more than Loni Anderson. I have a favorite piece of pornography, chapter seven of *Jungle Fever*, by Marcus van Heller. I discovered it when a potential lover said her favorite piece of pornography was something by Marcus van Heller she'd read as a kid. If we ever get together, we could be dangerous.

I probably have a favorite position, but then, I've had good teachers. I can recall afternoons tangled in satin sheets on a water bed, unsure of who was doing what to whom or, for that matter, whose genitals were whose. As long as no one left with more than one set, fine. I remember an affair in a hotel room, when sex seemed to have invited us there to deliver its own lecture. When I left, I looked at the ruins and said, *That's* what I mean. It will take me a while to refold that erotic map.

The lover who now occupies my thoughts is one who can read the movements behind the movements. Who can perceive the image when I place her arms over her head, to suggest bondage, and later have her suggest the opposite, hanging me from a chin-up bar and . . . never mind. Who is not afraid to initiate her own fantasies, be it the sudden possession in a car parked in the Los Angeles airport, revisiting teenage lust while a voice intones: This white zone is for loading and unloading only. *This* is the source of sexual excitement. Trying to find a partner who fits, or comes close.

The third tragedy in life, greater than getting what you want or not getting what you want, is not being willing to try. As Han Solo says, Don't ever tell me the odds.



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RALEIGH LIGHTS

"His beady eyes flickered negligently over me for a second, and then he turned back to his work."

help, Fogarty, but there must be thousands of blondes on the sidewalks at any given time. Why would this one know anything about a dog who operated a telephone-answering service?"

Fogarty began to pout. Sometimes he can be oversensitive.

"OK, what have I got to lose?" I said, with more cockiness than I felt, and I got up, put my belt on a tighter notch and headed uptown.

I work in an unmarked hardtop that has seen better days, but it's an effective cover. I expected the trip would be completely futile, but wonder of wonders, when I reached the designated corner, the blonde was still there. I must say, she looked too garish to be a street-walker, but it did occur to me that she might well be a decoy cop, a male officer padded in the right places and dressed in women's clothes, with a purpose to attract a robbery or rape attempt.

To test my hypothesis, I left the car and sidled near her/him, displayed my shield in a cupped hand and said, "Di-Falco, Animal Crime Squad."

The blonde said, "If you don't go away, I'll call a cop."

"What do you think I am?"

"Some creep who bought a phony badge to shake people down with."

"Take a look at my I.D." I put my card under her nose. She squinted at it.

"OK," she said. "Now what?"

"You wouldn't know of a dog who operates a telephone-answering service?"

"What if I do?" She reared back and put her hand on her hip.

"Don't get cute with me, baby," I said. "There's a loitering law in this town."

"I might know of such a party," said she. "You want to sign up for the service, is that it?"

"I'll say this, Blondie, you've got as much *chutzpah* as anyone I ever met."

"Listen, you got to survive."

I gave her a bill that was tightly rolled into a cylinder the size of a cigarette. "Pick your teeth on that," I said, hoping to give the impression it was a larger denomination than the dollar it was.

"OK, buster," said she. "You bought yourself some information. I don't know the dog personally, but I've left a message or two with him—on his machine, that is. He just answers the phone and then switches on the recorder."

"It may be misrepresentation," I said sternly. "What about you, miss. Think he handles the business properly, or do you think subscribers have a right to complain?"

She sneered at me. "For God's sake, can't you find something better to do? There are vicious criminals all over the street, and you spend your time harassing doggy businessmen?"

Her attack really made me smart. "All we're trying to do is protect the public, young lady. It might be nice if we got some cooperation and not this incessant criticism."

She turned contrite. "Well, I didn't mean to hurt your feelings, officer. You can find the dog in apartment fifteen twenty-six, in that building right over there, with the striped canopy." She pointed down the block.

"Thanks, miss. I appreciate it."

I lost no time in getting to the building and taking the elevator to the 15th floor. I found the door marked 1526, backed up and prepared to run at it with the battering-ram of my shoulder but prudently changed my mind and tried the knob. It turned easily. An unlocked door in Manhattan? I didn't like the bravado it implied, but I went on in.

I found myself in the typical entrance hall of a contemporary apartment. A mirror hung on the wall and under it stood a little table on which a week's junk mail had accumulated. Two pairs of overshoes had been negligently hurled into the corner. Here a sole was displayed, there a flopped-over upper. One fact was notable: These galoshes were positively tiny, too small, I'd say, for any child. In a word, they were just the right size for a small dog.

I drew my service revolver and stealthily approached a closed door at the end of a characterless hallway, passing on my right a living room full of what seemed indifferent modern furniture arranged around a bright-blue rug in an Oriental figure. It smacked of a dog's taste.

I put my ear against the door. Not a sound came from within. I turned the knob and hurled myself into the room.

There he was: a white fox terrier with one black patch across his face and another as back saddle. His beady eyes flickered negligently over me for a second, and then he turned back to his work.

The animal wore a headset. One earphone looked slightly askew, but the other was well seated, a pointed ear rising above it. A tape-recording rig was on the table before him. Even as I watched, a bell sounded, the machine kicked in and started its reel and the dog

barked sharply into the mike that a U-shaped wire brought alongside but not quite to the end of his pointed jaw.

I had to admit that the operation seemed kosher in all respects, though maybe that was only because I was there. But what could I do if I couldn't find any violations?

"OK, bud," I told the animal, "you look clean as a whistle right now, but just remember, we got our eye on you. We get any more complaints and—" Had I not got a bright idea at that point, the dog might have escaped being brought to justice for years.

On an impulse—it was really more curiosity than suspicion—I decided to listen to the kind of messages people left with the dog. I moved him out of the way and played back a few minutes of his tapes. It didn't take long.

I had put my gun away. I drew it now and with the other hand went for the two pair of pawcuffs I carry looped over my belt in the small of my back. These manacles permit a prisoner to walk slowly, at a mincing gait, but, of course, not to run.

I took the animal downtown and booked him on a charge of procuring. So why did the blonde finger him? I leaned on her pretty hard, of course, but these babies don't crack that easy. Here's my theory: Either she was under the management of a rival pimp or, as I had first suspected, she was working undercover for another law-enforcement agency and wanted to get rid of me before she was compromised. I suppose it doesn't matter.

As for the fox terrier, he was subsequently sentenced to six months in the animal correctional facility in the borough of Richmond. On appeal, that was reduced to three months and the sentence was suspended. Don't kid yourself; by now, that dog's back at work. But I have no regrets about doing my job. And I owe one to Fogarty.

THE PELICAN FELONIES

Some citizens confuse us with the A.S.P.C.A. or a veterinary service, or even with the Department of Sanitation. Fogarty has a short fuse with people who call complaining about horse droppings on their block. "Put 'em in your window boxes!" he shouts, and hurls the phone down.

We also get complaints about dog bites, bee stings and anything connected with pigeons; and, of course, if somebody's pet alligator is missing, it is routine for us to get the squeal.

But, as it happens, none of these things are our affair.

"Then just what is it you *do*?" peevishly asked the old lady to whom I had just tried to explain that we could not look for her missing parakeet—unless, of

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course, there was good reason to believe it had committed a crime.

"You see, ma'am," I said, "a lot of people are reluctant to admit that crimes committed by animals are on the rise, and our squad is first to feel any budget cut. But the problem isn't likely to go away by itself."

The old lady made an obscene remark and hung up violently. Across the desk, Fogarty smirked in sympathy.

He moaned. "Oh, if they only understood!"

"That's asking for the moon, Fogarty," I barked. "Meanwhile, we can't lollygag around here; there's work to be done." I pushed my swivel chair away from the desk, went downstairs and hit the street.

Prevention is, or should be, part of our job, and I try to get out there where it's happening before it happens. By golly, I had hardly gone a block when I spotted a big striped cat twisting off the antenna of a parked car. These alley cats use a length of tube from the old-fashioned kind of aerial to form the barrel of a crude but lethal zip gun, and if the weapons were only employed in animal gang wars, we might well look the other way. (Who would cry if they all knocked off one another?) The trouble is, it doesn't stop there. Sooner or later, a big tom who carries such a piece will use it for a candy-store heist or street mugging.

So I drew my service revolver, spread-eagled this suspect against the car and frisked him. He wasn't carrying any heat, for one, and for another, he produced, from a fake-lizard wallet, a driver's license and a registration slip for the car. Both of these were current, and both were in his own name. It turned out that he had been trying to straighten the antenna, which some young punks had bent but had not been able to break off before he appeared and sent them packing.

I apologized. These things happen. He took it in good spirits, got into the car and drove away, too much blue smoke coming from his tail pipe. I suppose I could have cited him for that, but I didn't have the guts after my previous boo-boo.

I didn't get three blocks beyond the scene of this episode when I saw him, between the tailor and the deli, in the doorway of the empty shop where the gypsies used to live: a big French poodle, recently clipped by the look of him, and wearing a trench coat with the belt tied, not buckled. I admit I have a prejudice against any animal who affects such a style. I was only amazed that he wasn't also sporting a wide-brimmed fedora.

I felt certain it was only a matter of moments before he made his move, and sure enough, a nice-looking, well-dressed woman, say in her early 40s, came out of the deli, turned the corner, glanced at the dog for an instant and then quickly averted her face. Frenchy had whipped

open his coat and, you guessed it: He wore nothing underneath.

I quickly closed in on him, but the wily devil saw me coming, and his legs proved a lot more nimble than mine. Suffice it to say that he was gone before I reached his doorway. But I'll know him when I see him next time.

Well, for a day that started off so briskly, it then settled down to a subsequent four hours of inconsequence. I left a lot of shoe leather on city sidewalks. I ate a frank, hold the onions, coffee with everything. The acid in the latter got to me, or maybe the milk was sour, and I went into a discount drugstore to look for relief. Having to make a choice among the various antacids made my indigestion worse. Tablets, liquids, all the labels were attractive and probably all the products contained much the same medicaments.

While I was studying the shelves, along came a big robust pelican, who apparently suffered from the same complaint as mine, for he, too, began to examine the aids to digestion. But from that point on, our styles showed a wide divergence. While I continued to deliberate, the bird opened his deep-pouched beak and began to fill it with an example of each pill and potion offered for sale. I thought that interesting, for these products are far from being cheap; he was obviously a well-to-do creature. And I'll admit to feeling some bitterness. I have to watch my pennies, while some damned bird can waddle in and buy anything he wants!

Well, I had enough of this, and started to leave. But he stepped back, as if to get a wider perspective on the shelves, and in an effort to avoid running into him, I swerved and, losing my balance, took a tumble. I'll say this for him: He was decent enough about offering to help me up. He put out a wing tip, but I declined with thanks and, thoroughly embarrassed by then, got out of that store as quickly as I could.

But scarcely had I reached the next corner, traveling briskly, when behind me I heard that cry which, veteran though I am, never fails to thrill me to the core. I think that, underneath it all, my principal motive for originally joining the force might well have been to hear a voice, seething with fear and outrage, cry, "Police!"

I ran back to the store. A pudgy man, wearing a SMILE button that probably marked him as the manager, was pointing into the sky. I looked up. A pelican was flying heavily up the side of a nearby office building. There was some question as to whether or not he could clear its roof, though the structure was a modest one, say, of a dozen or so floors.

"They're not the most graceful of birds," I said. "Furthermore, if he's the one I think he is, he's weighed down by



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a beakful of Tums, Maalox, Pepto-Bismol bottles and more."

"And none of them paid for," said the flabby man. "He's a shoplifter. And where are the cops when you need them?"

"Say no more," I told him. "Sergeant Vinnie DiFalco, of the Animal Crime Squad, at your service."

"I'd like some I.D."

I considered this an insulting demand, but I went for my shield. I couldn't find it; that pelican was also a pickpocket! But apparently he was not a violent criminal, for my gun was still holstered at the left side of my belt.

I drew it now and pointed it up at the bird, who was really laboring with his wings in an all-out effort to gain the roof and get out of sight. One couldn't help feeling sympathetic to him, but I had a job to do. I squinted my eyes, took careful aim, allowing for his travel and the wind, and squeezed the trigger.

I missed him altogether and everything else as well. I've always wondered where such bullets end up—perhaps as the work of a mysterious sniper in Queens.

The pelican reached the level of the roof, went over it and could no longer be seen from my angle. I returned my gun to the holster, deciding not to make any excuses.

"Can I use your phone?" I asked the manager. "I'll put out an all-points on that baby."

"Cost you a dime," said he, and by golly, if he didn't stick out his hand.

I paid him, went inside and called Fogarty.

"What kind of pelican was it?"

"Don't be a wisecrack, Fogarty. We're not ornithologists. There's only one kind so far as we're concerned—the kind with the sack under his beak. He can haul away a lot of loot and take to the air when pursued. Frankly, I don't see how we can easily stop him. We could call in the air guard, but even the smallest of its weapons would probably miss him but devastate a strip of city. I can testify that a handgun, fired from street level, is not effective."

"What about a net?" asked my partner.

"With how long a handle? Think what you're saying, Fogarty."

"Naw. What I mean is a big square of netting, dropped from a copter."

"Hey," I said, "that's not bad, you know? Want to put the call in for me?"

Fogarty whined. "I got work of my own, Vinnie."

"All right, all right, signal the operator to put me on to the——" The connection went dead before I could finish my request that I be switched to the extension for the police helicopter service. I searched my pockets. That had been my last dime. The manager was cold to my request for a free call.

"Buddy," said he, "I just lost ten,

twenty bucks' worth of merchandise. Don't make it worse."

Well, before the week was out, that pelican had hit ten stores in various parts of town, and the city was on the verge of mass hysteria. The mayor was burned in effigy, the police commissioner resigned in disgrace, and had I not been the only officer who could recognize the wanted bird, I wouldn't have had a job myself.

The pelican had refined his technique. It was damned hard to find a weakness in it. He would march into any store that took his fancy, that shield of mine dangling from his beak, and be taken everywhere for a legitimate cop. The irony was that the department was reluctant to issue me a replacement, and in the absence of my tin, the average civilian gave me no credence whatever.

But, like any man, a pelican has his weakness. With this particular bird, it wasn't booze or broads, nor any type of dope. In fact, by all counts, the pelican was an absolute abstainer when it came to any of the usual vices. He didn't even smoke. Tobacco stores were just about the only business establishments that were immune to his ravages. But the son of a gun had a sweet tooth that he simply could not control. So if he robbed a five-and-dime or other variety store with a candy counter, you can be sure that in making his exit, he spared a moment to stop and rake up a couple of pounds of chocolates with that great scoop of his beak, and according to the information furnished us by eyewitnesses, he would hurl his head back and swallow those right down. Remember that his neck pouch would at that point be filled with the other loot he had taken, generally hard goods, some pieces of which were of a surprising size and weight. At least once he stole a miniature Japanese TV set, and at another time, a large tape deck!

"He's got a childish streak, Vin," Fogarty said after listening to my latest report. The pelican had cut a swath through the diamond shops in midtown. Now, these places don't have candy departments, but there are little lunch counters tucked in among the jewelers, and the bird had stopped by a couple of those places and helped himself to the more gooey of their pies and jelly doughnuts—and paid no check, you can be sure.

"Well, he's a mighty rich kid now," I said. "What gets me is how he can dupe all the private security guards they've got everywhere in the jewelry trade. I know he shows the shield he took from me, but since when is a thing with feathers and a big beak a sergeant of detectives? Do those people believe everything they read on a badge?"

"Heck, Vinnie," said Fogarty, "I can't fault you in your low opinion of the

average citizen's intelligence, but we can't use that as an excuse to let this pelican continue to make a fool of us. He's not supernatural, is he? If you ask me, he's all too human. Since you know he tends to work the same area of town until he's cleaned it out, why can't we dose all the candy and desserts in a given district with knockout drops? Then, when he——"

"Fogarty, Fogarty," I groaned. "What about all the other people who'll be eating those things?"

"A harmless drug, Vinnie!" he replied. "A sleeping-pill formula or the like. So innocent people take it and fall asleep for a while. What's the damage?"

"I won't dignify that with a detailed answer," said I. "You should know better. But the basic idea, that the candy be treated somehow, is not bad. . . . A bird has no teeth, you know."

Fogarty had been stung by my remark. His reply was resentful. "Nor can a fish shake hands. So what?"

"I'm just trying ideas on for size," I said. "I suspect the answer to the problem lies somewhere in the differences between bird and man. . . . By George, you've hit on it, Fogarty!"

"Huh?" By his expression, I could see he was ready to be mollified, but I decided to let the suspense build. I've got a malicious streak.

It wasn't easy, getting cooperation on a plan like this. I was told at the first few stores I approached that they'd rather lose some merchandise to the bird than do what I suggested at their candy counters; the cure would cost them more than the kill. But then I got clever, and at my next port of call, introduced myself as a TV director, checking out locations for a study in depth of shoplifting. From there on, I encountered no more resistance, and by the end of the week, my trap was set in several score of the pelican's potential targets, along a four-block strip of the East Side, where our informants had reported seeing the bird window-shopping in recent days.

But we still weren't out of the woods, by a long shot. To begin with, the pelican suddenly and for no apparent reason did what has always been considered virtually impossible for any criminal: He changed his M.O. And I don't mean added or subtracted a minor trick or two. No, his entire act was transformed from start to finish. Now he would go into a shop disguised as another type of creature altogether, a golden retriever, say, or a raccoon, in town for a convention. Instead of my shield, he'd display, on the lapel of a natty tweed jacket, one of those cards that conventioners wear: *HU! I'M _____ WHO ARE YOU?* He'd fill in the blank with any one of a collection of common diminutives: Jerry, Walt, Richie or the like.

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Now his trick was to approach the nearest salesperson to the cash register and show a note that read:

Ten, count 'em, ten sticks of dynamite is whyrd to my boddy. Give me all the money else I will blo us all upp.

Despite its spelling, this message was hand-printed impeccably. By whom? But did that matter? The bird was continuing to make a fool of us, and I, for one, was fed up.

"You know, Fogarty," I said, watching my partner open his hot hero sandwich and probe into its filling with the end of a ballpoint pen, "I think we should tell people to call his bluff. What do you think? Tell 'em to say, 'OK, bud, then set off your dynamite.' I think he'd end up with egg on his face. Where would a bird get high explosives, plus a detonating system compact enough to be carried on his person?"

Fogarty was shaking his head over the mess in his sandwich. "Sausage, Vinnie. There's supposed to be sausage in this. I can't see nothing but the peppers, onions, tomatoes." Finally, he slammed down the lid of bread and took a bite. I had to wait till that was thoroughly masticated and swallowed. At last, he said: "But could you afford a mistake?"

"Thanks, Fogarty," I said. "I needed that reminder. You're right, of course. And I still think it was brilliant of you to suggest putting only caramels in the candy departments of all the midtown stores. If the bird gets a mouthful of those, he's had it; his beak will be glued shut."

"But I didn't give you that idea," said Fogarty, "and, anyway, it wouldn't stop him from flying away, would it?"

"Now, don't be a defeatist, partner!" I replied in a jolly voice, but I realized his argument was devastating. So much for the only idea with promise!

The fact is that we never did collar that pelican. But the one-bird crime wave ended soon after his adoption of the new *modus operandi*. Apparently, he really had got hold of some dynamite sticks and some means of detonating them, because within a day or so, he suddenly blew up while crossing at an intersection. Luckily, traffic was thin at that hour. No human beings were hurt, and aside from a lot of broken plate glass and an excavation in the middle of the street, no damage was done. They say feathers continued to float down for a quarter hour after the blast.

He was an enterprising bird, and, despite Fogarty's sneers, I frankly admit to having a certain admiration for such a worthy adversary.

THE SNAKE WITH STARS IN HIS EYES

332 So far as I know, the only call there ever was for snakes in the world of en-

tertainment was to accompany exotic dancers, and that's a thing of the past. Though I don't know why, it was a winning act in its day. But even then, the kind of serpent used was one of the big devils, boa or python, whereas the snake I'm talking about was a little garter type. Hell, he wouldn't have made more than a foot and a half in length if he, so to speak, stretched on tiptoe; and in girth, your ordinary frankfurter would be thicker. But it might truthfully be said that the little fellow was all heart.

If it sounds as though I liked him, you're right. But I can't ever allow emotion to interfere with my duty. If a pet of mine committed a crime, I'd bring it to justice, and my own brother Sal has never been able to forgive me for testifying in court against a Persian cat of his, an animal subsequently convicted of kiting checks and sent up the river.

I got to know the reptile in question through a squeal that came in from the stage-door man at a Broadway theater. Contrary to what you might think, this bald-headed, white-fringed old coot was called not Pop but Wayne.

It seems that the ingénue of the musical comedy then in performance claimed she was being harassed by a snake. Wayne was right to call us in. If this charge could be substantiated, the serpent would be guilty of an aggravated misdemeanor or a felony, depending on the length of his body and whether he carried a deadly weapon. Nevertheless, at first, the old doorman had failed to take the young woman seriously. One, how would a snake get into the dressing room of a theater in the middle of town? Unless, of course, he had been the partner of one of the aforementioned exotic dancers, none of whom had ever been known to perform on this stage. The second reason had to do with the notorious nearsightedness of the actress. In fact, coming to complain about the snake, the girl had fallen over Wayne as he sat near the door in his classic camp chair, reading a tabloid and, of course, wearing a battered old felt hat on the back of his head and exposed suspenders on his trunk.

"OK," said I. "Just when and why did you correct your first impression—uh, sorry, I keep wanting to call you Pop, Wayne."

We exchanged stares for a moment, and then he went on: "The fact is, there really was a snake, all right. Not twenty-four hours went by before I seen him. I went to the water cooler, is when it was, just after the first-act intermission at the Wednesday matinee; house was full of ladies on theater parties—gee, I tell you, Falconi, I never get tired of that suspense just before the curtain goes up, when all the world is waiting for that moment of magic—"

"All right, let's drop the schmaltz and

get to the details. And my name's Di-Falco, Pop."

He shrugged and measured off maybe a foot, foot and a half, with two hands on edge. "Little bugger he was, there on the floor underneath the water cooler. Now, the impulse of a lot of people is when they see a snake to run get something to smash him with, but as it happens, I'm a farm boy, born and raised Upstate. I tell you, Falkowitz, you don't know what milk is until you drink it warm right after the cow gave it, maybe with a thick slice of homemade bread and—"

"Mouth's watering, Pop, but go on about the reptile."

"So what I meant was, you been around a farm, you never kill a snake. And this theater is full of mice that been around since it was built at the turn of the century."

"Say," I said, "this ingénue, is she a good-looker?"

He made his mouth sag and punched the air with an elbow. "Heck, there's all kind of taste. She's a bit skinny for my money, but I guess there's some who'd think her the cat's pajamas."

"Like 'em zaftig, personally, do you, Wayne?" I eyed him narrowly. In how many old movies was the doorman a sex maniac? I made a mental note to have Fogarty run a make on him when I got back to headquarters. "But go on about the snake. So you didn't do him any harm?"

"Far from it. I don't mind saying it gets pretty lonely back there when the performance is finished and you're waiting for the last few actors to clean their make-up off and leave."

"That's a notoriously melancholy time," I said.

He grinned at me, showing ill-fitting dental plates. "Have a showbiz background, Falkland?"

"Pop, my job has put my foot in many doorways. Don't try to make too much of it." I didn't like the way he immediately tried to get familiar. I'm nobody's buddy when I'm on a case.

My rebuff served the purpose of getting him back to the subject. "Fact is, far from doing damage to the little fella, I picked him up and carried him back to a little private corner I made for myself in the property room. I got a hot plate there and some powdered coffee, and I keep a little can of evaporated milk, and I poured some of that in a jar lid and set it down for the snake. I tell you, he lapped it up like he was famished, and did the same until the whole darn can was empty. Poor little devil obviously hadn't eaten in some time."

"OK, you've brought me close to tears," I said, in the raspy voice I assume when I deal with certain members of the public. An officer is trusted more if he seems hard-bitten. "But if this serpent



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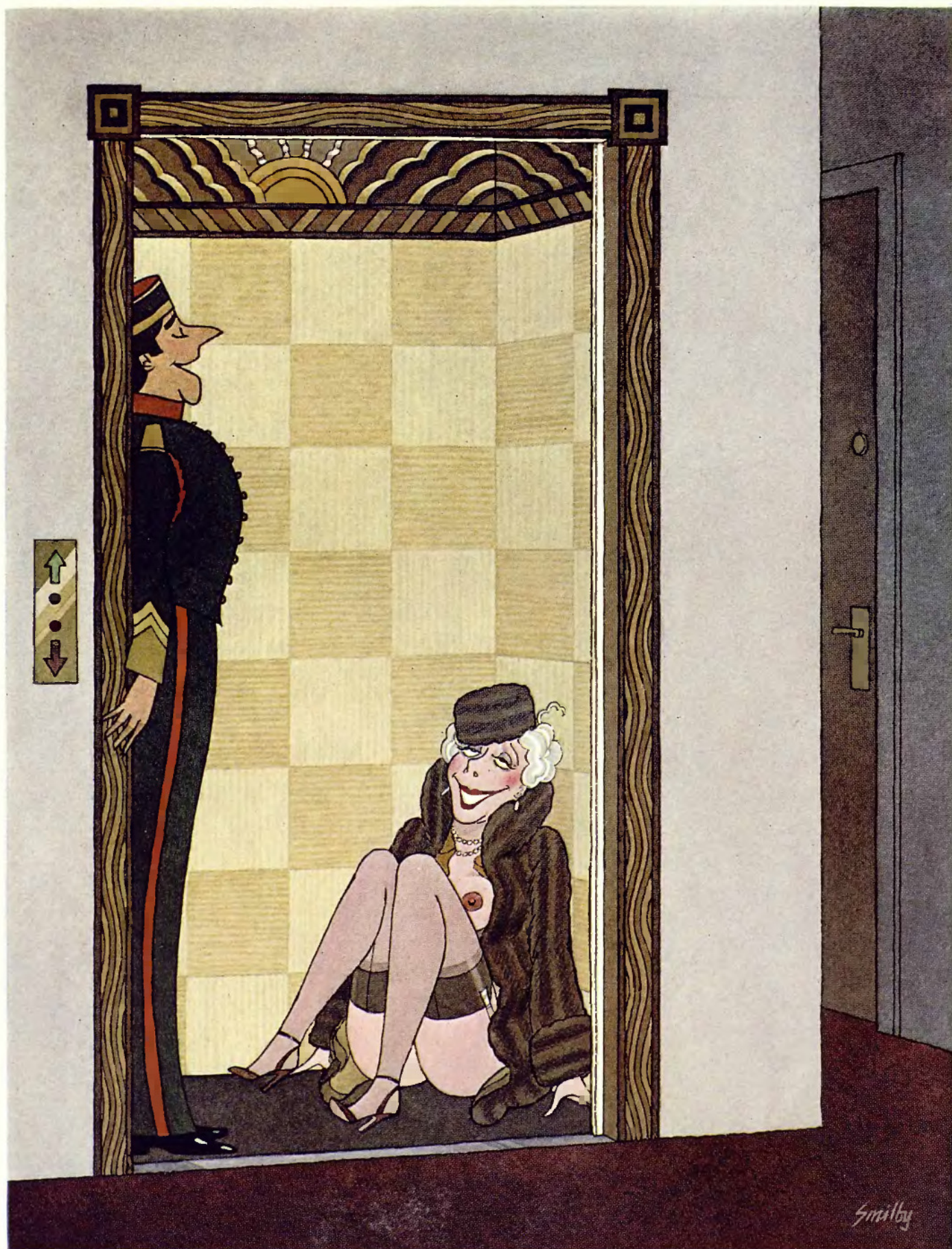


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just became a pet of yours, you wouldn't have called the department, right?"

He had been smiling, but now his old face fell. "I'm getting to that. First thing that happened, after Bobby had been with me only a day or so—I named him Bobby, after the son I never had."

This seemed warped to me, but I'm not paid to make judgments on the taste of civilians I come across in an investigation. I nodded in silence. But he wouldn't let well enough alone.

"I guess that seems warped to you?" he asked.

"Frankly, it does," I answered. "It's a snake, after all."

"To hell with you," he said. "It's my life." Suddenly, tears welled from his eyes and he took a balled handkerchief from a back pocket and daubed at his face.

"Turned on you, did he?" I asked, not without sympathy. "Well, console yourself with this thought: that then he was behaving like a real son. I did it to my own dad. As an old bootlegger, it broke his heart to see a boy of his become a cop."

Wayne stopped sniffing and assumed an almost cruel look. "No," he said, "it was not that way at all. But if you'll just let me tell my story. Where was I?"

"Giving evaporated milk to a snake," said I. "But first tell me, Wayne, isn't there a show tonight?" Have I failed to mention thus far that we were standing backstage in the dim light of one naked bulb?

He sneered. "Don't you know we're dark on Sundays?"

I gave it back to him: "I got more important things to do than memorize showbiz schedules and jargon."

He went on: "In a day or so, Bobby was helping himself to the evaporated milk. Next, he found some doughnuts I had brought along, and darn if he didn't wriggle through one and make like a Hula Hoop, you know?"

"That right?" I scowled, but actually I thought it was pretty cute.

"I got to admit," he said, "I thought it was pretty cute, even though he usually ruined the doughnut by getting it going so fast it would shoot over his head, bang against the wall and break apart. I guess I showed him I thought that was real clever, because the next thing I knew, he began to elaborate on the trick. He'd switch on the transistor radio I had back there, get some music to accompany the Hula Hoop act, and he'd really go to town. You know what happened next, don't you?"

"Haven't the slightest idea." I shivered a little. The theater was cold backstage, and awfully shabby. I don't know why they call Broadway glamorous.

Wayne must have noticed my shiver, for at this point, he pulls a flat bottle from the back pocket of his rumpled old

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gray pants. "Take a pull on this, sonny."

I wiped off the mouth of the bottle with a twist of my palm and took a swig. I suppose it was muscatel. Vicious stuff.

The old doorman reclaimed the bottle and drank a good quarter of its remaining contents in one breath. Then he said, "I'll admit to having a taste for the juice. That's why my own career went no place. I was a pretty fair hooper in my day—when I could stand up."

I realized belatedly that the old codger had been about two thirds drunk when I began to talk to him.

"OK," I nevertheless persisted, "so the snake developed an act using doughnuts like a Hula Hoop."

Wayne nodded. "But they was too brittle, so he switched to bagels. But along about now, he finds a bottle I had put aside for a rainy day, gets the cap off and has a taste. Well, sir, he finds he don't mind if he takes another, and it ain't long before you got a little reptile lush."

I made a joke. "A snake who sees snakes, huh?"

But Wayne scowled. "He'd get real surly when he had a skinful, I tell you. There was no living with him at such times. Trouble was, though Bobby got better and better at his act, I didn't dare ask anybody to come to my little hideaway to watch him perform." He took another blast from his bottle. "They'd think I was having d.t.s."

"And they'd be right, you old bum," I said in disgust. "Get me over here on a Sunday afternoon to tell a drunken lie about a dancing snake. I ought to work you over." But part of this, anyway, was for the purpose of provoking him. Long experience with animals had prepared me to believe they are capable of anything, and I am, for example, personally convinced that a number of unsolved crimes could be explained if we found the animals involved.

In answer, Wayne took a battered wallet from his hip pocket. He found a snapshot within and handed it to me. The photograph was blurred to start with and had since acquired a patina of dirt and oil, but its subject could be discerned clearly enough: a snake, standing on his tail. About halfway along his length was a blurry thing that could have been a whirling doughnut or bagel.

"All right," I said, "but don't think that's conclusive proof. It could be faked. There's a funny smell to this whole thing, if you ask me. I'm beginning to suspect that if you did have this snake, it was long, long ago, but in your drunken stupor, you've got the idea it all happened only yesterday."

He stared silently at me for a long moment, through bleary eyes. Then he said sorrowfully: "OK."

"You're admitting it?"

"Naw, I just pity you, fella," said he. "What do you know?"

"I don't want to be hardhearted," I said, "but you're going to have to do a lot better than you have so far in credibility. If this snake exists, where is he now? More importantly, what crime are you accusing him of?" I explained. "See, if he's wandered away and got lost, or if he's been stolen, that's not our business. We're called in only for animals that are suspected of committing crimes—using the term in the widest sense, embracing not just four-footed creatures but also fowl, amphibians, fish, even insects. You might be surprised to know that a significant number of vicious criminal acts are committed each year by such commonly overlooked creatures as centipedes, silver fish, and so on, and I don't think you'd relish finding yourself at the end of a dark alley with a grasshopper who had gone bad; they're fast and they're mean."

He was not impressed by this information. He resumed his narrative. "Unless he got his chance. I could see Bobby was going to drink himself to death. So I went to the producer of the show and told him about the little snake, crazy as it seemed, and lo and behold, Mr. Morgenstern not only listened to me but when I was done, he says, 'Come on, let's audition him!' So before he changed his mind, I went to my hideaway to get Bobby." He stopped, got out his pint and drained it dry before resuming. "That was yesterday afternoon."

"So?"

"So Bobby was gone, and so were a number of my valuables, which I had kept tucked away back there: diamond ring, silver-handled ebony cane—"

"Yeah, yeah," I said, "and your wallet containing a thousand in hundreds, no doubt. Wayne, if you ever had a ring, it went to the pawnbrokers years ago, along with your silver-handled cane. The truth is that the combination of the muscatel and your loneliness today in this empty theater has resulted in this snake-and-bull story."

He lowered his rheumy eyes and with a sad nod seemed to admit the justice of my account. "You going to run me in, Sarge?"

"No, Wayne. I told you I deal only with animal perpetrators. It's true that you've got a summons coming, taking up my time when I should have been out on cat patrol—for some reason, felines commit most felonies on Sunday—but I'd have to go to the trouble of getting a regular cop, and, frankly, you're not worth it." I glared at him, but he was looking past me.

I turned, and there was the little snake, on the floor just beyond me. His body was encircled by a diamond ring just behind his head, and in a loop of tail, he clasped the ebony cane with the silver handle, drawing it along in his wake.

"Bobby!" cried the old stage-door man. As if in answer, the snake somehow



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raised the cane and wound himself around it, balancing it erect on its tip! Now, that was quite a feat, in my book. I passed my hands through the air above him, but no invisible wires were there for support, nor was the cane embedded in a hole in the floor.

"By Godfrey, Wayne," I admitted, "I'm impressed."

"So am I," said he. "He must have learned that one in secret. That's what he's been doing for the past day. I feel lousy about calling you in, Sergeant."

"Not on your tintype," I said enthusiastically. "I wouldn't have wanted to miss this. Let's give him the hand he deserves."

So the two of us gave Bobby an ovation that would have done credit to a whole audience, and you can be sure he took more than one bow. Then Wayne produced a stale bagel and Bobby performed his Hula Hoop stunt.

"He's even better than you said," I told Wayne, who had broken out another pint. Perhaps it was my heightened mood, but this batch of muscatel was a great improvement over the first. I had a drink, and then Wayne wet his own whistle.

"What do you think?" he asked, nodding toward Bobby. "Hasn't he earned one?"

I certainly agreed to that.

Well, the bottle went around the three

of us, and it wasn't long before there was none left, so I went out and up the street to see a guy who owed me one, and brought back a treat of my own, and so we killed that Sunday afternoon.

I had a thick tongue and a head full of pain next day, and Fogarty is always in a foul mood on Monday morning, having spent Sunday with his in-laws. Nevertheless, I told him my story.

When I concluded, he simply stared at me, silently and without expression.

"Mark my words," I said, "Bobby will make it one of these days. Just remember you heard it here first."

"I'll remember," Fogarty said dully.

"You're being sarcastic, aren't you?"

"Huh-uh."

But he was, I know he was. He's that contrary type who, if they really agree with you, won't show it, but always say yes when they're sure you have made a fool of yourself.

I produced that blurred photograph of Bobby in action, which I had begged from Wayne.

"Looks like a real cute pet," said my partner. "But where would an old rummy of a stage-door man get a diamond ring and a silver-handled cane?"

I sighed. "Don't try to take the magic away from this, Fogarty! Pop probably got them from the property room. So maybe they weren't real diamond and

real silver. What does it matter? That's not the point! This is the enchanted world of showbiz. Performing animals are a breed apart. They should be granted a little more latitude than your plow horse or milch cow."

My partner's eyelids had become *very* heavy. "So what about the charge?"

"Huh?"

"That the serpent was allegedly harassing this actress."

A tiny man was running back and forth inside my cranium, banging its walls with a baseball bat. But I can't say this was my virgin hangover. Maybe I had been hitting the sauce a little too much lately. Was that what Fogarty was trying to tell me?

But you get to thinking negative in my line of work and you're finished.

"Ever hear of a bum rap, Fogarty?" I shot a finger toward his chest. "Let's face it, you're jealous! When was the last time you discovered a headliner of the future?"

"Sure you did, Vinnie. Sure you did," said my partner.

The trouble with Fogarty is that he came to me off the special task force against muggers. He spent too many nights wandering through the park as a decoy, wearing a dress, a wig and a sock-stuffed bra. Say what you want, that kind of thing makes its mark on a man.



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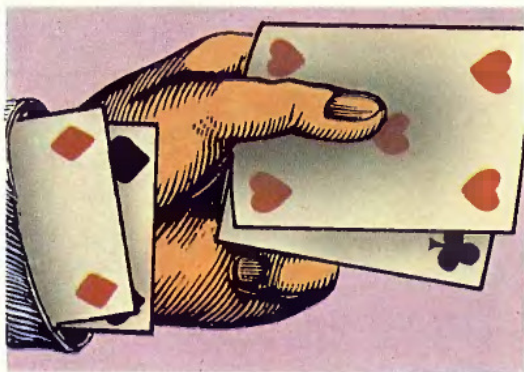
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people, places, objects and events of interest or amusement



PICK A PAIR

This wild and crazy coat rack and matching magazine rack are the specialty of Duck Woodworks, a small company operating out of 6009 Muckland Avenue, Red Creek, New York 13143, which sells these well-stacked wares for \$74.50 each, postpaid. For your money, we think you should know the breasts are made of cherrywood and the nipples are of rare bubinga. (That's African rosewood.) All we can say is that it must get *very* lonely up there in Red Creek.

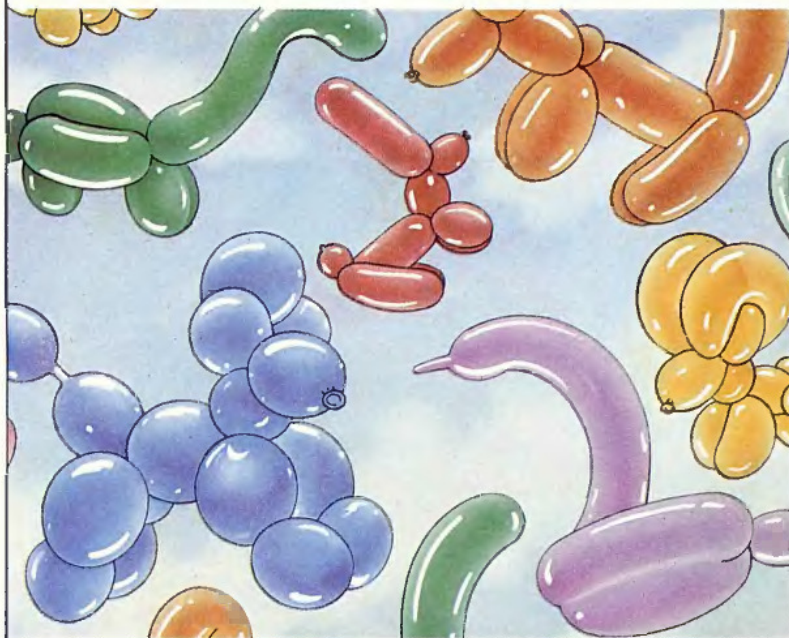


THE LATEST GAMBLE

If you're looking for unusual gambling curiosas, East Coast Casino Antiques, P.O. Box 247, Fishkill, New York 12524, is the place to write to. The latest catalog (which costs \$4) is stuffed with such oddball goodies as a \$3995 six-foot-tall wooden Western figure that houses a restored slot machine and an 1890-period knee-spread holdout card-cheating device for \$1350. Or, if you've lost most of your money playing against loaded dice, there are less expensive items, too.

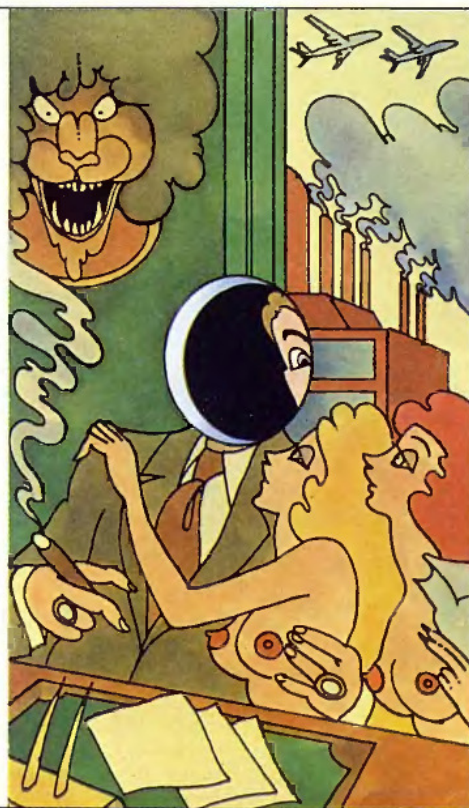
RIISING MARKET IN BALLOONS

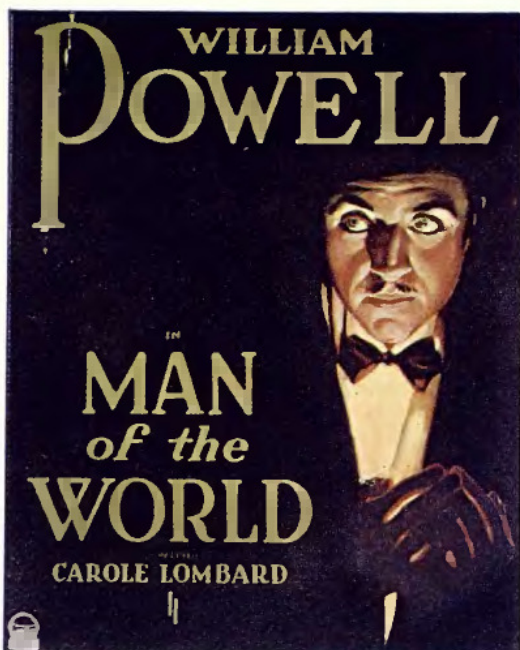
Steve Martin helped repopularize the art of air sculpture when he made wild and crazy balloon animals on *The Tonight Show*. And now you, too, friends, can create kangaroos, camels, poodles and even the ever-popular anteater, by sending just \$12 to Balloonacy, 2120 North Beverly Glen Boulevard, Bel Air, California 90024, for an air-sculpture kit containing plenty of balloons and full instructions. Sorry, no balloon arrow through head is included.



BOOKING A FANTASY

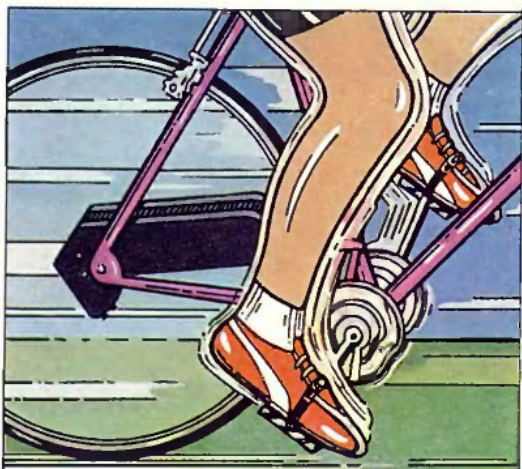
It's the stuff that dreams are made of—you the hero of a hardcover publication, *The Greatest Book in the World*, containing four ego-tripping chapters featuring you as a globe-trotting adventurer, reclusive billionaire, world's greatest lover, politician, sci-fi hero, rock star, movie star or athlete (choose any four). The whole production is the brain child of Fantasy Publications, a company at 391 Steelcase Road West, Unit 20, Markham, Ontario L3R 3WL, and it sells for only \$13.95, postpaid. Your hat size will never be the same.





MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

Do you know the name of Radar O'Reilly's favorite brand of soda pop, of Pugsley's (*The Addams Family*) pet octopus or what's so important about the date November 11, 1918? The answers to these and other bits of trivia can be found in a nice little monthly publication, *Trivia Unlimited*, that's \$12 for a year's subscription sent to P.O. Box 5213, Lincoln, Nebraska 68505. In case you care, the initials on MG sports cars stand for Morris Garages.



GOING LIKE 50

Out of the West comes news of a revolutionary new 50-speed bicycle that is claimed to hold all U.S. individual time-trial records of more than 25 miles. Called the Facet BioCam (it's manufactured by Facet Cycle, P.O. Box 50129, 2929 East Apache, Tulsa, Oklahoma 74150), the bike is geared for long-distance touring—and bank accounts that are long in balances, too, as prices range from \$1200 for a frame/drive to \$1900 for a model that's ready to roll.

HOLLYWOOD CUTUP

You may not be aware of it, but the humongous HOLLYWOOD sign perched in the hills above Tinseltown ain't what it used to be. The original sign, demolished in 1978, now belongs to Hank Berger, a 29-year-old entrepreneur who's selling mounted and framed 1 5/16-inch-square numbered commemorative pieces—along with a Seal of Authenticity from the Hollywood Chamber of Commerce—for only \$32, postpaid, sent to Hank Berger Enterprises, 6845 Alta Loma Terrace, Hollywood, California 90068. By the way, Hef himself chipped in big shekels toward the new sign—so let's hear it for Hollywood!



NO CLIPPING PENALTY

Remember the rhyme that ends with "Hang your clothes on a hickory limb, and don't go near the water"? That's smart advice, whether you're taking the plunge in the old swimming hole next summer or jetting down to St. Thomas this weekend, because when you resurface, you probably won't find your bathing suit where you left it. Now the good news: G.D.I. Gifts, P.O. Box 1516, Manchester, Massachusetts 01944, is selling a Skinny Dip Clip for \$6.50, postpaid. All you do is slip into the water, attach your suit to the clip and it bobs about with you, safe from marauding teenagers and kinky dogs. Incidentally, the clip also floats with *two* suits attached.

IT'S GREEK TO US

There's more to the glory of Greece than downing double shots of ouzo in some sleazy Athens *taverna*, as you'll discover if you sign on the two-week Homeric Tour that Free Spirits Travel, 612 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611, is offering next May and June. Traditional sights include the Temple of Zeus and Hadrian's Arch, but then it's on to Sparta, Kalamata, Olympia, Delphi, Meteora, Salonica and Thermopylae—all for \$1425 to \$1625 (including air fare), depending on the dates you pick. Incidentally, don't let the name Free Spirits fool you; the drinks are on you and the same goes for smashed plates and glasses.





(continued from page 142)

"The ship had been monitoring Victor's brain-wave patterns and knew that something had gone wrong."

dirt was piled highest; bending down, he poked at a board . . . he poked with a trowel and then he thought, Where did I get this trowel? I didn't have it a minute ago. The board crumbled against the trowel. This whole house is collapsing, he realized. Christ sake. I better tell Martine.

Going back upstairs, the wine forgotten, he started to say to her that the foundation of the house was dangerously decayed; but Martine was nowhere in sight. And nothing cooked on the stove, no pots, no pans. Amazed, he put his hand on the stove and found it cold. Wasn't she just now cooking? he asked himself.

"Martine!" he said loudly.

No response. Except for himself, the house was empty. Empty, he thought, and collapsing. Oh, my God. He seated himself at the kitchen table and felt the chair give slightly under him; it did not give much, but he felt it, he felt the sagging.

I'm afraid, he thought. Where did she go?

He returned to the living room. Maybe she went next door to borrow some spices or butter or something, he reasoned. Nonetheless, panic now filled him.

He looked at the poster. It was unframed. And the edges had been torn.

I know she framed it, he thought; he ran across the room to it, to examine it closely. Faded . . . the artist's signature had faded; he could scarcely make it out. She insisted on framing it and under glare-free, reflection-free glass. But it isn't framed and it's torn! The most precious thing we own!

Suddenly, he found himself crying. It amazed him, his tears. Martine is gone; the poster is deteriorated; the house is crumbling away; nothing is cooking on the stove. This is terrible, he thought. And I don't understand it.

The ship understood it. The ship had been carefully monitoring Victor Kemmings' brain-wave patterns, and the ship knew that something had gone wrong. The wave forms showed agitation and pain. I must get him out of this feed circuit or I will kill him, the ship decided. Where does the flaw lie? it asked itself. Worry dormant in the man; underlying anxieties. Perhaps if I intensify the signal. I will use the same source but amp up the charge. What has happened is that massive subliminal insecurities have taken possession of him; the fault

is not mine but lies, instead, in his psychological make-up.

I will try an earlier period in his life, the ship decided. Before the neurotic anxieties got laid down.

In the back yard, Victor scrutinized a bee that had gotten itself trapped in a spider's web. The spider wound up the bee with great care. That's wrong, Victor thought. I'll let the bee loose. Reaching up, he took hold of the encapsulated bee, drew it from the web and, scrutinizing it carefully, began to unwrap it.

The bee stung him; it felt like a little patch of flame.

Why did it sting me? he wondered. I was letting it go.

He went indoors to his mother and told her, but she did not listen; she was watching television. His finger hurt where the bee had stung it, but, more important, he did not understand why the bee would attack its rescuer. I won't do that again, he said to himself.

"Put some Bactine on it," his mother said at last, roused from watching the TV.

He had begun to cry. It was unfair. It made no sense. He was perplexed and dismayed and he felt a hatred toward small living things, because they were dumb. They didn't have any sense.

He left the house, played for a time on his swings, his slide, in his sandbox, and then he went into the garage, because he heard a strange flapping, whirring sound, like a kind of fan. Inside the gloomy garage, he found that a bird was fluttering against the cobwebbed rear window, trying to get out. Below it, the cat, Dorky, leaped and leaped, trying to reach the bird.

He picked up the cat; the cat extended its body and its front legs, it extended its jaws and bit into the bird. At once, the cat scrambled down and ran off with the still-fluttering bird.

Victor ran into the house. "Dorky caught a bird!" he told his mother.

"That goddamn cat." His mother took the broom from the closet in the kitchen and ran outside, trying to find Dorky. The cat had concealed itself under the brambles; she could not reach it with the broom. "I'm going to get rid of that cat," his mother said.

Victor did not tell her that he had arranged for the cat to catch the bird; he watched in silence as his mother tried and tried to pry Dorky out from her hiding place; Dorky was crunching up the bird; he could hear the sound of breaking bones, small bones. He felt a strange feeling, as if he should tell his mother what he had done, and yet, if he told her, she would punish him. I won't do that again, he said to himself. His face, he realized, had turned red. What if his mother figured it out? What if she had some secret way of knowing? Dorky couldn't tell her and the bird was



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dead. No one would ever know. He was safe.

But he felt bad. That night, he could not eat his dinner. Both his parents noticed. They thought he was sick; they took his temperature. He said nothing about what he had done. His mother told his father about Dorky and they decided to get rid of Dorky. Seated at the table, listening, Victor began to cry.

"All right," his father said gently. "We won't get rid of her. It's natural for a cat to catch a bird."

The next day, he sat playing in his sandbox. Some plants grew up through the sand. He broke them off. Later, his mother told him that had been a wrong thing to do.

Alone in the back yard, in his sandbox, he sat with a pail of water, forming a small mound of wet sand. The sky, which had been blue and clear, became by degrees overcast. A shadow passed over him and he looked up. He sensed a presence around him, something vast that could think.

You are responsible for the death of the bird, the presence thought; he could understand its thoughts.

"I know," he said. He wished, then, that he could die. That he could replace the bird and die for it, leaving it as it had been, fluttering against the cobwebbed window of the garage.

The bird wanted to fly and eat and live, the presence thought.

"Yes," he said, miserably.

You must never do that again, the presence told him.

"I'm sorry," he said, and wept.

This is a very neurotic person, the ship realized. I am having an awful lot of trouble finding happy memories. There is too much fear in him and too much guilt. He has buried it all, and yet it is still there, worrying him like a dog worrying a rag. Where can I go in his memories to find him solace? I must come up with ten years of memories, or his mind will be lost.

Perhaps, the ship thought, the error that I am making is in the area of choice on my part; I should allow him to select his own memories. However, the ship realized, this will allow an element of fantasy to enter. And that is not usually good. Still. . .

I will try the segment dealing with his first marriage once again, the ship decided. He really loved Martine. Perhaps this time, if I keep the intensity of the memories at a greater level, the entropic factor can be abolished. What happened was a subtle vitiation of the remembered world, a decay of structure. I will try to compensate for that. So be it.

"Do you suppose Gilbert Shelton really signed this?" Martine said pensively; she stood before the poster, her arms folded; she rocked back and forth slightly, as if seeking a better perspective on the brightly colored drawing hanging

on their living-room wall. "I mean, it could have been forged. By a dealer somewhere along the line. During Shelton's lifetime or after."

"The letter of authentication," Victor Kemmings reminded her.

"Oh, that's right!" She smiled her warm smile. "Ray gave us the letter that goes with it. But suppose the letter is a forgery? What we need is another letter certifying that the first letter is authentic." Laughing, she walked away from the poster.

"Ultimately," Kemmings said, "we would have to have Gilbert Shelton here to personally testify that he signed it."

"Maybe he wouldn't know. There's that story about the man taking the Picasso picture to Picasso and asking him if it was authentic, and Picasso immediately signed it and said, 'Now it's authentic.' " She put her arm around Kemmings and, standing on tiptoe, kissed him on the cheek. "It's genuine. Ray wouldn't have given us a forgery. He's the leading expert on counterculture art of the Twentieth Century. Do you know that he owns an actual lid of dope? It's preserved under—"

"Ray is dead," Victor said.

"What?" She gazed at him in astonishment. "Do you mean something happened to him since we last—"

"He's been dead two years," Kemmings said. "I was responsible. I was driving the buzz car. I wasn't cited by the police, but it was my fault."

"Ray is living on Mars!" She stared at him.

"I know I was responsible. I never told you. I never told anyone. I'm sorry. I didn't mean to do it. I saw it flapping against the window, and Dorky was trying to reach it, and I lifted Dorky up, and I don't know why, but Dorky grabbed it—"

"Sit down, Victor." Martine led him to the overstuffed chair and made him seat himself. "Something's wrong," she said.

"I know," he said. "Something terrible is wrong. I'm responsible for the taking of a life, a precious life that can never be replaced. I'm sorry. I wish I could make it OK, but I can't."

After a pause, Martine said, "Call Ray."

"The cat—" he said.

"What cat?"

"There." He pointed. "In the poster. On Fat Freddy's lap. That's Dorky. Dorky killed Ray."

Silence.

"The presence told me," Kemmings said. "It was God. I didn't realize it at the time, but God saw me commit the crime. The murder. And He will never forgive me."

His wife stared at him numbly.

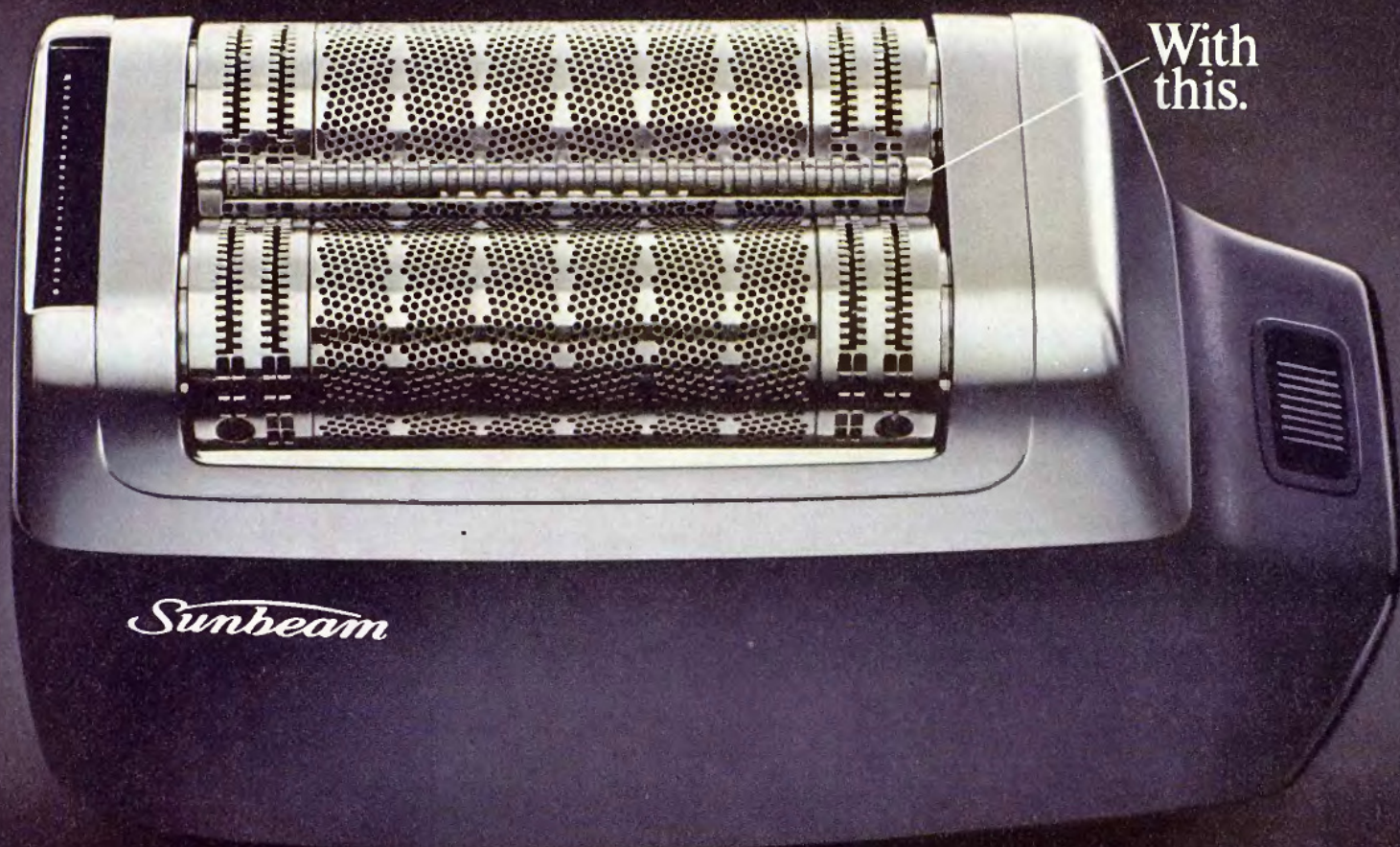
"God sees everything you do," said



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Kemmings. "He sees even the falling sparrow. Only, in this case, it didn't fall; it was grabbed. Grabbed out of the air and torn down. God is tearing this house down which is my body, to pay me back for what I've done. We should have had a building contractor look this house over before we bought it. It's just falling goddamn to pieces. In a year, there won't be anything left of it. Don't you believe me?"

Martine faltered, "I——"

"Watch." Kemmings reached up his arms toward the ceiling; he stood; he reached; he could not touch the ceiling. He walked to the wall and then, after a pause, put his hand through the wall.

Martine screamed.

The ship aborted the memory retrieval instantly. But the harm had been done.

He has integrated his early fears and guilt into one interwoven grid, the ship said to itself. There is no way I can serve up a pleasant memory to him, because he instantly contaminates it. However pleasant the original experience in itself was. This is a serious situation, the ship decided. The man is already showing signs of psychosis. And we are hardly into the trip; years lie ahead of him.

After allowing itself time to think the situation through, the ship decided to contact Victor Kemmings once more.

"Mr. Kemmings," the ship said.

"I'm sorry," Kemmings said. "I didn't mean to foul up those retrievals. You did a good job, but I——"

"Just a moment," the ship said. "I am not equipped to do psychiatric reconstruction of you; I am a simple mechanism, that's all. What is it you want? Where do you want to be and what do you want to be doing?"

"I want to arrive at our destination," Kemmings said. "I want this trip to be over."

Ah, the ship thought. That is the solution.

One by one, the cryonic systems shut down. One by one, the people returned to life, among them Victor Kemmings. What amazed him was the lack of a sense of the passage of time. He had entered the chamber, lain down, had felt the membrane cover him and the temperature begin to drop——

And now he stood on the ship's external platform, the unloading platform, gazing down at a verdant planetary landscape. This, he realized, is LR4-six, the colony world to which I have come in order to begin a new life.

"Looks good," a heavy-set woman beside him said.

"Yes," he said, and felt the newness of the landscape rush up at him, its promise of a beginning. Something better than he had known the past 200 years. I am a

fresh person in a fresh world, he thought. And he felt glad.

Colors raced at him, like those of a child's semi-animate kit. St. Elmo's fire, he realized. That's right; there is a great deal of ionization in this planet's atmosphere. A free light show, such as they had back in the 20th Century.

"Mr. Kemmings," a voice said. An elderly man had come up beside him, to speak to him. "Did you dream?"

"During the suspension?" Kemmings said. "No, not that I can remember."

"I think I dreamed," the elderly man said. "Would you take my arm on the descent ramp? I feel unsteady. The air seems thin. Do you find it thin?"

"Don't be afraid," Kemmings said to him. He took the elderly man's arm. "I'll help you down the ramp. Look; there's a guide coming this way. He'll arrange our processing for us; it's part of the package. We'll be taken to a resort hotel and given first-class accommodations. Read your brochure." He smiled at the uneasy older man to reassure him.

"You'd think our muscles would be nothing but flab after ten years in suspension," the elderly man said.

"It's just like freezing peas," Kemmings said. Holding on to the timid older man, he descended the ramp to the ground. "You can store them forever if you get them cold enough."

"My name's Shelton," the elderly man said.

"What?" Kemmings said, halting. A strange feeling moved through him.

"Don Shelton." The elderly man extended his hand; reflexively, Kemmings accepted it and they shook. "What's the matter, Mr. Kemmings? Are you all right?"

"Sure," he said. "I'm fine. But hungry. I'd like to get something to eat. I'd like to get to our hotel, where I can take a shower and change my clothes." He wondered where their baggage could be found. Probably it would take the ship an hour to unload it. The ship was not particularly intelligent.

In an intimate, confidential tone, elderly Mr. Shelton said, "You know what I brought with me? A bottle of Wild Turkey bourbon. The finest bourbon on Earth. I'll bring it over to your hotel room and we'll share it." He nudged Kemmings.

"I don't drink," Kemmings said. "Only wine." He wondered if there were any good wines here on this distant colony world. Not distant now, he reflected. It is Earth that's distant. I should have done like Mr. Shelton and brought a few bottles with me.

Shelton. What did the name remind him of? Something in his far past, in his early years. Something precious, along with good wine and a pretty, gentle young woman making crepes in an old-

fashioned kitchen. Aching memories; memories that hurt.

Presently, he stood by the bed in his hotel room, his suitcase open; he had begun to hang up his clothes. In the corner of the room, a TV hologram showed a newscaster; he ignored it, but liking the sound of a human voice, he kept it on.

Did I have any dreams? he asked himself. During these past ten years?

His hand hurt. Gazing down, he saw a red welt, as if he had been stung. A bee stung me, he realized. But when? How? While I lay in cryonic suspension? Impossible. Yet he could see the welt and he could feel the pain. I'd better get something to put on it, he realized. There's undoubtedly a robot doctor in the hotel; it's a first-rate hotel.

When the robot doctor arrived and began treating the bee sting. Kemmings said, "I got this as punishment for killing the bird."

"Really?" the robot doctor said.

"Everything that ever meant anything to me has been taken away from me," Kemmings said. "Martine, the poster—my little old house with the wine cellar. We had everything and now it's gone. Martine left me because of the bird."

"The bird you killed," the robot doctor said.

"God punished me. He took away all that was precious to me because of my sin. It wasn't Dorky's sin; it was my sin."

"But you were just a little boy," the robot doctor said.

"How did you know that?" Kemmings said. He pulled his hand away from the robot doctor's grasp. "Something's wrong. You shouldn't have known that."

"Your mother told me," the robot doctor said.

"My mother didn't know!"

The robot doctor said, "She figured it out. There was no way the cat could have reached the bird without your help."

"So all the time that I was growing up, she knew. But she never said anything."

"You can forget about it," the robot doctor said.

Kemmings said, "I don't think you exist. There is no possible way that you could know these things. I'm still in cryonic suspension and the ship is still feeding me my own buried memories. So I won't become psychotic from sensory deprivation."

"You could hardly have a memory of completing the trip."

"Wish fulfillment, then. It's the same thing. I'll prove it to you. Do you have a screwdriver?"

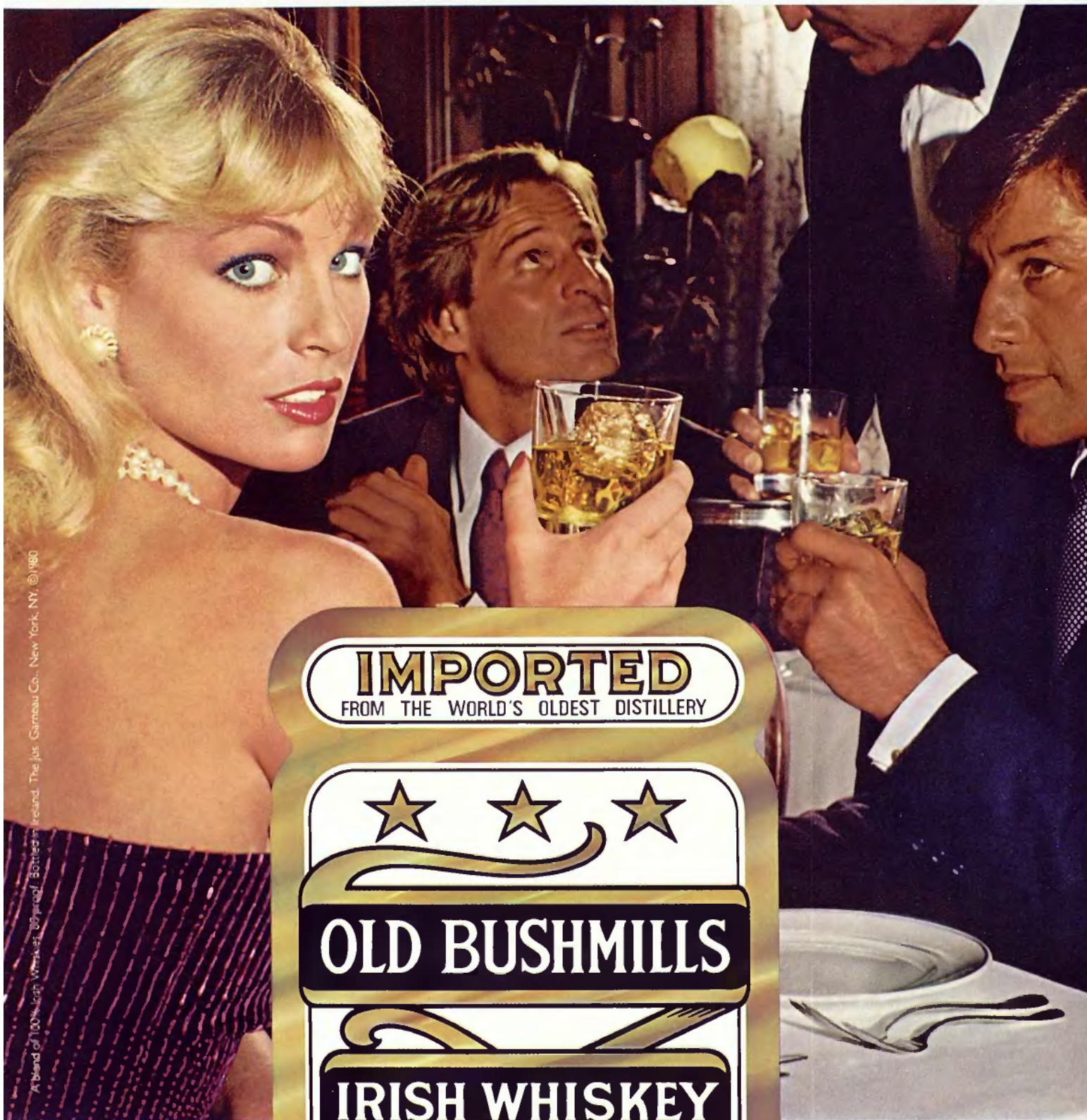
"Why?"

Kemmings said, "I'll remove the back of the TV set and you'll see; there's nothing inside it, no components, no parts, no chassis—nothing."

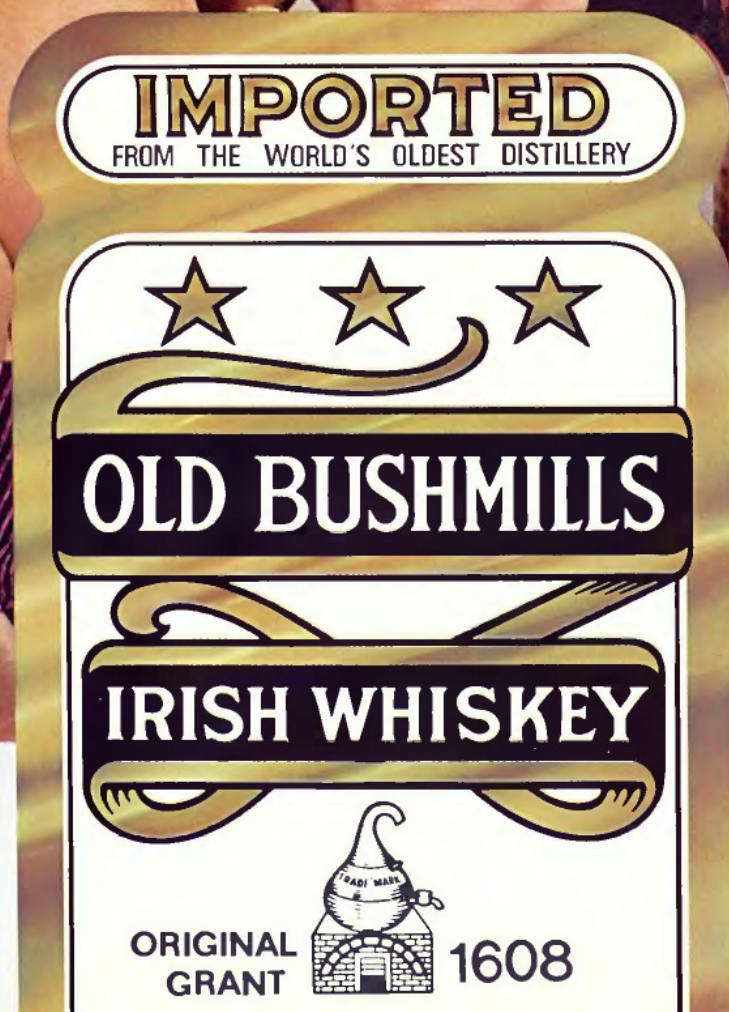
"I don't have a screwdriver."

"A small knife, then. I can see one in

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your surgical-supply bag." Bending, Kemmings lifted up a small scalpel. "This will do. If I show you, will you believe me?"

"If there's nothing inside the TV cabinet—"

Squatting down, Kemmings removed the screws holding the back panel of the TV set in place. The panel came loose and he set it down on the floor.

There was nothing inside the TV cabinet. And yet the color hologram continued to fill a quarter of the hotel room and the voice of the newscaster issued forth from his three-dimensional image.

"Admit you're the ship," Kemmings said to the robot doctor.

"Oh, dear," the robot doctor said.

Oh, dear, the ship said to itself. And I've got almost ten years of this lying ahead of me. He is hopelessly contaminating his experiences with childhood guilt; he imagines that his wife left him because, when he was four years old, he helped a cat catch a bird. The only solution would be for Martine to return to him; but how am I going to arrange that? She may not still be alive. On the other hand, the ship reflected, maybe she is alive. Maybe she could be induced to do something to save her former husband's sanity. People by and large have very positive traits. And ten years from now, it will take a lot to save—or, rather, re-

store—his sanity; it will take something drastic, something I myself cannot do alone.

Meanwhile, there was nothing to be done but recycle the wish-fulfillment arrival of the ship at its destination. I will run him through the arrival, the ship decided, then wipe his conscious memory clean and run him through it again. The only positive aspect of this, it reflected, is that it will give me something to do, which may help preserve my sanity.

Lying in cryonic suspension—faulty cryonic suspension—Victor Kemmings imagined, once again, that the ship was touching down and he was being brought back to consciousness.

"Did you dream?" a heavy-set woman asked him as the group of passengers gathered on the outer platform. "I have the impression that I dreamed. Early scenes from my life . . . over a century ago."

"None that I can remember," Kemmings said. He was eager to reach his hotel; a shower and a change of clothes would do wonders for his morale. He felt slightly depressed and wondered why.

"There's our guide," an elderly lady said. "They're going to escort us to our accommodations."

"It's in the package," Kemmings said. His depression remained. The others seemed so spirited, so full of life, but over him only a weariness lay, a weighing-

down sensation, as if the gravity of this colony-planet were too much for him. Maybe that's it, he said to himself. But according to the brochure, the gravity here matched Earth's; that was one of the attractions.

Puzzled, he made his way slowly down the ramp, step by step, holding on to the rail. I don't really deserve a new chance at life anyhow, he realized. I'm just going through the motions . . . I am not like these other people. There is something wrong with me; I cannot remember what it is, but, nonetheless, it is there. In me. A bitter sense of pain. Of lack of worth.

An insect landed on the back of Kemmings' right hand, an old insect, weary with flight. He halted, watched it crawl across his knuckles. I could crush it, he thought. It's so obviously infirm; it won't live much longer, anyhow.

He crushed it—and felt great inner horror. What have I done? he asked himself. My first moment here and I have wiped out a little life. Is this my new beginning?

Turning, he gazed back up at the ship. Maybe I ought to go back, he thought. Have them freeze me forever. I am a man of guilt, a man who destroys. Tears filled his eyes.

And within its sentient works, the interstellar ship moaned.

During the ten long years remaining of the trip to the LR4 system, the ship had plenty of time to track down Martine Kemmings. It explained the situation to her. She had emigrated to a vast orbiting dome in the Sirius system, found her situation unsatisfactory and was en route back to Earth. Roused from her own cryonic suspension, she listened intently and then agreed to be at the colony world at LR4 when her ex-husband arrived—if it was at all possible.

Fortunately, it was possible.

"I don't think he'll recognize me," Martine said to the ship. "I've allowed myself to age. I don't really approve of entirely halting the aging process."

He'll be lucky if he recognizes anything, the ship thought.

At the intersystem spaceport on the colony world of LR4, Martine stood waiting for the people aboard the ship to appear on the outer platform. She wondered if she would recognize her former husband. She was a little afraid, but she was glad that she had gotten to LR4 in time. It had been close. Another week and his ship would have arrived before hers. Luck is on my side, she said to herself, and scrutinized the newly landed interstellar ship.

People appeared on the platform. She saw him. Victor had changed very little.

As he came down the ramp, holding on to the railing as if weary and hesitant, she went up to him, her hands thrust deep in the pockets of her coat; she felt

shy, and when she spoke, she could hardly hear her own voice.

"Hi, Victor," she managed to say.

He halted, gazed at her. "I know you," he said.

"It's Martine," she said.

Holding out his hand, he said, smiling, "You heard about the trouble on the ship?"

"The ship contacted me." She took his hand and held it. "What an ordeal."

"Yeah," he said. "Recirculating memories forever. Did I ever tell you about a bee that I was trying to extricate from a spider's web when I was four years old? The idiotic bee stung me." He bent down and kissed her. "It's good to see you," he said.

"Did the ship—"

"It said it would try to have you here. But it wasn't sure if you could make it."

As they walked toward the terminal building, Martine said, "I was lucky; I managed to get a transfer to a military vehicle, a high-velocity-drive ship that just shot along like a mad thing. A new propulsion system entirely."

Victor Kemmings said, "I have spent more time in my own unconscious mind than any other human in history. Worse than early Twentieth Century psychoanalysis. And the same material over and over again. Did you know I was scared of my mother?"

"I was scared of your mother," Martine said. They stood at the baggage depot, waiting for his luggage to appear. "This looks like a really nice little planet. Much better than where I was. . . . I haven't been happy at all."

"So maybe there's a cosmic plan," he said, grinning. "You look great."

"I'm old."

"Medical science—"

"It was my decision. I like older people." She surveyed him. He has been hurt a lot by the cryonic malfunction, she said to herself. I can see it in his eyes. They look broken. Broken eyes. Torn down into pieces by fatigue and—defeat. As if his buried, early memories swam up and destroyed him. But it's over, she thought. And I did get here in time.

At the bar in the terminal building, they sat having a drink.

"This old man got me to try Wild Turkey bourbon," Victor said. "It's amazing bourbon. He says it's the best on Earth. He brought a bottle with him from. . . ." His voice died into silence.

"One of your fellow passengers," Martine finished.

"I guess so," he said.

"Well, you can stop thinking of the birds and the bees," Martine said.

"Sex?" he said, and laughed.

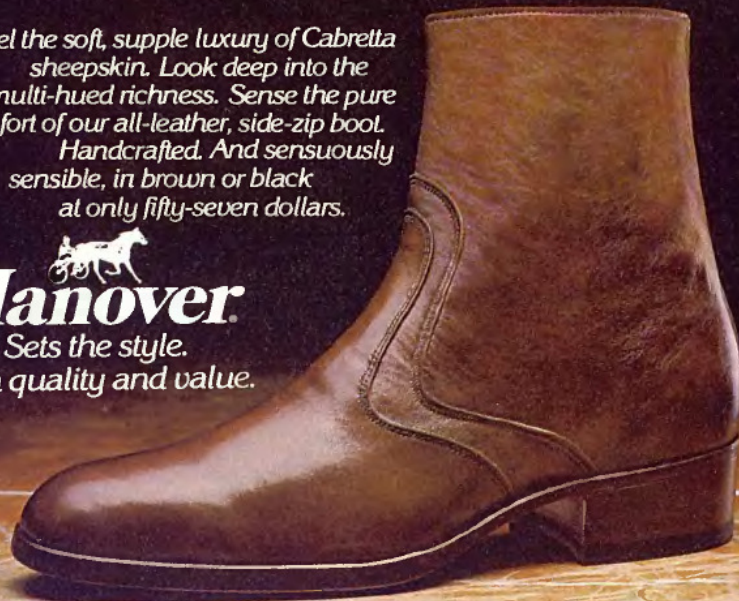
"Being stung by a bee; helping a cat catch a bird. That's all past."

"That cat," Victor said, "has been dead one hundred and eighty-two years. I figured it out while they were bringing

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us out of suspension. Probably just as well. Dorky. Dorky the killer cat. Nothing like Fat Freddy's cat."

"I had to sell the poster," Martine said. "Finally."

He frowned.

"Remember?" she said. "You let me have it when we split up. Which I always thought was really good of you."

"How much did you get for it?"

"A lot. I should pay you something like. . . ." She calculated. "Taking inflation into account, I should pay you about two million dollars."

"Would you consider," he said, "instead, in place of the money, my share of the sale of the poster, spending some time with me? Until I get used to this planet?"

"Yes," she said. And she meant it. Very much.

They finished their drinks and then, with his luggage transported by robot spacecap, made their way to his hotel room.

"This is a nice room," Martine said, perched on the edge of the bed. "And it has a hologram TV. Turn it on."

"There's no use turning it on," Victor Kemmings said. He stood by the open closet, hanging up his shirts.

"Why not?"

Kemmings said, "There's nothing in it."

Going over to the TV set, Martine

turned it on. A hockey game materialized, projected out into the room, in full color, and the sound of the game assailed her ears.

"It works fine," she said.

"I know," he said. "I can prove it. If you have a nail file or something, I'll unscrew the back plate and show you."

"But I can—"

"Look at this." He paused in his work of hanging up his clothes. "Watch me put my hand through the wall." He placed the palm of his right hand against the wall. "See?"

His hand did not go through the wall, because hands do not go through walls; his hand remained pressed against the wall, unmoving.

"And the foundation," he said, "is rotting away."

"Come and sit down by me," Martine said.

"I've lived this often enough to know," he said. "I've lived this over and over again. I come out of suspension; I walk down the ramp; I get my luggage; sometimes I have a drink at the bar and sometimes I come directly to my room. Usually, I turn on the TV and then. . . ." He went over and held his hand toward her. "See where the bee stung me?"

She saw no mark on his hand; she took his hand and held it.

"There is no bee sting there," she said.

"And when the robot doctor comes, I 351

"oooh"

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borrow a tool from him and take off the back plate of the TV set. To prove to him that it has no chassis, no components in it. And then the ship starts me over again."

"Victor," she said. "Look at your hand."

"This is the first time you've been here, though," he said.

"Sit down," she said.

"OK." He seated himself on the bed, beside her, but not too close to her.

"Won't you sit closer to me?" she said.

"It makes me too sad," he said. "Remembering you. I really loved you. I wish this was real."

Martine said, "I will sit with you until it is real for you."

"I'm going to try reliving the part with the cat," he said, "and this time *not* pick up the cat and *not* let it get the bird. If I do that, maybe my life will change so that it turns into something happy. Something that is real. My real mistake was separating from you. Here; I'll put my hand through you." He placed his hand against her arm. The pressure of his muscles was vigorous; she felt the weight, the physical presence of him, against her. "See?" he said. "It goes right through you."

"And all this," she said, "because you killed a bird when you were a little boy."

"No," he said. "All this because of a failure in the temperature-regulating assembly aboard the ship. I'm not down to the proper temperature. There's just enough warmth left in my brain cells to permit cerebral activity." He stood up, then, stretched, smiled at her. "Shall we go get some dinner?" he asked.

She said, "I'm sorry. I'm not hungry."

"I am. I'm going to have some of the local seafood. The brochure says it's terrific. Come along, anyhow; maybe when you see the food and smell it, you'll change your mind."

Gathering up her coat and purse, she went with him.

"This is a beautiful little planet," he said. "I've explored it dozens of times. I know it thoroughly. We should stop downstairs at the pharmacy for some Bactine, though. For my hand. It's beginning to swell and it hurts like hell." He showed her his hand. "It hurts more this time than ever before."

"Do you want me to come back to you?" Martine said.

"Are you serious?"

"Yes," she said. "I'll stay with you as long as you want. I agree; we should never have been separated."

Victor Kemmings said, "The poster is torn."

"What?" she said.

"We should have framed it," he said. "We didn't have sense enough to take care of it. Now it's torn. And the artist is dead."





Raymond

"Three o'clock, for Pete's sake! I'm due in
Gincinnati at three o'clock!"

Warm Regards (continued from page 206)

"Hot drinks engender warm feelings—all the way down—and put a glow on any gathering."

HOT BUTTERED COFFEE

2 teaspoons brown sugar
1/2 teaspoon butter
Pinch each nutmeg and cinnamon
Strip orange rind
1 1/2 ozs. bourbon, or to taste
Hot coffee

Combine sugar, butter and spices in mug and stir until smooth. Add orange rind and bourbon. Fill with hot coffee; stir well. (Add cream, if desired.)

FLAMING FINNISH

(30 servings)

Virtually every Scandinavian family has its own special version of glögg, the

hot spiced wine punch. This flamer is a Finnish favorite.

Spices: 2 cinnamon sticks, 4 allspice berries, 1 piece dried ginger, 5 cardamom pods (cracked), 5 black peppercorns

8 ozs. water

2 bottles zinfandel, or other dry red wine

2 bottles madeira (preferably bual)

Peel of 1 small orange

16 small dried black figs, halved

4 tablespoons brown sugar, or to taste

1 cup blanched almonds

12 ozs. aquavit, warmed

Tie spices in gauze or cheesecloth. Place in small pan and add water; boil

5 minutes. Remove spice bag, pressing lightly with spoon to drain water back into pan. Combine water, wines, orange peel, figs and sugar in 6-quart enamel pot. Heat until just at simmer. Remove peel; pour heated wine mixture into large warmed punch bowl. Add almonds. Pour some aquavit into warmed ladle. Float remaining aquavit on punch, pouring carefully over back of soup spoon. Ignite spirits in ladle and dip edge so that flame catches aquavit in bowl. Empty rest of aquavit in ladle onto punch. Let flame for moment, then extinguish. Taste for sweetness. Serve in punch cups, dipping bit of fig and nut into each cup.

GETAWAY GROG

(30 servings)

A hospitality swig of Club Getaway's, the Connecticut version of Club Med. On brisk days, the grog is kept warm over an open fire. Guests dip in as the feeling moves them.

3 quarts country apple cider

1/2 cup dried apple slices

1/2 cup sultana raisins

4 pieces stick cinnamon

1/2 lemon, thinly sliced

1/2 orange, thinly sliced

1 bottle (750 ml.) applejack

Brown sugar or maple sugar, to taste

Combine all ingredients but applejack and sugar; bring to simmer. Add applejack and remove from heat; stir. Taste for sweetness and add sugar, if desired. (Unlike commercial apple juice, farm ciders vary in sweetness.) Serve in mugs or heavy old fashioned glasses, dipping some fruit into each portion.

SIZZLING MAC

1 oz. Scotch

1 1/2 ozs. ginger wine

1/2 oz. water, or to taste

Slice lime

Combine Scotch, wine and water in enamel pan and heat. When sizzling, but not boiling, pour into small goblet or heatproof stemmed glass. Garnish with lime. Serve with small pitcher of hot water so more can be added, if desired.

SEVEN 'N' CIDER

5 ozs. apple juice

Apple wedge

2 cloves

1 1/2 ozs. Seagram 7, or other good American whiskey

Warm apple juice until simmering. Stick apple with cloves and place in mug or cup. Add whiskey; pour in hot apple juice and serve.

Hot drinks are penetrating and send a surge of energy to one's finger tips, toes and other extremities. Start your party with hot drinks, and who knows where the evening will end?



"Hey, sailor! Care to see where the whale bit me?"

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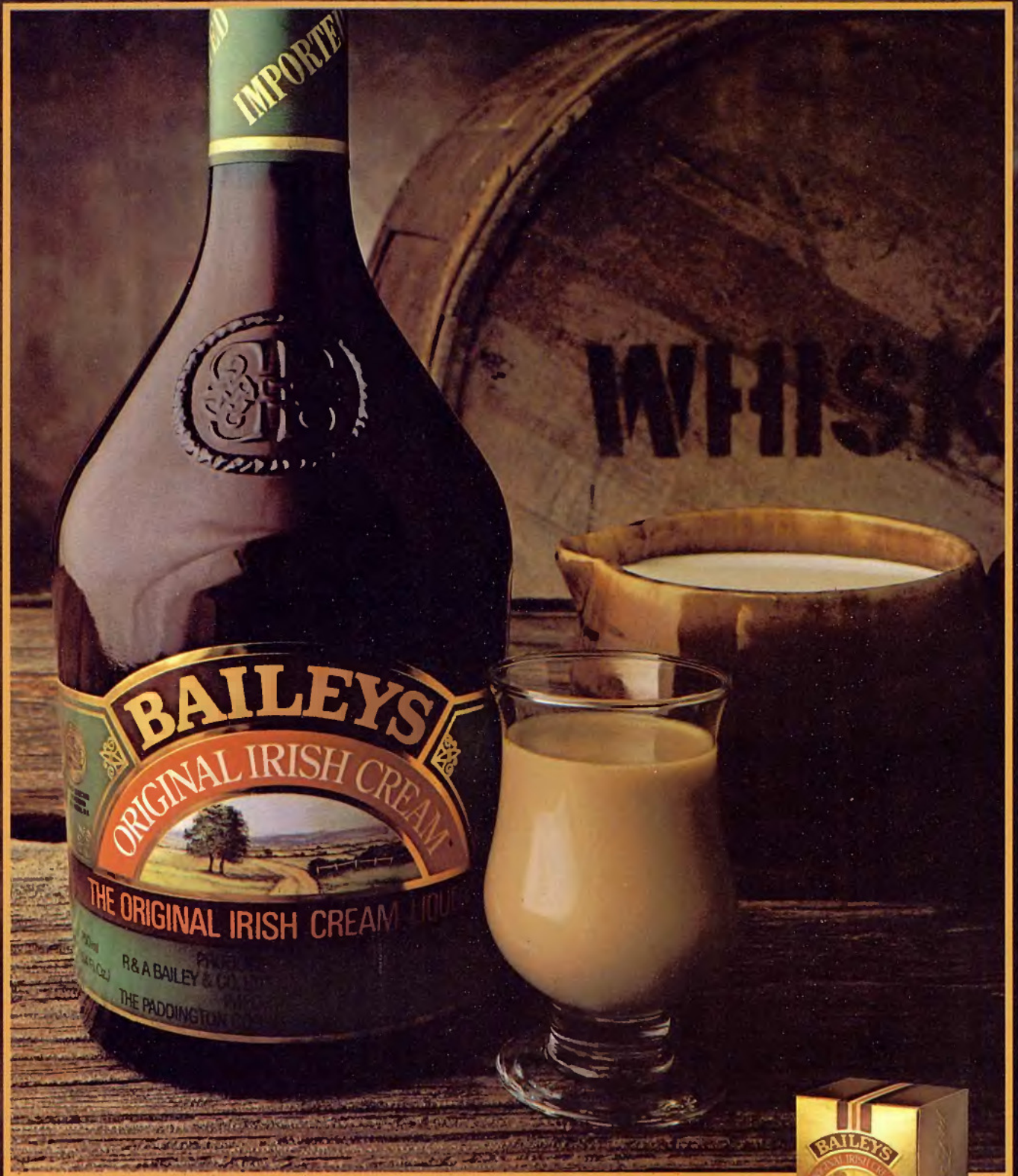
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SEX STARS

(continued from page 250)

"Winger's writhing made it fairly evident that she wasn't fantasizing about machinery."

Eastwood was tossed into the dirt by *Bronco Billy*, though he drew his best reviews ever as the fey leader of a broken-down wild West show. Eastwood fans obviously want him to stay with his tough-guy image. **Burt Reynolds'** followers were no more eager to see their good ol' boy gussied up and trying to play **Cary Grant** in *Rough Cut*. Reynolds, who considers himself a serious actor, had already suffered the additional humiliation of watching his two co-stars in *Starting Over*, **Candice Bergen** and **Jill Clayburgh**, get nominated for Oscars while he was ignored.

The high-powered pairing of **Paul Newman** and **Jacqueline Bisset** couldn't add a moment to the life of *When Time Ran Out*, nor could **Natalie Wood** and **George Segal** save *The Last Married Couple in America*. Still struggling for a comeback, poor **Ali MacGraw** wound up with one more sour footnote to her career in *Just Tell Me What You Want*.

Steve McQueen, who gets top money without having had a hit in years, added two more losers, *I, Tom Horn* and *The Hunter*, to his list. **Al Pacino** was daringly good, but in the wrong picture, the controversial *Cruising*; while **Jack Nicholson** was daringly bad in *The Shining*.

On the plus side, **Angie Dickinson** returned to the big screen in the sexy hit *Dressed to Kill*, taking her shower with her. And *Airplane!*, while introducing **Robert Hays**, proved to be an unconventional career boost to such veterans as **Robert Stack**, **Leslie Nielsen** and **Lloyd Bridges**.

After his disastrous *Moment by Moment*, **John Travolta** regained considerable lost ground with *Urban Cowboy*, but it still wasn't the big box-office smash that was expected. Furthermore, Travolta has to fight for attention in the film against menacingly sexy **Scott Glenn** and yield the movie's raciest scene to newcomer **Debra Winger** atop a mechanical bucking bull. Winger's writhing made it fairly evident that she wasn't fantasizing about machinery and it must have pained the censors a lot to give the picture a PG. But after all, it wasn't a *real* bull.

With the economy collapsing, the ticket-buying public was obviously more selective in picking among the stars. Movie buffs, however, were absolute spendthrifts compared with music fans, who suddenly stopped buying records and attending concerts, tossing the industry into a panic. And any film about music—such as **Willie Nelson's** vehicle, *Honeysuckle Rose*; *Roadie*, with **Meat Loaf** and **Deborah Harry**; **Allan Carr's** *Can't Stop the Music*, starring the *Village People* with the plus

of the pneumatic **Valerie Perrine**; and **Olivia Newton-John's** latest feature, *Xanadu*—was destined to die in the summer cross fire. (*The Blues Brothers* was a possible exception, but that picture was more about spectacular car crashes than about music.)

As their dollars dried up, the music stars' private excesses did, too, almost to the point of discretion. Contrary to expectations, **Rod Stewart** stayed married all year, to **Alana**; **Cher** was scarcely heard from, while her stormy ex-husband **Gregg Allman** settled down in matrimony with a former cocktail waitress, **Julie Bindas**.

Only the porno industry showed continuing strength, which just proves that passion cannot be controlled by the

pocketbook. Blonde newcomers **Jesie St. James** and **Seka** were both prettier than usual in several pictures; while **Marilyn Chambers** made a welcome return in *Insatiable*, taking the time, too, to defend hubby **Chuck Traynor** against all kinds of wild accusations from ex-wife **Linda Lovelace**, who wrote a book claiming he had forced her to do *Deep Throat* and other dirty deeds.

But for every entry in porno, there must be an exit, and the industry lost one of its loveliest stars when **Nancy Suiter** simply disappeared after a brief but energetic career, capped by *Ecstasy Girls*. That film's other distinction was that two of its beauties—billed as **Lovely #1** and **Lovely #2**—were featured often on marquees and in magazine photos, despite the fact that they never appear nude in the picture, much less do anything outlandish. These two straight actresses, **Bonnie Werchan** and **Jaquita Johnson**, simply showed up in evening gowns for a poolside party scene, took the cash and signed the releases—and



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11

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later found to their dismay that they were porno stars.

Although that may have shocked the poor girls' parents, there was little else going on in Hollywood that would. After a lot of carrying on the year before, 1980 slumped through the slow side of the scandal cycle. Sure, it was somewhat amusing that Lee Majors asked buddy Ryan O'Neal to look after Farrah while he was out of town, returning to find that O'Neal had looked after her exceedingly well. But Majors and Fawcett had separated by then and Lee and Ryan weren't such good friends, anyway.

The incident did bring to mind the last time great pals split over a lady, when Glen Campbell stole Sarah Davis from Mac. But what goes around comes around; Sarah has now dumped Glen and shown some renewed interest in Mac, who hasn't quite reciprocated.

Oh, yes, PLAYBOY ran the nude layout on Suzanne Somers, which would have been nice and not at all shocking if she hadn't been so prissy in denying earlier rumors that she had once shed all for the chance to be a Playmate. When the truth came out, Somers explained that she had done it only as a starving starlet trying to support her child (the same excuse she used two years ago, when an old bad-check arrest was exposed). This time, as then, she came out on top with a big publicity build-up.

There was, as usual, the string of broken romances. Burt Reynolds cooled it with Sally Field, though they remain friendly. Lovely Lesley-Anne Down wed Henri Gabriel, an assistant director on her forthcoming *Sphinx*—but the union lasted a matter of months. Erik Estrada married the older Joyce Miller and dumped her immediately in a big mess, with her accusing him of violent threats and of keeping her clothes. But the only break-up to catch the world by total surprise was Anita Bryant's decision to divorce manager Bob Green after 20 years together meddling in other people's morals.

Looking back, it seems that the most unusual performers to create a genuine sexual frenzy across the nation were those legions of handsome, well-built gentlemen willing to bare their bodies nightly for screaming female audiences in club after club staging special ladies-only shows. The lads have been pinched, pulled, groped at, yelled at and whispered to beyond the call of duty, all the while forbidden by most local laws to show any physical appreciation—no matter how much the horny ladies screamed for more. When their gentlemen friends and husbands are finally allowed to join them in the clubs, the women are said to be more than eager for action—thanks to the dedication of these selfless show-business troupers.

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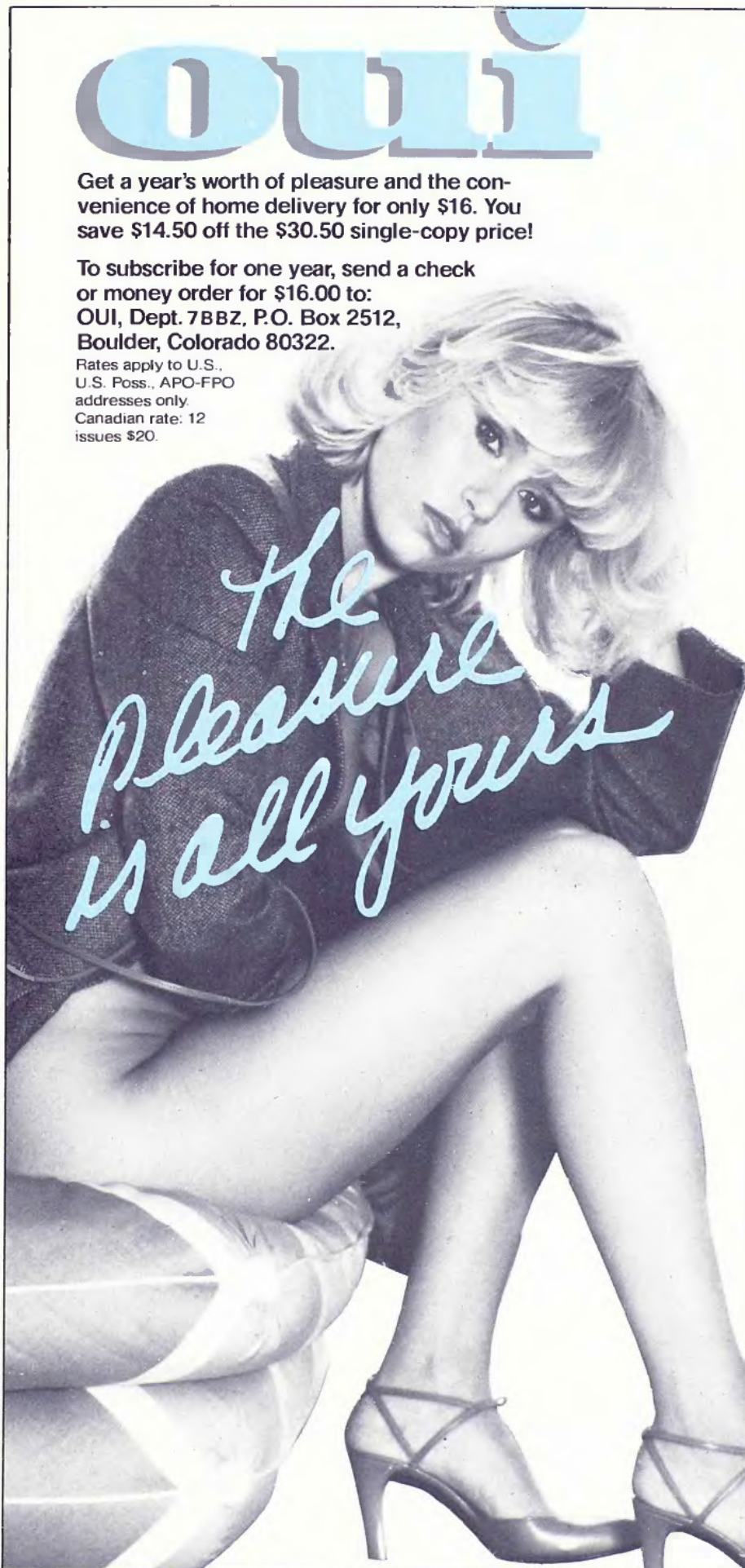
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BASKETBALL PREVIEW

(continued from page 254)

Eastern Eight competition with all its top players back, but the schedule is considerably upgraded. If a good point guard can be found in pre-season drills, the Rams could make an impressive debut.

West Virginia will have to rebuild its

THE EAST

EASTERN EIGHT

- | | |
|--------------------|----------------------|
| 1. Pittsburgh | 6. West Virginia |
| 2. St. Bonaventure | 7. George Washington |
| 3. Rutgers | 8. Massachusetts |
| 4. Duquesne | |
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|-----------------|------------------------|
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| 2. Lafayette | 9. Drexel |
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| 5. La Salle | 12. West Chester State |
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| 7. Rider | |

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| 4. James Madison | 11. George Mason |
| 5. Penn State | 12. Canisius |
| 6. Holy Cross | 13. Army |
| 7. St. Francis | 14. Manhattan |

TOP PLAYERS: Clancy, Neverson (Pittsburgh); Belcher, Jones (St. Bonaventure); Troy (Rutgers); Dixon (Duquesne); Wright (Rhode Island); Nance (West Virginia); Jeffries (George Washington); Wright (Massachusetts); Floyd (Georgetown); Schayes (Syracuse); Thompson (Connecticut); Bradley (Villanova); Russell (St. John's); Bagley (Boston College); Callandrillo (Seton Hall); Williams (Providence); Williams (St. Joseph's); Whitman (Lafayette); Leslie (Bucknell); Parham (Temple); Lynam (La Salle); Harvey (Hofstra); Coats (Rider); Bowers (American); Hatzenbeller (Drexel); Tompkins (Delaware); Hall (Lehigh); Pensyl (West Chester State); Melville (Princeton); Little (Pennsylvania); Outlaw, Gordon (Columbia); Fleming (Harvard); Leondis (Yale); Lawrence (Dartmouth); Erickson (Brown); Allen (Cornell); McAdoo, West (Old Dominion); Ice (Iona); Geshay (Navy); Blackmon (James Madison); Brickowski (Penn State); Witts (Holy Cross); Greene (St. Francis); Phillips (Niagara); Calhoun (Fordham); Barnes (William & Mary); Gaddy (George Mason); Moore (Canisius); Coyne (Army); Leonard (Manhattan).

backcourt. At best, the guards will be inexperienced. Top candidates are sophs Greg Jones and Diego McCoy, plus transfer Quentin Freeman.

Graduation cut severe inroads in the



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music that will enrich your life and make every moment more special.



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George Washington team, taking four of the top six players. Transfer guard Wilbert Skipper looks like the best of the rookies. This campaign will be an uphill climb for Massachusetts, which won only two games last season.

Despite the loss of Craig Shelton and John Duren, Georgetown will again be one of the better teams in the East. Freshman guard Fred Brown, a sensational passer and ball-control artist, will help ease the loss of Duren. The Hoyas will still have the benefit of Eric "Sleepy" Floyd's awesome outside shooting.

The Louie-Bouie show has left town, but Syracuse retains all the ingredients for another potent team. Dan Schayes will inherit Roosevelt Bouie's center job and transfer Leo Rautins, a former member of the Canadian national team, will strengthen the front court.

The Connecticut team lost only one starter to graduation. The experience the squad has garnered, plus the arrival of center Chuck Aleksinas (a transfer from Kentucky), should enable the Huskies to post 20 or more wins.

Villanova's entry into the Big East Conference will be a pleasant one if its bench strength holds up and if the front-court one-two punch of Alex Bradley and John Pinone melds.

It will be difficult for St. John's to overcome the loss of guards Reggie Carter and Bernard Rencher. Likely replacements will be Curtis Redding and transfer (from Texas Tech) Larry Washington.

A good recruiting season will give Boston College a taller team, but the

schedule will be tougher. Seton Hall, sustaining no graduation losses, will benefit from gained experience, but there is still a need for a power man under the boards and the schedule is also rough.

St. Joseph's should be the favorite in the East Coast Conference, mostly because center Marcellus Williams returns. Also, coach Jim Lynam landed prime recruits Tony Costner and Lonnie McFarlan, two of the best prep players in the Philadelphia area. Both Lafayette and Bucknell sustained severe graduation losses. The same problem will be largely solved at Lafayette, because new coach Will Rackley garnered the finest group of rookies in school history. Bucknell will be a team of average players surrounding one great performer, guard Al Leslie.

Temple is the conference dark horse. The Owls are experienced, quick and deep, and will be reinforced by three blue-chip recruits, the best of whom is Pete Aguilar.

It should be an off year for La Salle, because the Explorers lost all of last winter's top scorers. Hofstra will have a veteran squad, but Dick Berg is the third head coach in as many years, and that can affect any team's stability. The Rider team will be vastly improved from accrued experience alone—four of last season's starters were freshmen, as were four of the first five players off the bench.

American University will still have superscorer Boo Bowers and the Eagles will be reinforced by nugget transfer

(from Texas Christian) Mark Nickens. Drexel, Delaware and Lehigh had minimal graduation losses, and all should be stronger teams than a year ago. West Chester State has been playing over its head in the East Coast Conference in recent years, but athletic director Dick Yoder is in the process of overhauling the whole athletic program. It will take a while.

This year's Ivy League race should again be a down-to-the-wire affair between Princeton and Pennsylvania, with Columbia playing the dark-horse role. All three teams had few graduation losses, were very young teams last season, and will therefore benefit from their experience. The Princeton team must improve its game at the offensive end of the court and Pennsylvania must find an adequate replacement for its only graduated starter, team leader James Salters. Columbia's fortunes will depend largely on the continued improvement of Vernon Outlaw (one of the two dominant big men in the league) and the contributions of freshman center Gerome Quinn.

The Harvard team last season was disadvantaged by an unusually short group of players; but, fortunately, the incoming freshmen are the tallest group of recruits in school history. Joe Carabino and Monroe Trout appear to be the best of the lot.

Yale's graduation losses were severe. Luckily, freshman guard Butch Graves arrived to soften the loss of Larry Zigerelli, who was the Elis' main man last winter. Center Tim Daaleman will compete with Columbia's Outlaw for the honor of being the Ivy's best big man.

Dartmouth will have a much-improved team because of the return from injury of forward Larry Lawrence and guard Tony Woods. Add blue-chip freshman Brian Burke and the win total should double that of a year ago.

Graduation took the top scorers from both the Brown and the Cornell teams and no equivalent replacements are in the offing at either school. Brown's main strength will again be its defensive play. New Cornell coach Tom Miller has brought in eight recruits, so chances are good that there will be a couple of nuggets in the group.

Old Dominion should have the winningest team among the Eastern independents. The Monarchs' major assets will be team speed and quickness, but a suitable replacement must be found for the graduated stellar forward Ronnie Valentine. Either of two recruits, Tom Perry or Ray Broxton, could fill the void.

Iona's top five players of a year ago have departed, but there is a bonanza group of recruits to take their place. All five starters on this year's squad could be newcomers. If they get their



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act together, Iona could be a strong team by season's end.

Penn State plays a much tougher schedule than many of the other Eastern independents and will likely be much stronger than some teams with better records. The Nittany Lions' only weakness is a lack of quickness. If coach Dick Harter can solve that problem, the Lions could surprise several supposedly better teams this winter. Two incoming freshmen, Brian Dean and Dick Mumma, should make big contributions.

A strong bench will help Holy Cross overcome the loss of top gunner Ronnie Perry. With everyone else back, this could be a good year in Worcester.

St. Francis, Niagara, Fordham and George Mason will have much-improved teams and the various won-lost records will be largely a reflection of the schedule strengths. St. Francis lost only one starter and the three other teams didn't lose any.

THE MIDWEST

BIG TEN

- | | |
|---------------|--------------------|
| 1. Indiana | 6. Purdue |
| 2. Ohio State | 7. Michigan |
| 3. Illinois | 8. Wisconsin |
| 4. Iowa | 9. Northwestern |
| 5. Minnesota | 10. Michigan State |

MID-AMERICAN CONFERENCE

- | | |
|----------------------|----------------------|
| 1. Bowling Green | 7. Western Michigan |
| 2. Northern Illinois | 8. Ohio University |
| 3. Toledo | 9. Eastern Michigan |
| 4. Ball State | 10. Miami University |
| 5. Central Michigan | |
| 6. Kent State | |

CITY SEVEN

- | | |
|------------------|-----------------|
| 1. Evansville | 5. Butler |
| 2. Loyola | 6. Xavier |
| 3. Oklahoma City | 7. Oral Roberts |
| 4. Detroit | |

INDEPENDENTS

- | | |
|---------------|-------------------|
| 1. DePaul | 4. Illinois State |
| 2. Notre Dame | 5. Dayton |
| 3. Marquette | |

TOP PLAYERS: Thomas, Tolbert (Indiana); Williams, Kellogg (Ohio State); Johnson, Smith (Illinois); Boyle, Arnold (Iowa); Mitchell, Breuer (Minnesota); Edmonson (Purdue); McGee (Michigan); Gregory (Wisconsin); Roberson (Northwestern); Vincent (Michigan State); Irish, Faine (Bowling Green); Rayhorn (Northern Illinois); Knuckles (Toledo); McCallum (Ball State); Robinson (Central Michigan); Kitchen, Koch (Kent State); Maxwell (Western Michigan); Lehman (Ohio University); Zatkoff (Eastern Michigan); Sweigert (Miami University); Leaf, Bullock (Evansville); Clemons, Sprewer (Loyola); Jackson (Oklahoma City); Davis (Detroit); Warren (Butler); Hanley, Hicks (Xavier); Prusator (Oral Roberts); Aguirre, Bradshaw, Cummings (DePaul); Tripucka, Jackson, Woolridge (Notre Dame); Lee, Wilson (Marquette); Nussbaumer (Illinois State); Montague (Dayton).

The Big Ten has emerged as the dominant conference in college basketball. The major disadvantage each of its member teams faces is the fact that all

must play one another twice every season. It all comes down to who beats whom with a last-second tip-in.

Indiana will be the favorite as the season opens, largely because of the impressive veteran talent. The best is Playboy All-America guard Isiah Thomas. Isiah is so spectacular that it's hard to believe what he does, even when you see it again in instant replay. He has so much fun playing the game that the feeling is infectious; the fans love Isiah and he loves the fans. Another plus for the Hoosiers is the unlikely possibility of a repeat of last season's series of injuries. The biggest suspense factor in Bloomington is coach Bobby Knight. Hoosier fans keep holding their breath, waiting for him to self-destruct à la Woody Hayes.

If Indiana should falter, Ohio State is waiting in the wings. The Buckeyes will have to learn to play without graduated Kelvin Ransey, who was the backbone of the team for three years. Playboy All-America forward Herb Williams will take up much of the leadership burden, and supersoph Clark Kellogg should be much improved and more consistent with a year's maturation.

The Illinois team set a school record of 22 wins last winter, largely because of top-quality forward play. Last spring, coach Lou Henson recruited a couple of gem-quality guards, Derek Harper and Craig Tucker. Harper could be the best freshman guard in the country this season. Forwards Eddie Johnson and Mark Smith could both go in the first round of the N.B.A. draft next year. The Illini bench depth, however, is suspect, so injuries could wreak havoc.

Iowa's only significant graduation loss was Ronnie Lester, but the Hawkeyes are a balanced team, will have excellent bench strength, and last winter's long skein of injuries probably won't recur.

Minnesota also lost its best player (Kevin McHale), but everyone else is back and—just like Iowa—the Gophers have excellent team balance. Any improvement this year will likely be keyed to the further development of 7'2" sophomore Randy Breuer.

Although it will be difficult for the Purdue team to adjust to the loss of Joe Barry Carroll, part of the void will be filled by 6'11" freshman Russell Cross, a consensus prep All-America. New coach Gene Keady plans to install a three-forward offense to take advantage of the wealth of quality front-court players.

Michigan was the surprise team of the Big Ten last year, but opponents won't be caught napping this time. The Wolverines' graduation losses were minimal. A great recruiting year was highlighted by the signing of 6'10" blue chipper Tim McCormick. Another freshman, Dan Pelekoudas, with great ball-handling

ability and lots of smarts, could fill the Wolverines' need for a flashy point guard. Forward Mike McGee should become the school's all-time leading scorer by season's end.

The emphasis will be on offense at Wisconsin this year. The Badgers have a dearth of experience and the lack of depth could hurt, because several of the players are foul prone.

Last year's Northwestern team was big and slow, but this edition should be just the opposite. Sophs Michael Jenkins and Gaddis Rathel both have tremendous quickness and rookie Art Aaron will add even more explosiveness to the Wildcat attack.

The Michigan State team this year will again suffer from a lack of height. Several quality recruits (the best of whom are Ben Tower and Richard Mudd) will see much action. The abundance of inexperience on the floor will hurt.

Bowling Green and Northern Illinois should be nearly dead-even favorites to win the Mid-American Conference title. Almost everyone returns to a Bowling Green team that won 20 games last season. Northern Illinois has such a bonanza of recruits that three of last year's returning starters may find themselves on the bench much of this winter. Best of the Huskie newcomers are Ross Kingsley and Leonard Hayes.

Graduation losses will likely make it impossible for Toledo to duplicate last year's heady success. It will be a young team and, with Harvey Knuckles' leadership, should improve as the season progresses. Ball State, Central Michigan and Kent State all have enough experienced depth to make a run for the title if luck favors them. Kent State will get much help from superrecruit Robert Brannon.

Western Michigan and Ohio University will have improved teams but are still a year away from title contention. Eastern Michigan and Miami University suffered too many graduation losses to be a factor in the championship race this season.

This year's squad should be the best Evansville team in school history. Three returning starters are joined by a dazzling crop of recruits. Rookies Kenny Perry (a 6'11" prep All-America) and Emir Turam (a 7'1" former member of the Turkish Olympic team) will give the Aces their tallest team ever.

Loyola will again have a short but scrappy team. Darius Clemons is one of the best defensive guards in the country. Oklahoma City, Butler and Xavier will all have improved teams. Xavier, especially, has the ingredients to be the surprise team of the conference. Both Detroit and Oral Roberts will be weakened by the loss of graduated players.

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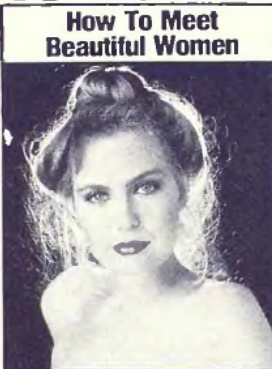
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an even stronger team than a year ago, when the Blue Demons lost only two games. Only one of last season's top ten players is missing. Playboy All-Americans Mark Aguirre and Clyde Bradshaw are among the dozen best players in the country. Two other returnees, sophomores Terry Cummings and Teddy Grubbs, should benefit greatly from a year's experience. The Demon squad is so deep in talent that only one newcomer, transfer center Brett Burkholder, is expected to log much playing time this winter.

Whether or not Notre Dame makes it to the N.C.A.A. tournament for the eighth straight year will depend largely on how well this autumn's supercrop of freshmen fit in. As usual, the Irish have a wealth of front-court players, best of whom are Tracy Jackson, Kelly Tripucka and Orlando Woolridge. The key factor in pre-season drills will be settling their guard positions, where both of last year's starters have graduated. Best of the gilded cache of newcomers is Joe Kleine, who, at 6'11" and 240 pounds, should be the muscle man coach Digger Phelps has been looking for.

Although stellar guard Sam Worthen has graduated, Marquette now has the depth that was so obviously missing last year. Promising transfer center Brian Nyenhuis will also give the Warriors much-needed height.

There is so much talent in the Atlantic Coast Conference—and it is so evenly distributed—that all the teams except Georgia Tech have a chance to win the conference title. Maryland looks like the best bet to us, because the Terps have all their top players (including Playboy All-America forward Albert King) returning from a team that won 24 games last season. Last winter's only discernible weakness, a thin bench, will be helped by the arrival of three prime recruits, Charles Pittman (who could usurp a starting role by season's end), Steve Rivers and Pete Holbert.

Playboy All-America center Ralph Sampson, only a sophomore, has provided the key element in Virginia's emergence as a basketball power. Sampson's presence has taken the defensive pressure off Jeff Lamp, who has subsequently emerged as the most dangerous shooting guard in the conference. Last season's weakness, backcourt speed, has apparently been cured by the addition of lightning-quick guards Othell Wilson and Ricky Stokes.

This year's Duke team will be very different from the last one. The Blue Devils will be missing the big guy in the middle, so new coach Mike Krzyzewski will use a motion offense, with the five starters playing interchangeable roles. Such a style should help showcase the considerable talents of Gene Banks, Kenny Derrard and Vince Taylor, who have



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been somewhat stifled by the inside-oriented attacks of recent years.

The best news at North Carolina is that James Worthy's broken ankle has healed. He could become the finest front-court player in school history. Worthy and Al Wood (already the best shooter in school history) will give the Tar Heels an awesome pair, but the rest of the starting line-up could be in doubt until midseason. Incoming freshman center Sam Perkins looks like a future great and could quickly win a starting role.

New North Carolina State coach Jim Valvano inherits eight of last winter's top ten players; but, unfortunately, the lamented departees, Hawkeye Whitney and Clyde Austin, were the two top scorers. The key to the Wolfpack's fortunes this season may be 7'5" Chuck Nevitt, who, if he can develop his stamina and add some weight, could intimidate opposing teams. A methodical club a year ago, the Wolfpack will use race-horse tactics this season to take advantage of the squad's over-all quickness.

Severe graduation losses will prevent the Clemson team from duplicating last season's success. The Tigers will be heavily dependent on the play of center Larry Nance and the quick development of newcomers Clark Bynum and Raymond Jones.

With all key players returning and a prime crop of recruits (Glenn Mayers is the best newcomer), Wake Forest will have a much stronger team, but tough conference competition will make it difficult for the Deacons to have a winning season. The return of Frank Johnson, whose foot injury has healed, will give their backcourt play the speed and leadership it needs.

Georgia Tech, newest member of the Atlantic Coast Conference, lost four of its top five players to graduation and faces a long uphill climb to conference respectability. Forward Brook Steppe, who would be a guard on a team with deeper talent, will have to carry most of the load this season.

Reinforced by two bonanza recruiting years, Kentucky has everything necessary

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ATLANTIC COAST CONFERENCE

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2. Virginia
3. Duke
4. North Carolina
5. North Carolina State
6. Clemson
7. Wake Forest
8. Georgia Tech

SOUTHEASTERN CONFERENCE

1. Kentucky
2. Louisiana State
3. Vanderbilt
4. Alabama
5. Georgia
6. Tennessee
7. Mississippi State
8. Mississippi
9. Auburn
10. Florida

METRO CONFERENCE

1. Louisville
2. Florida State
3. Memphis State
4. Virginia Tech
5. Tulane
6. Cincinnati
7. St. Louis

SUN BELT

1. South Alabama
2. Jacksonville
3. Virginia Commonwealth
4. UNCC
5. Alabama-Birmingham
6. South Florida
7. Georgia State

OHIO VALLEY CONFERENCE

1. Murray State
2. Morehead State
3. Western Kentucky
4. Middle Tennessee
5. Eastern Kentucky
6. Tennessee Tech
7. Austin Peay

SOUTHERN CONFERENCE

1. Western Carolina
2. Marshall
3. Furman
4. Chattanooga
5. East Tennessee
6. Appalachian State
7. Virginia Military
8. The Citadel
9. Davidson

INDEPENDENTS

1. South Carolina 2. New Orleans

TOP PLAYERS: King, Williams (Maryland); Sampson, Lamp (Virginia); Banks, Dennard (Duke); Wood, Worthy (North Carolina); Lowe (North Carolina State); Nance (Clemson); Johnson (Wake Forest); Steppe (Georgia Tech); Bowie, Cowan (Kentucky); Macklin, Martin (Louisiana State); Davis, Rhodes (Vanderbilt); Phillips (Alabama); Fair, Wilkins (Georgia); Wood (Tennessee); Grim (Mississippi State); Turner (Mississippi); Poindexter (Auburn); Giombetti (Florida); Smith, S. McCray, R. McCray (Louisville); Dillard, Rolle (Florida State); Jackson (Memphis State); Solomon (Virginia Tech); Thompson (Tulane); Jones (Cincinnati); Burns (St. Louis); Rains (South Alabama); Hackett (Jacksonville); Sherod, Knight (Virginia Commonwealth); Potts (UNCC); Robinson (Alabama-Birmingham); Grier (South Florida); Tucker (Georgia State); Sleet (Murray State); Napier (Morehead State); McCormick (Western Kentucky); Beck (Middle Tennessee); Baker (Eastern Kentucky); Abuls (Tennessee Tech); Sanders (Austin Peay); Dennis (Western Carolina); Washington (Marshall); Daniel (Furman); Smith (Chattanooga); Mikell (East Tennessee); Payton (Appalachian State); Kolesar (Virginia Military); Huguley (The Citadel); Haynes (Davidson); Darmody (South Carolina); Edwards (New Orleans).



GIANT PANDA

Handwritten signature: Handwritten signature.

"If, as you say, it's no crime to be a panda, perhaps you can explain why we were arrested."

to be the nation's top team. Although the Wildcats will be a very young team

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Consumer Orientation
No. 8 in a Series
Subject: Maximizing
Volumetric Efficiency

8 Porsche 924 Turbo

At Weissach, where Porsche's Research and Development Center (Entwicklungszentrum) is located, the price of gasoline is \$2.55 per gallon. Yet throughout Germany, you can drive the Autobahn which has virtually no speed limits. To meet the diverse goals of performance and economy*—Porsche developed the 924 Turbo.

Turbocharging maximizes the volumetric efficiency of an engine. Instead of increasing the engine's displacement, it increases the density of the charge supplied to the engine. A naturally-aspirated engine's air supply is limited by normal atmospheric pressure. But on demand, the 924's turbocharger forces air into its engine at up to one-and-a-half times normal atmospheric pressure. The result: more efficient combustion and a 30% increase in horsepower and torque. The 924 Turbo's engine produces 143 bhp at 5500 rpm and generates 147 ft-lbs of torque at 3500 rpm. The power that drives the turbocharger comes from normally-wasted engine exhaust gases. Thus, in effect, the 924 Turbo creates energy from waste.

*EPA estimated (19) mpg. 31 mpg estimated highway. Use the "estimated mpg" for comparison. Mpg varies with speed, trip length, weather. Actual highway mpg will probably be less.

5th

120 mph in 48.9 sec.

4th

100 mph in 23.2 sec.

3rd

78 mph in 12 sec.

2nd

52 mph in 7 sec.

1st

30 mph in 2.3 sec.

In acceleration tests on the track (see acceleration curve at left), the 924 Turbo with 5-speed manual transmission reaches a maximum speed of 132 mph. Yet its performance is not at the expense of efficiency. The 924 Turbo requires only 16.5 hp to cruise at 55 mph. Test drive the 924 Turbo today. For your nearest dealer, call toll-free: (800) 447-4700. In Illinois, (800) 322-4400.

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Conference. Challenges could come from Morehead State, if its young but talented squad matures quickly, or from Western Kentucky, if its team can smoothly adjust to new coach Clem Haskins. Both the Middle Tennessee and the Tennessee Tech teams will be much stronger, due to more experience and depth.

Western Carolina, Marshall and Furman will fight it out for the Southern Conference title, with Western Carolina having the best chance because of the presence of scrapper Greg Dennis. Chattanooga, benefiting from a bumper crop of recruits (Russ Schoene is the number-one catch), could be a dark-horse team.

It's back to the drawing boards at South Carolina. The squad was gutted by graduation. New coach Bill Foster may wind up with a starting five consisting of four freshmen and one sophomore, Kevin Darmody.

The Missouri team won 25 games last season and could well have been the best team in the land with adequate bench strength. But, after late-season injuries, the Tigers had only three substitutes. Said coach Norm Stewart, "Sometimes it was frustrating to look down the bench and see more coaches than players." The return of forward Lex Drum and guard Barry Laurie, plus the addition of four freshman recruits, should take care of the numbers problem. Then, if Stewart can find a capable replacement for graduated point guard Larry Drew, the Tigers will be a strong contender for the national championship.

Nebraska, last winter's Big Eight Cinderella team, will have its 11 best players from a year ago back and will be Missouri's challenger for the conference crown. The Huskers' main liability is a lack of height. If 6'7" center Andre Smith were three inches taller, he would be rated as one of the top post men in the country.

Guard Rolando Blackman returns as the sparkplug of the Kansas State team and will be joined by four part-time starters from last year. The Wildcats will be a balanced team, with finely meshed skills. With a bit of good fortune, they could be one of the nation's top teams.

Colorado is on the verge of turning the corner in basketball. The four top players of last winter are back and are joined by a great group of recruits. Best of the bunch are center Joe Cooper and point guard Jay Humphries.

The Kansas team retains the invaluable services of Playboy All-America guard Darnell Valentine, plus eight of the top ten other players on last winter's squad. The Jayhawks will therefore be much improved, but it will be difficult to enhance the won-lost record, because most of the other conference teams are also stronger. This year's recruiting plum, 6'10", 240-pound Victor Mitchell,

figures to fill the Jayhawks' need for a dominating inside player.

Iowa State, Oklahoma State and Oklahoma all lost their two best players to graduation and will have a hard time improving on last season's records. New Iowa State coach Johnny Orr got a late start in the recruiting wars and landed only three players, so the Cyclones will be few in number, as well as short in size. The schedule is also much stronger than a year ago. Give Orr a couple of years and he will have the Cyclones banging on the Big Eight throne-room door, but this may be a lean winter in Ames.

The Oklahoma State team will benefit from the return of premier guard Matt

considerably reinforced by transfer (from Florida) Maurice McDaniel, who should make a big splash his first year. With all that front-court talent on hand, Metcalf may use a three-forward offense.

Although Arkansas won 21 games last season, it was considered a disappointing performance by Razorback fans, who have become accustomed to league championships. The Hogs suffered from poor shooting, but that could be remedied this fall by two incoming hot-shot guards, Darrell Walker and Ricky Norton. If both work out, U. S. Reed will be moved to the front court, where his superb jumping ability can be utilized. With a little help, Scott Hastings could become a prolific scorer.

Texas Tech returns three starters and eight lettermen from the best-shooting team in school history. The Raiders should be improved with the addition of freshman point guard Bubba Jennings, who arrives with awesome credentials. Tech still lacks a domineering big man in the front court, so coach Gerald Myers may adopt a fast-break running game.

Baylor forward Terry Teagle is probably the finest player in the Southwest Conference, but he got very little help last winter from his teammates, who were neither very tall nor very physical. A productive recruiting year fortunately brought in much added height and muscle in the persons of Ozell Hall and Tommy Temeat. They should make life much more pleasant for Teagle.

Guard Rob Williams will again be Houston's big gun. He will get a lot of help from an outstanding collection of recruits. Michael Young and Clyde Drexler could be instant starters in the front court, and both Eric Davis and Lynden Rose will clock much time as guards. The Cougars could astonish if all this new talent learns to play together smoothly.

The Texas team was maddeningly inconsistent last season—some nights it looked unbeatable, other nights it smelled up the arena. With last season's top two players missing, this team could be just as unpredictable. One key to the season will be the play of LaSalle Thompson, who has the tools to become one of the best big men in conference history. Another key will be the contributions of newcomers, best of whom is forward Mike Wacker.

Almost everything is new at Southern Methodist. Graduation nearly wiped out the squad; new coach Dave Bliss will assemble a team made up largely of rookies and inexperienced reserves. The style of play will be different, too, changing from a run-and-gun attack to a methodical defense-oriented system.

Don't be surprised if Rice turns out to be the dominant team of the year in the Southwest Conference. All the necessary

THE NEAR WEST

BIG EIGHT

- | | |
|-----------------|-------------------|
| 1. Missouri | 5. Kansas |
| 2. Nebraska | 6. Iowa State |
| 3. Kansas State | 7. Oklahoma State |
| 4. Colorado | 8. Oklahoma |

SOUTHWEST CONFERENCE

- | | |
|----------------|-----------------------|
| 1. Texas A & M | 6. Texas |
| 2. Arkansas | 7. Southern Methodist |
| 3. Texas Tech | 8. Rice |
| 4. Baylor | 9. Texas Christian |
| 5. Houston | |

MISSOURI VALLEY CONFERENCE

- | | |
|---------------------|----------------------|
| 1. Bradley | 6. Indiana State |
| 2. Wichita State | 7. New Mexico State |
| 3. West Texas State | 8. Tulsa |
| 4. Creighton | 9. Southern Illinois |
| 5. Drake | |

INDEPENDENTS

- | | |
|--------------|----------------------|
| 1. Centenary | 2. North Texas State |
|--------------|----------------------|

TOP PLAYERS: Berry, Stipanovich (Missouri); Smith, Moore (Nebraska); Blackman (Kansas State); Hunter (Colorado); Valentine (Kansas); Estes (Iowa State); Clark (Oklahoma State); Whitely (Oklahoma); Wright, Smith (Texas A & M); Hastings, Reed (Arkansas); Taylor (Texas Tech); Teagle (Baylor); Williams (Houston); Thompson (Texas); Piehler (Southern Methodist); Pierce (Rice); Johnson (Texas Christian); Anderson, Thirdkill (Bradley); Livingston, Carr (Wichita State); Adolph (West Texas State); McKenna, Honz (Creighton); Lloyd, Wright (Drake); Reed (Indiana State); Pena (New Mexico State); Stevenson (Tulsa); Nance (Southern Illinois); Rhone (Centenary); Lyons (North Texas State).

Clark, who was redshirted last season with an injury. New Oklahoma coach Billy Tubbs inherits only one full-time starter (guard Raymond Whitely), but landed a gem-quality recruit in massive Charles Jones, who could dominate the boards.

Texas A & M coach Shelby Metcalf insists his team was only a jump shot away from the national championship last winter. The Aggies' only perceptible weakness was poor point production from the backcourt, but three prime rookie guards should fix that problem. The front line will again be formidable and will be

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ingredients are there, if coach Mike Schuler can put them together. Although the Owls won only seven games a year ago, forward Ricky Pierce emerged as the kind of talent who can meld a team into a winner. Last year's ten best players return and a prime crop of freshmen could help cure last winter's lack of quickness and speed. Their easier schedule should help, too.

The Texas Christian team boasts more maturity and more height than a year ago. Darrell Browder could become one of the standout guards in the conference.

It looks like a beautiful winter in Peoria. Last season, Bradley became the first team in the 64-year history of the Missouri Valley Conference to go from last place to first place in one season. All five starters and two thirds of the best bench in the league return. Best of all, the Braves have Mitchell Anderson, a superstar player who can galvanize a team. The Braves are quick, disciplined and skilled defensively. Look for them to wind up in the nation's top 20 at season's end.

If Bradley falters, Wichita State could take the conference crown. The Shockers also return all their starters and inexperience will not be the problem it was a year ago. Two rookies, forward Donnell Allen and guard Tony Martin, will make big contributions their first year.

The main strength of the West Texas State team will again be the running game, led by guard Terry Adolph. A group of junior college transfers will add bench depth, an important element in this run-oriented team.

Both the Creighton and the Drake

squads return nearly intact, and each team has a star forward who can make the difference in close games. Creighton's Kevin McKenna is a superb outside shooter and a slick ball handler. Drake's Lewis Lloyd seems to do everything better than anyone. The Bulldogs still need a big man in the middle.

Graduation took a devastating toll at Indiana State, New Mexico State and Tulsa. But all three schools got lucky in recruiting. Lester Wright and Robert McField are the prime catches at Indiana State. Jaime Pena and Paul Atkins, both junior college All-Americans, will be immediate starters at New Mexico State. Tulsa's rookie crop is especially impressive, with the newcomers reputed to be more talented than the starters they will replace. Best of the lot appears to be Paul Pressey, who can play any position.

Last season's incredible string of bad luck at Southern Illinois (transcript foul-ups, injuries, illness) will presumably not be repeated this winter, so the Salukis should enjoy a more productive season if last year's top two scorers can be adequately replaced.

Center Cherokee Rhone will again be the dominant player on the Centenary squad. Last year's internal squabbles will be missing and two rookie forwards, Rusty Ward and Willie Jackson, will give the Gents added scoring power.

Last season, the Oregon State team won 26 games, took the Pacific Ten championship and wound up ranked fourth in the nation. The Beavers will be even stronger this year. Only one starter and one backup player are missing from last

year's squad and the replacements are more than adequate. Two recruits, forward Charlie Sitton and swing man Les Conner, have impressive reputations and could be used immediately. Center Steve Johnson will again be the fulcrum of the team.

UCLA's late-season finish was breathtaking; after only a fourth-place finish

THE FAR WEST

PACIFIC TEN

- | | |
|------------------------|---------------------|
| 1. Oregon State | 6. Washington State |
| 2. UCLA | 7. Oregon |
| 3. Arizona State | 8. Arizona |
| 4. Southern California | 9. California |
| 5. Washington | 10. Stanford |

WESTERN ATHLETIC CONFERENCE

- | | |
|------------------|--------------------|
| 1. Wyoming | 6. San Diego State |
| 2. Texas-El Paso | 7. Colorado State |
| 3. Utah | 8. Air Force |
| 4. Brigham Young | 9. New Mexico |
| 5. Hawaii | |

PACIFIC COAST ASSOCIATION

- | | |
|---------------------|--------------------|
| 1. Long Beach State | 5. San Jose State |
| 2. Utah State | 6. Santa Barbara |
| 3. Pacific | 7. Irvine |
| 4. Fresno State | 8. Fullerton State |

WEST COAST CONFERENCE

- | | |
|------------------|---------------------|
| 1. San Francisco | 5. Portland |
| 2. St. Mary's | 6. Loyola Marymount |
| 3. Gonzaga | 7. Santa Clara |
| 4. Pepperdine | |

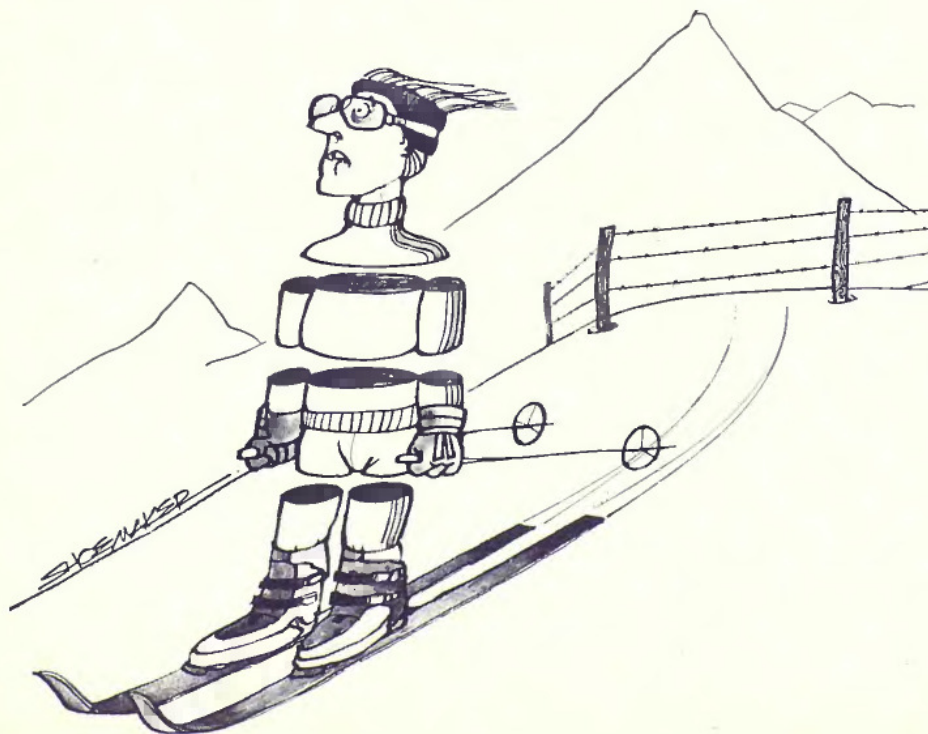
BIG SKY CONFERENCE

- | | |
|----------------|---------------------|
| 1. Montana | 5. Montana State |
| 2. Weber State | 6. Northern Arizona |
| 3. Idaho | 7. Idaho State |
| 4. Boise State | 8. Nevada-Reno |

INDEPENDENTS

- | | |
|---------------------|-------------------|
| 1. Nevada-Las Vegas | 2. Portland State |
|---------------------|-------------------|

TOP PLAYERS: Johnson, Blume (Oregon State); Foster, Sanders (UCLA); Lister, Scott (Arizona State); Miller (Southern California); Fronk (Washington); Meyers (Washington State); Whiting (Oregon); Smith (Arizona); McNamara, Singleton (California); Welch (Stanford); Bradley, Garnett (Wyoming); Burns, White (Texas-El Paso); Vranes, Chambers (Utah); Ainge (Brigham Young); Strayhorn (Hawaii); Gordon (San Diego State); Hughes (Colorado State); Harris (Air Force); Page (New Mexico); Dykema (Long Beach State); Jackson (Utah State); Corneliuss (Pacific); Higgins (Fresno State); Mendez (San Jose State); Anderson (Santa Barbara); Magee (Irvine); Bell (Fullerton State); McAlister, Dailey (San Francisco); Vann (St. Mary's); Baldwin (Gonzaga); Bond (Pepperdine); Slaughter (Portland); McCloskey (Loyola Marymount); Whittington (Santa Clara); Zanon (Montana); Harper (Weber State); Kellerman (Idaho); McKinney (Boise State); Hashley (Montana State); Young (Northern Arizona); Goddard (Idaho State); Johnson (Nevada-Reno); Green, Goojian (Nevada-Las Vegas); Babin (Portland State).



in the conference race, the Bruins went all the way to the championship game in the N.C.A.A. tournament. The momentum should carry over to this fall, but much of this season's success will depend on how well the Bruins survive the loss

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of Kiki Vandeweghe, the best-shooting forward in UCLA history. A major cause for optimism is the arrival of four top-quality recruits, including 7'3" center Mark Eaton.

The Arizona State team has announced its collective intention of winning its first Pacific Ten championship. A major stumbling block could be the lack of proven reserves beyond the squad's sixth man. Injuries could make the lack of depth critical. Still, the chances for a successful season will be good if an adequate replacement can be found for graduated forward Kurt Nimphius, the past season's most valuable player.

Last year was like two seasons for the Southern California team: first a dream, then a nightmare. The Trojans started off like Gang Busters, then wound up losing 12 of their last 13 games. There were player suspensions, player defections and injuries so numerous that footballer Ronnie Lott had to be coaxed into playing. This, therefore, will be a low-key, rebuilding year for the Trojans, but there is much optimism based on an excellent recruiting crop. Probable starters their first year are center Clayton Olivier, forward Mike Owens (a transfer from Penn State) and Dwight Anderson (a transfer from Kentucky). Another promising recruit is guard Jimmy Brown, son of former N.F.L. fullback Jim Brown.

Washington's success this season will depend largely on the arrival of transfer center Greg Wiltjer. Scoring help will also come from transfer guard Alvin Fields. The Huskies will again be a sharpshooting team.

Washington State, completely drained by graduation, faces a long rebuilding year. Coach George Raveling pulled out all the stops during recruiting season and came up with perhaps the best crop of rookies in school history. This Cougar squad will be woefully green, but in a couple of years, it should be back in the championship race.

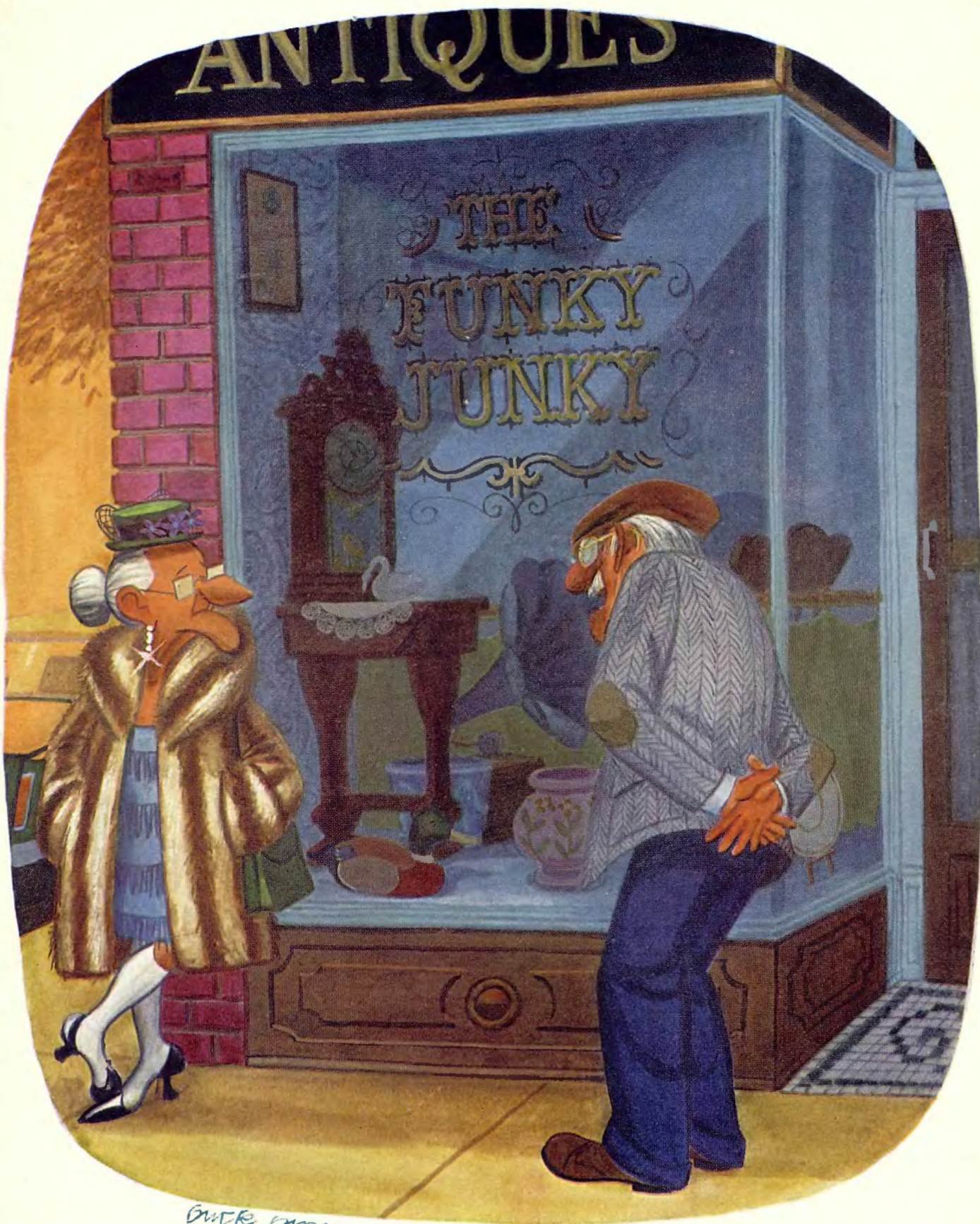
Freshmen Fred Cofield and John Cheatham should solve Oregon's backcourt problems, and Ray Whiting, it's hoped, will be the take-charge player so sorely needed last winter. If so, the Ducks will be a much better team.

It will be difficult for Arizona to overcome the loss of supershooter Joe Nehls. Partial compensation will come from more backcourt quickness and from transfer forward Greg Cook.

The California team is optimistic because of the experience gained by three freshman starters of last year. Another big plus will be the arrival of transfer center Mark McNamara.

The prospects at Stanford are bleak. Last season's premier player, Kimberly Belton, has graduated and there is no one even remotely capable of replacing him. The incoming freshmen will,

(concluded on page 380)



Guter Brown

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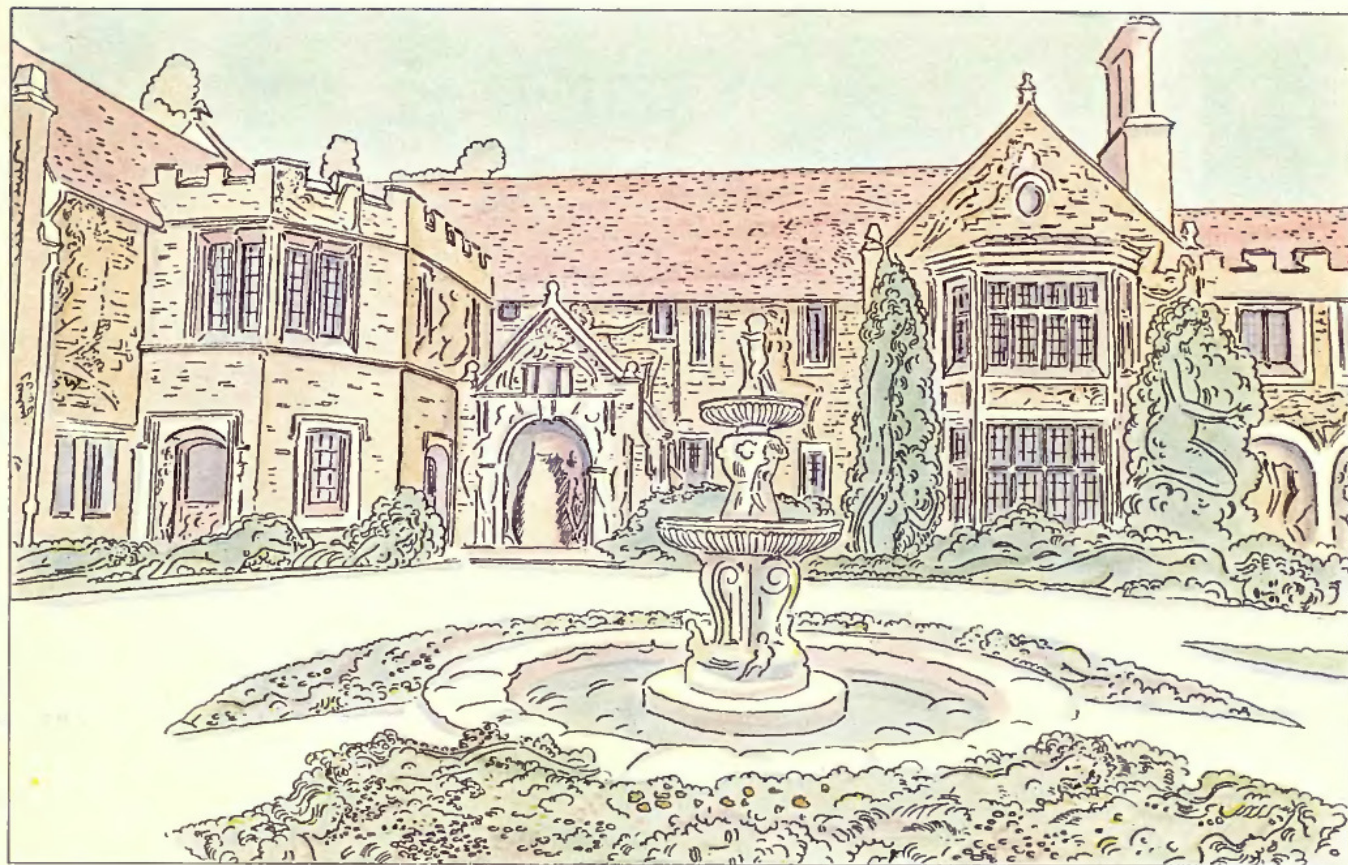


ILLUSTRATION BY HAROLD BERSON

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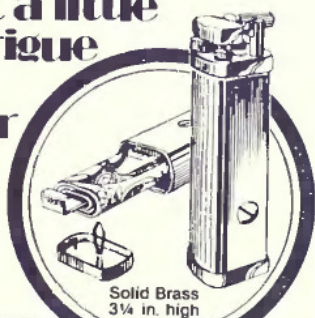
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BASKETBALL PREVIEW

(continued from page 376)

fortunately, add some needed speed.

This should be a joyful winter in Laramie. Last season's Wyoming team was the best in a decade and this edition looks much stronger. The only apparent weakness a year ago was the center position, and that problem will be solved in splendid fashion by the arrival of seven-footer Chris Engler (a transfer from Minnesota). Charles Bradley, the best player in school history, should have another banner year.

Three years ago, Texas-El Paso coach Don Haskins sacrificed the won-lost record to go with an all-freshman team. That decision will pay off this season with a mature and skilled group of seniors. Add transfer guard Virgil Kennedy and promising freshmen Paul Cunningham and Anthony Bailey and the result should be a much-improved team.

There is also much optimism at Utah, mostly because of the return of two stellar performers, forward Danny Vranes and center Tom Chambers. The backcourt needs shoring up, but that problem will likely be solved by rookie point guard Reuben McClain.

Graduation losses will make it difficult for the Brigham Young team to duplicate last season's 24-5 record. Guard Danny Ainge will again be the pivotal player.

Although both Long Beach State and Utah State lost two of their best cagers from last season, they should still be the top two teams in the Pacific Coast Association. Two rookie guards, Ricky Smith and Bruce McCree, will help make Long Beach State a fast-breaking team with a smothering man-to-man full-court defense. Guard Greg Anderson (a transfer from Brigham Young) and forward Gary Furniss (returning from a Mormon Church mission) could soothe Utah State's graduation pains.

The Pacific team could be a title contender if last season's injury rash isn't

repeated and if all the lame are healed. The depth is better, the schedule easier and transfer Ralph Scozzofava brings much-needed outside shooting skills.

The San Francisco team should have no problem winning its sixth straight West Coast Conference championship. Last winter, for the first time in many years, the Dons fielded a well-balanced team with splendid bench strength. The same will be true this season. The backcourt will again be the Dons' major asset. Look for continued improvement at St. Mary's. An excellent group of recruits will bring needed height to the team. Two seven-footers, Mike Nelson and David Bowlby, are among the prime catches.

Montana is likely to displace Weber State in the Big Sky throne room this winter, because the latter team lost its top four players of a year ago. Montana has the luxury of four returning starters, as well as good bench depth. The Grizzlies' hope for success will be based largely on the play of center Craig Larsen.

The Weber State team will be smaller but quicker than last year. Much of the rebuilding effort will be centered on rookie center-forward Doug Harris and veteran swing man Todd Harper.

If Idaho coach Don Monson can replace graduated team leader Don Newman, the Vandals could have a good chance at the conference title. Either of two newcomers, Ken Owens or Freeman Watkins, could fill the bill.

Nevada-Las Vegas won 23 games last season with a freshman-and-sophomore-dominated squad. With those veterans returning, this should be an even more potent team. Defensive play, last winter's most obvious weakness, will be much better. Best news is the arrival of Greg Goorjian (a transfer from Arizona State). He will be one of the country's best guards this season.



Answer to puzzle on page 379



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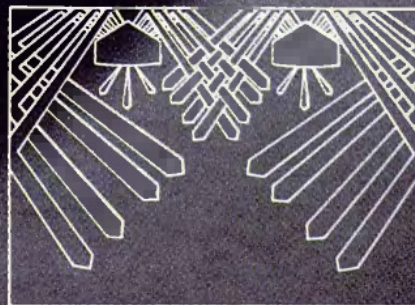
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ON THE SCENE

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GIFTS

SENSUOUS SCENTS FOR CHRISTMAS

Santa Claus is comin' to town—bringing with him all those marvelous holiday smells. But after *The Christmas Song* has ended, the yuletide memory sure to linger the longest for the lady in your life will be the fragrance that wafted from the expensive little bottle of perfume she found awaiting her under the tree. When it comes to dollars and scents, the dictum "You gets what you pays for" definitely applies. One ounce of the perfume Cabochard will get you more kisses under the mistletoe than a gallon of Evening in Schenectady. And the same goes for Chanel No. 5, Opium and L'Air du Temps. Oh, the weather outside may be frightful, but the fire is so delightful, and with a good-smelling friend close at hand, all we can say is settle back and let it snow, let it snow, let it snow...



The luxurious-looking bottle at left holds eight ounces of delicious-smelling Nina Ricci L'Air du Temps perfume, distributed by Jacqueline Cochran, \$500. To the right of it is a one-ounce bottle of another expensive whiff, Cabochard, by Gres, \$85. Proceeding clockwise: Opium Parfum Flacon (one ounce) that's "a mélange as provocative as your most inaccessible dream," by Yves Saint Laurent, \$130. The small vial holds one-half ounce of sexy-smelling Scoundrel, by Revlon, \$45. Next is one ounce of Pheromone, an exquisite new perfume, by Marilyn Miglin, \$200. Two ounces of the floral-scented Parfum 1000, by Jean Patou, \$370. One ounce of that classic Christmas stocking stuff-er, Chanel No. 5, \$75. And, last, a half-ounce of the sexy scent Silences, by Jacomo, \$60.

FASHION

WARMING UP TO LOUNGEWEAR

Wearing nought but your birthday suit may still be the most comfortable and sexy way to toddle off to dreamland; but in these days of low thermostats, it's hardly appropriate attire for those easygoing hours of at-home winter entertaining that nestle between board room and bedroom. And since the American male is currently deep in a red-hot affair with romance (as we pointed out in our September issue), we're happy to report that what's making his heartstrings go zing is not only meaningful relationships with the opposite sex but also the nifty accouterments, such as sensuous loungewear,

that go along with them. While some of the latest styles obviously have been influenced by such activities as jogging and racquetball, the over-all effect is the rebirth of a type of eveningwear that in no way resembles the vintage flannel robes our grandfathers wore. So, guys, when you come in from the cold this winter, try slipping into something a little more comfortable. A cotton hooded nightshirt, perhaps, or a paisley kimono with quilted foulard trim. With soft and easy threads like these, you can bet a bottle of cognac that the lady in your life will be up to see you sometime—soon.

—DAVID PLATT



Below: In the wee small hours of the morning, the arms of Morpheus (or a more comely substitute, we'd say) await this chap, who has spent the evening relaxing in a paisley kimono with foulard trim, about \$75, and matching lounge pants, about \$30, both by Patti Cappalli's Men. Under the kimono is a silk shirt, by Pinky & Dianne for Private Label, \$120. For a kimono of a different color, check the inset at far left: It shows a black polyester/cotton quilted style, by Andrew Downs, about \$55. To the right of it is a sports-inspired polyester/cotton long-sleeved nightshirt with a self-hood, by Christian Dior Nightwear, \$22.50. The inset at left below focuses on an urbane evening outfit that even Cary Grant would sell his soul to own—a polyester/silk crepe de Chine calf-length robe, \$130, worn over a matching shirt with a band collar, \$180 and drawstring pants, \$95, all from Royal Robes by Bill Blass. Below center is a cotton/acrylic V-neck pullover, about \$35, worn with cotton/acrylic pants, about \$35, both by Ron Chereskin for State o' Maine. The last lounging outfit is truly a soft touch—a striped cotton velour robe, \$35, coupled with a polyester diamond-patterned shirt, \$20, both by Van Heusen; and wool slacks with adjustable waist tabs, by Daks Gentlemen's Apparel, about \$70.

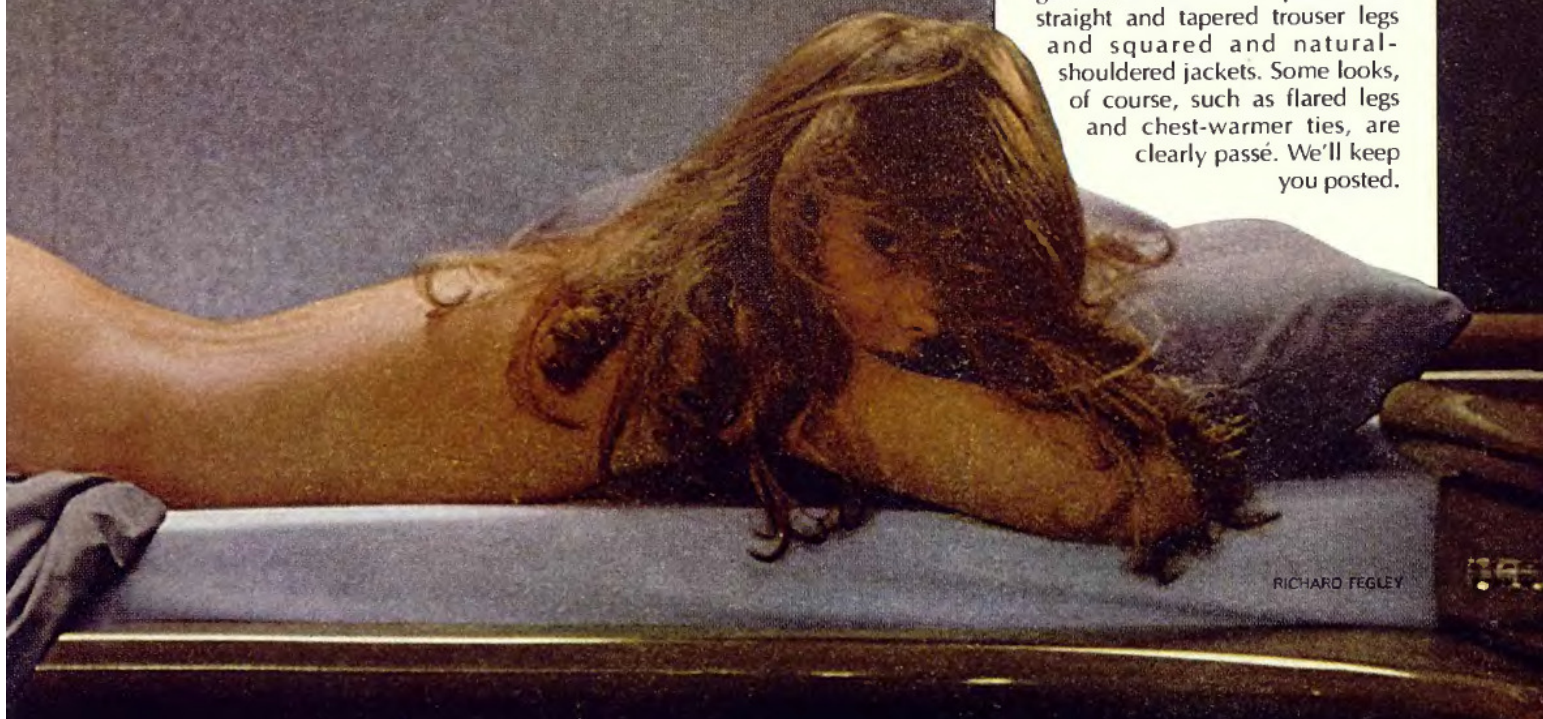


DAVID PLATT'S FASHION TIPS

In the never-ending search for originality and personal expression in the suit/shirt/tie business uniform, men have tried everything from simply undoing the shirt and loosening the tie to tucking the tie into the shirt halfway down the body, to looping the tie rather than knotting it, to tucking the tie into the waist of the pants. Another look, of course, is the bow tie. One variable that we've noticed on a few enterprising gents is to wear the ends of the bow tie under the collar instead of out. Not a bad look when done with sporty checked or plaid shirts.

A number of designers are reviving the old six-button double-breasted suit this season. Our feeling is that all those nonfunctional buttons are a bit much, unless you're in the button business. We prefer our D.B.s with two or four buttons.

The choice is yours: What's "in" and "out" in fashion is more often than not a silly exercise. No matter what anyone tells you, plain and pleated-front trousers are equally acceptable these days. The same goes for three- and two-piece suits, straight and tapered trouser legs and squared and natural-shouldered jackets. Some looks, of course, such as flared legs and chest-warmer ties, are clearly passé. We'll keep you posted.



RICHARD FEGLEY



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WHEELS

GO IN THE SNOW!

Don't you hate those cowboy-hatted clowns who bust past in some jacked-up gas-guzzling four-wheel-drive *macho* machine while you sit stuck in snow (or mud or sand)? Well, cheer up, buckaroo, because now a pair of small but aggressive auto makers have provided us with legal, affordable revenge—four-wheel-drive cars; and a super-whammy machine from Germany is on the coming-attractions list. While Detroit's Big Three were pumping out four-wheelers for farmers, forest rangers and asphalt-jungle image seekers, farsighted engineers at Subaru (of Japan) and American Motors were shrinking four-wheel-drive units into pint-sized packages and fitting them neatly under their respective small cars.

Subaru was first to market in 1976 with a four-wheel-drive station wagon, encoring that act late in 1977 with the mini-truck-style Brat. Last year, the DL, a cute four-wheel-drive hatchback, was added to a restyled and better-dressed Subaru line. Basically front-drive econocars to which a rear-drive mechanism has been cleverly grafted, the tough little Subaru for 1981 will be powered by a rugged 1800-c.c. flat four-cylinder engine and four-speed manual transmission. (GL models will have a new dual-range transmission that delivers 46 percent more pulling power.)

Subarus start around \$5000 and deliver gas mileage in the 23-33-mpg range.

Plusher, roomier and a bit less fuel-efficient, AMC's compact Concord-based Eagle debuted in 1980 in two-door, four-door and wagon variations, all motivated by the company's strong and torquy 4.2-liter six and automatic transmission. For 1981, a 2.5-liter four-cylinder with a four-speed manual gearbox becomes standard fare, boosting EPA city mileage to a respectable 20 mpg, and a pair of subcompact Spirit-based models expand the line-up. Featuring a unique, liquid-filled full-time four-wheel-drive transfer case that gives smooth, skid-free traction, whether stopping, starting, climbing or cornering, AMC's Eagle begins around \$6000.

Although it won't be available here for at least a year, the ultimate four-wheel-drive car so far is Audi's 200-horsepower turbocharged Quattro. Essentially a luxury performance coupe for the highway, the \$30,000 Quattro will do 0-60 in seven seconds flat and reportedly is capable of full-power acceleration without wheelspin in snow and around sharp bends.

None of these is meant for dune hopping or cliff climbing, but each will get you anywhere a road goes in style and comfort—and never mind the conditions. —GARY WITZENBURG

Right: Subaru's sporty DL hatchback is a stylish little machine that under normal driving conditions operates on front-wheel drive. But when conditions dictate, a flip of a lever turns it into a tenacious four-wheel-drive snow, sand or mud eater that's virtually unstoppable. Couple that with precise rack-and-pinion steering, power-assisted disc brakes, electronic ignition and four-wheel independent suspension, and you're getting quite a package for your \$5650.



Left: Just out of the nest flies American Motors' littlest Eagle, the SX/4, a four-wheel-drive liftback that's only 166 inches long yet takes 15-inch wheels and features fully independent front suspension. And if you're young at heart, the basic machine can be jazzed up with a sports package (shown here) that includes black body moldings, bumpers and grille, as well as fog lamps and Goodyear radials, plus more. With the sports package, an SX/4 goes for about \$7000. Fun for the money!



Right: Audi's entry into the uncommon market of full-time four-wheel-drive automobiles is the turbocharged five-cylinder Quattro sports coupe; a 160-hp version of the European 200-hp model may be landing here in about a year, priced around \$30,000. Porsche/Audi claims that the Quattro's unique three-differential drive train nets better gas mileage than an identical two-wheel-drive linkup—and its road-hugging ability is rapidly becoming legendary. Gentlemen, save your pennies.



Made in the Shade

Have a drink on us, LARRY HAGMAN. You're a megastar now, thanks to *Dallas*. You're going to be on the big screen with Julie Andrews in *S.O.B.* You're eccentric and funny. You make terrific copy. So tell us, J.R., how come you're wearing a kimono?



BRIAN LEATART / PHOTOREPORTERS

Move Over, Rudolph

Santa put up a HELP WANTED sign in an L.A. laundromat and look what he got. FRANK ZAPPA and a close personal friend. Holiday Greetings from *Grapevine*.



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Undressed to Kill

Actress ISABELLE HUPPERT has the woman's role in the new Michael Cimino movie, *Heaven's Gate*. She also has the celebrity breast of the month.



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CHUCK KRALL PHOTOGRAPHS

Down the Tubes

With a couple of movie deals and a new album in the works, FEE WAYBILL is parting company with his alter ego, Quay Lewd. Hello, respectability.

The Pig and I

We do love these candid shots. Mugging for the camera are MARK HAMILL and Carrie Fisher's stand-in, MISS PIGGY. He's preventing alien forces from turning her into a pork chop.



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Don't Cry for Me, Nicaragua

Is there life after life with Mick? Is the Pope Polish? BIANCA JAGGER has lowered her profile considerably since the divorce, but, happily for us, she's still hanging out in all the right places.



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If Only She'd Throw in the Towel

JAYNE KENNEDY, cohost of *Speak Up, America*, gets ready for the rating wars. She is a definite knock-out!



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PRICKING THE SOCIAL CONSCIENCE

Charles Bragg is a West Coast artist perhaps best known for his pictorial satires of religious, political and social figures. Our favorites are his "little dirties," gnomelike characters with



pendulous phalluses. Bragg's illustrations have appeared in *PLAYBOY* and now some of his best work has been gathered in *The Absurd World of Charles Bragg*. It's \$25 from Harry N. Abrams.

THE FRITO LAY:
GUARD AGAINST
SMALL FRY?

Can too much junk food make men infertile? It's a question that's been hotly debated since reports from China about the contraceptive effects of cottonseed oil, an ingredient used in pota-

to and corn chips, nuts, crackers and salad dressings. Dr. D. J. Patanelli of the U.S. Center for Population Research, setting the record straight, explains that the substance under suspicion is not cottonseed oil but gossypol, another derivative of cottonseed. The Chinese obtained oil from cottonseed for years by a process involving boiling, which coincidentally counteracted the effect of gossypol. But when cottonseed oil began to be mass produced, the boiling was eliminated. Numerous cases of male and female infertility suddenly were traced to gossypol. The Chinese have since been testing it as an oral contraceptive for men. Why isn't the United States jumping on the gossypol band wagon? Dr. Patanelli says that she and her colleagues refuse to test the substance on humans because animal experiments have shown it to be extremely toxic, even in minute doses. A word of comfort for all of you junk-food junkies: She says that if gossypol is in any snack foods on the market in this country, the amounts are negligible.

IS LIQUOR QUICKER?

Our friends have been drinking a lot less since the studies came out about alcohol's hindering sexual performance. We can't wait to tell them the latest news—over a drink, of course. Psychologists at Wayne State University claim that even though alcohol is a proven depressant, most people persist in believing it enhances their sexual performance. And for those who are convinced enough, it actually can, says psychologist Mark S. Goldman. In fact,

those who feel that booze makes them more romantic, responsive or sexy may not be able to perform at all without a little alcoholic appetizer. Goldman speculates that for the casual drinker, no more than three whiskeys should do the trick. He theorizes that alcohol in low doses may even prolong erection by acting as a mild anesthetic. Since it desensitizes, a man may not realize how much he's been putting out and be able to exceed his usual peak. Another

T-SHIRT OF THE MONTH

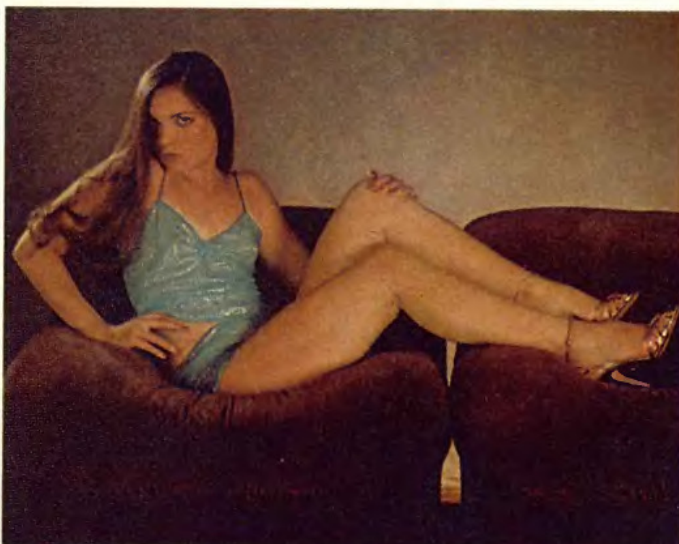


GARRICK MADISON

Here's a slogan we can get behind. It also happens to be the title of a new exercise book by Charles Gaines and George Butler (of *Pumping Iron* fame). Turgid prose?

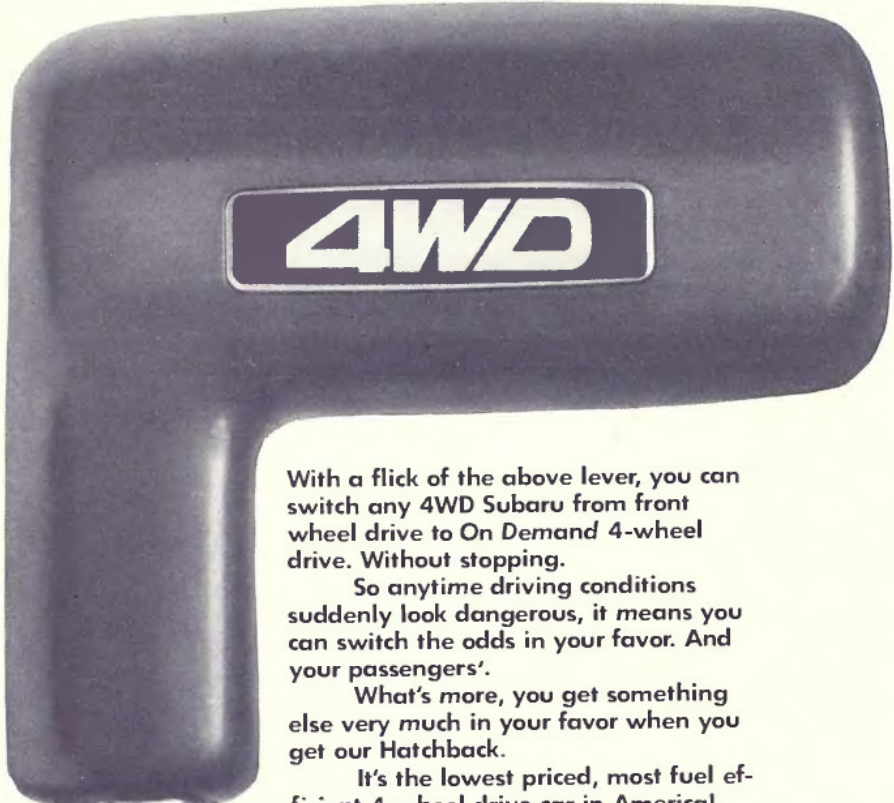
consideration is cultural conditioning. In this society, early sexual experiences are often associated with booze. Think about it. Weren't you drinking more than Pepsi before climbing into the back seat of that '60 Chevy? 

Imagine unwrapping these slinky things on Christmas morning. The lingerie, we mean. For a little festive unlacing, the cuddly lilac corselet (left), \$135, is from Prima Boutique, P.O. Box 644, Scarsdale, New York 10583. The spicy-green tap-pants set (center), \$110, and red-hot camisole and tap pants (right), \$105, are by Loré, available at Saks Fifth Avenue and I. Magnin. All three are truly dainty gifts that assure you many happy returns.



GARRICK MADISON

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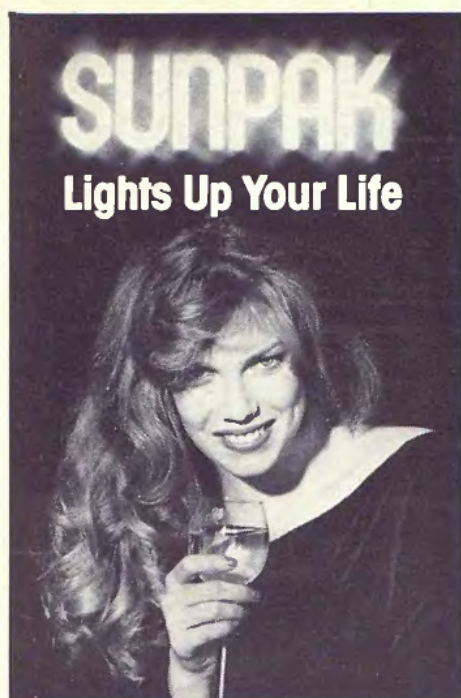


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ROY BLOUNT JR. FOCUSES ON THE FOLKSY HOUSTON OILERS HEAD COACH IN **"THE PRIME OF COACH BUM PHILLIPS"**

STEPHEN (CARRIE AND THE SHINING) KING REPORTS ON THE REALITY OF HORROR MOVIES IN **"WHAT COULD BE SCARIER THAN REAL LIFE?"**

PETER GREENBERG CHECKS IN ON LENNON, ELTON, FRAMPTON AND OTHERS FOR **"ROCK-'N'-ROLL REAL ESTATE: HOW THE STARS INVEST THEIR BUCKS"**

JOHNNY GREENE EXAMINES THE GROWING COALITION THAT THREATENS OUR SEXUAL AND POLITICAL FREEDOMS IN **"THE NEW MORAL RIGHT"**

SENATOR GEORGE MC GOVERN PENS A THOUGHTFUL ESSAY ON THE IMPACT OF THE ABOVE IN **"THE NEW RIGHT AND THE OLD PARANOIA"**

FRANK HERBERT TRANSPORTS US TO A PLANET REBELLING FROM A MONSTROUS LORD IN THE FIRST LOOK AT HIS NEWEST NOVEL, **"THE GOD EMPEROR OF DUNE"**

MICHAEL KORDA DEALS WITH THE FINER POINTS OF **"SEX IN THE OFFICE: A NEW DANCE FOR THE EIGHTIES"**

RAY BRADBURY WEAVES A POIGNANT TALE ABOUT A COUPLE WHO DECIDE TO PUT AN END TO THEIR AFFAIR, **"HEART TRANSPLANT"**

BARBARA BACH DISCUSSES HER CAREER, HER ROMANCE WITH **RINGO STARR** AND HER PLANS FOR THE FUTURE IN **"BACK TO BACH"**

STEPHEN BIRNBAUM LETS YOU IN ON THE SECRET OF SECLUDED HOLIDAY MERRYMAKING SOUTH OF THE BORDER: **"INN LOVE IN MEXICO"**

PLUS: "THE GIRLS OF FLASH GORDON"; "THAT WAS THE YEAR THAT WAS"; "PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE REVIEW"; "THE ELEVENTH-HOUR SANTA"; TEN PAGES OF "URBAN COWGIRLS"; "PLAYBOY CARS"; AND MUCH, MUCH MORE.

COMING IN THE MONTHS AHEAD: VISITS WITH *AMERICAN GIGOLO* STAR **LAUREN HUTTON** AND *WALL STREET WEEK* HOST **LOUIS RUKEYSER**; **"THE LITIGIOUS SOCIETY,"** A LOOK AT WHAT LAWYERS HAVE DONE TO US, BY **JAY STULLER**; **RICHARD SCHICKEL'S** LIST OF **"TEN GREAT THINGS ABOUT BEING A MAN";** PICTORIAL UNCOVERAGE OF ACTRESS **VALERIE PERRINE**; **ROGER N. WILLIAMS'** EXPOSE OF **"THE SYN FUEL FIX";** THE TRIUMPHANT RETURN OF HUMORIST **JEAN SHEPHERD** IN **"A FISTFUL OF FIG NEWTONS";** TRUE CONFESSIONS BY **JAY CRONLEY**, **"I HATE GOLF'S GUTS";** **DAVID BAILEY'S** PHOTO STUDIES OF HIS WIFE, MODEL **MARIE HELVINS**; **RICHARD RHODES'S** **"WALKING TOUR OF MOUNT ST. HELENS";** PROFILES OF ACTOR **DAVID CARRADINE**, BOXER **SUGAR RAY LEONARD** AND MR. COUNTRY MUSIC, **GEORGE JONES**; THE LATEST COMIC MYSTERY FROM **DONALD E. WESTLAKE**, FEATURING THAT WONDERFUL *HOT ROCKS* THIEF, **DORTMUNDER**, **"ASK A SILLY QUESTION"; "WHY THE JAPANESE ARE WINNING THE TECHNOLOGY WAR,"** BY **PETER ROSS RANGE**, WITH **"THE CASE FOR AMERICAR,"** A TONGUE-IN-CHEEK INTRODUCTION TO DETROIT'S NEW SYMBOL, MR. WHITECOAT, BY **CHRISTOPHER CERF** AND **HENRY BEARD**; **"SEX IN AMERICA: NEW YORK CITY";** THE INSIDE STORY OF THE SANTA FE PRISON RIOT, BY **ROGER MORRIS**; **"A GUERRILLA GUIDE TO THE COMPUTER REVOLUTION,"** BY **ROBERT E. CARR**; **"SPORTS MEDICINE FOR NONJOCKS,"** BY **JOEL POSNER, M.D.**; **"BLACK IS BEAUTIFUL,"** A PICTORIAL ON WOMEN OF AFRICAN HERITAGE; AND A MAJOR SERIES ON MEN AND WOMEN.

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